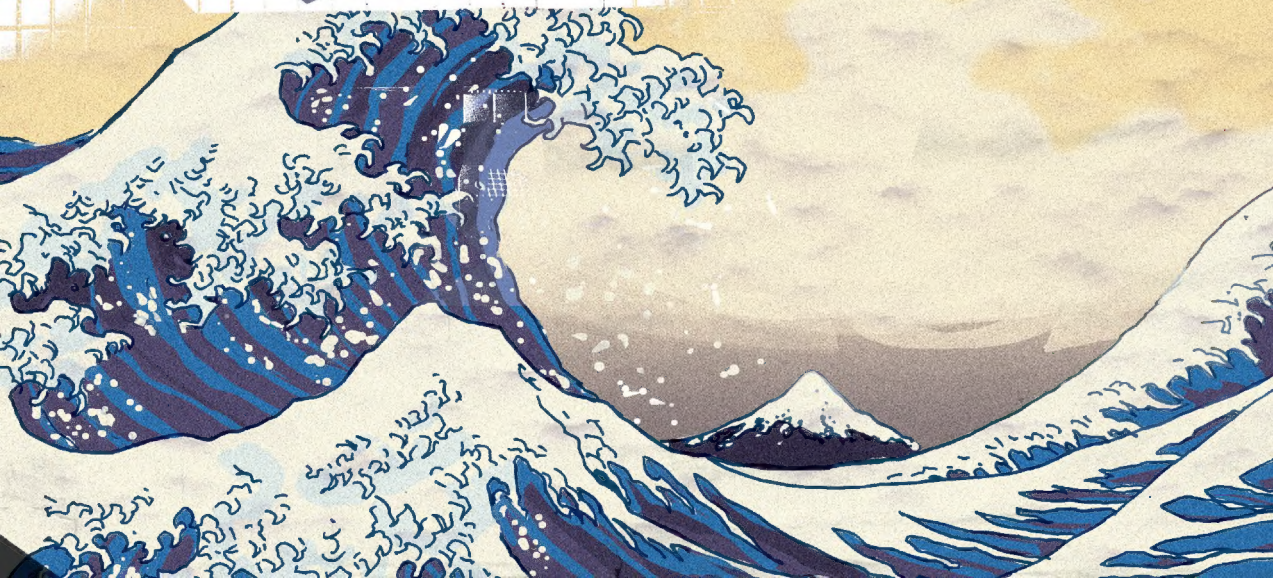
MARVEL

warren ellis
stuart immonen

2007 EAGLE AWARD WINNER!
Favorite Writer, New Comic Book, Story, Villain

nextwave
agents of H.A.T.E.™

COMPLETE COLLECTION



nextwave
agents of H.A.T.E.
COMPLETE COLLECTION

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nextwave agents of H.A.T.E.

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chapter one

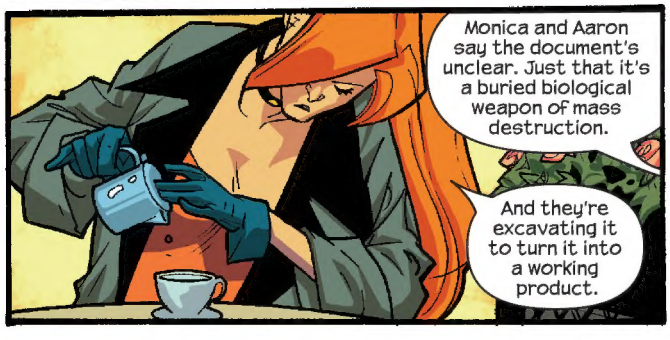
nextwave

healing America by beating people up.

Here are Elsa Bloodstone and The Captain, in Abcess, North Dakota.
So what made you want to be a super hero? Was it the clothes?
The mask, I guess.
Why?
So I could hit people in the face really really hard and run away and no one would know it was me.
What was your super hero name?
Captain ☠☠☠☠.
You're kidding me.
Nope. I was Captain ☠☠☠☠.
Why, for God's sake?
Hey, I'm from Brooklyn. I'm going to call myself Mr. Friendly? Hell, no. Captain ☠☠☠☠.
I met Captain America once. He asked me what my name was.
And you said Captain ☠☠☠☠.
Man, he beat seven shades of it out of me. Left me in a dumpster with a bar of soap shoved in my mouth.
I was a bad super hero. Makes me wonder what I'm doing here, really.
Well, we're supposed to be checking out the site.
Yeah. I asked around.
They think that's a mall being built.

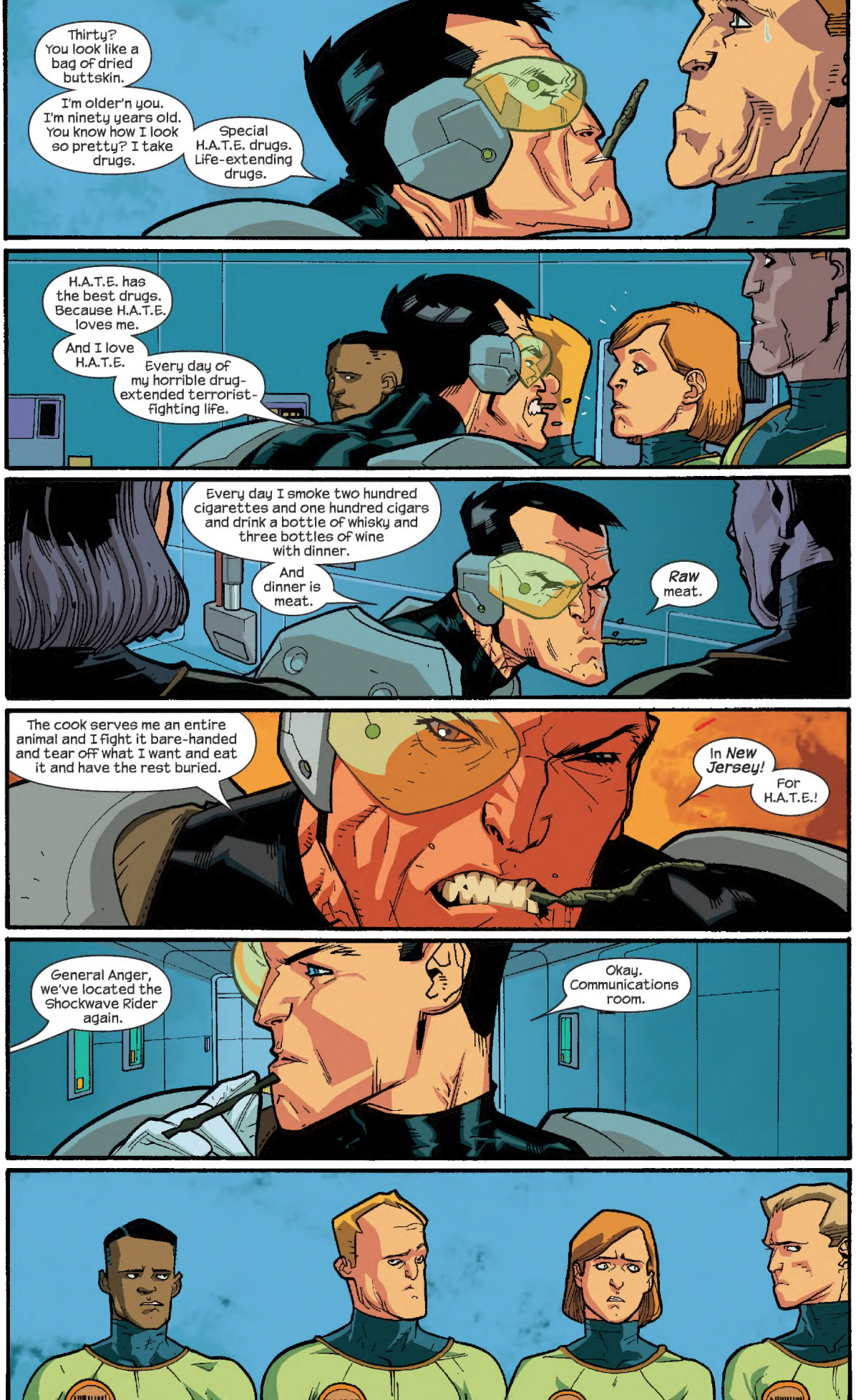
MECHANIC
GAS
24
COFFEE

Well, hell, maybe the Beyond Corporation© *will* build a mall on it, once they've dug up whatever they think is under there.
Do we know what's under there?


Monica and Aaron say the document's unclear. Just that it's a buried biological weapon of mass destruction.
And they're excavating it to turn it into a working product.

If I have to beat up a lot of terrible little American proles today, I'm absolutely going to need more tea, darling.

H.A.T.E.
H.A.T.E.
H.A.T.E.
H.A.T.E. Highest Anti-Terrorism Effort
The H.A.T.E. **Aeromarine:** its flying headquarters
So you're the fresh fish, huh?
New H.A.T.E. trainees, wondering if you're going to make the grade as full agents.
You know who I am?
I'm Dirk Anger, director of H.A.T.E.
I've been director of H.A.T.E. for longer than you've been alive.
Except maybe you. You look kinda old.
I'm thirty, sir.


Thirty? You look like a bag of dried buttskin.
I'm older'n you. I'm ninety years old. You know how I look so pretty? I take drugs.
Special H.A.T.E. drugs. Life-extending drugs.
H.A.T.E. has the best drugs. Because H.A.T.E. loves me.
And I love H.A.T.E.
Every day of my horrible drug-extended terrorist-fighting life.
Every day I smoke two hundred cigarettes and one hundred cigars and drink a bottle of whisky and three bottles of wine with dinner.
And dinner is meat.
Raw meat.
The cook serves me an entire animal and I fight it bare-handed and tear off what I want and eat it and have the rest buried.
In New Jersey!
For H.A.T.E.!
General Anger, we've located the Shockwave Rider again.
Okay. Communications room.

The Shockwave Rider: inexhaustibly powered by the classified Zero Point Squirt drive, containing five tesseract zones, and stolen.

It's General Anger on the phone, Monica.

Oh, God. Put him on, Aaron. This is going to be painful...

Dirk. It's Monica.
Miss Rambeau. Please return to the Aeromarine with the highly classified experimental aircraft you and your team saw fit to steal while abandoning your posts.
Dirk. Here's the thing.
You hired us as your elite anti-terrorism team. The Nextwave Squad.
But you're getting your funding and technology from the Beyond Corporation©.
It was an open bidding process!
The Beyond Corporation is what S.I.L.E.N.T. turned into.
Faith-based funding!
You remember S.I.L.E.N.T., Dirk.
S.I.L.E.N.T. was a terrorist cell.
...that's an oversimplification of the actual situation.
Dirk, we found the Beyond Corporation©'s Marketing Plan.

It's a blueprint for using H.A.T.E. and their own resources to product-test Unusual Weapons of Mass Destruction on the American public.
And get payment and political power for doing it.
We're not supporting that, Dirk. We told you all this already. It's why we left.
Please come back?
Kill the line, Aaron.
Yes. Silence, fleshy one.
Aaron. I understand the whole Robot Pride thing, but I've asked you not to call humans "fleshy ones".
Ah. Sorry.
It's okay, it's just...it's creepy, okay?
Monica Rambeau is a veteran super hero, previously known as Captain Marvel, whose mother always wanted her to get a proper job. So she joined H.A.T.E.
When her mother died, she went to Hell, and is used as a bucket by giant weasels dressed as cheerleaders. And that's what happens when you tell your kids to get a proper job.

nextwave
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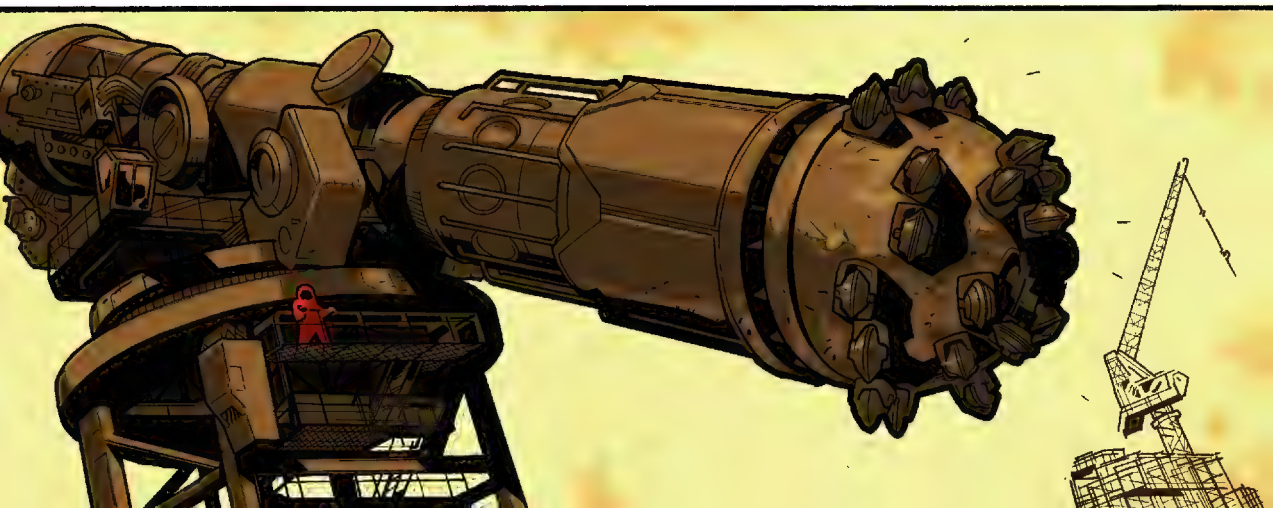
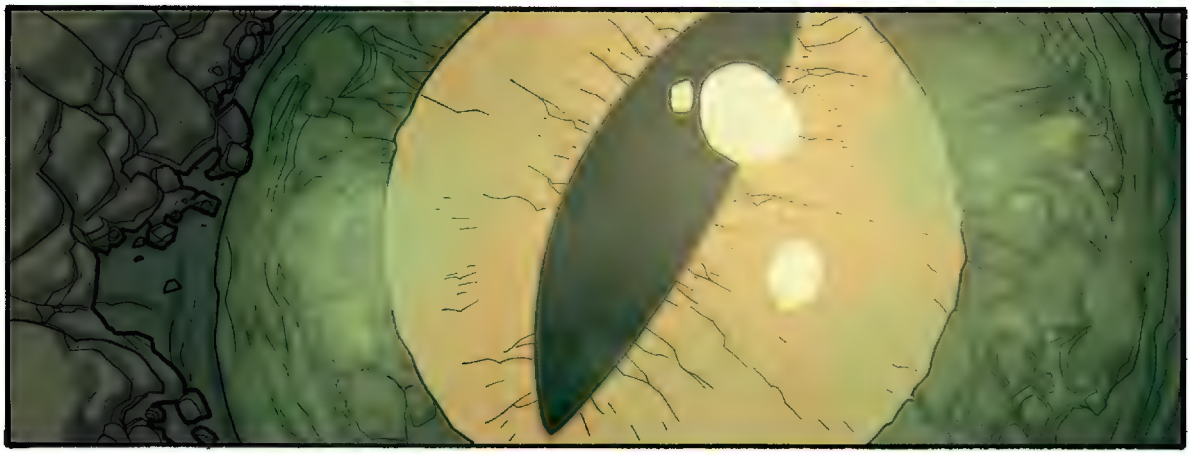
ANOTHER
BEYOND
CONSTRUCTION
SITE





FIN FANG FOOM!
Mommy was a slut-lizard that did the bad thing with suggestively-shaped piles of nuclear waste, and nine months later --
FIN FANG FOOM!
Has been burning with the need to mate since 1956!
FIN FANG FOOM!
Has absolutely no genitals whatsoever!
FIN FANG FOOM!
Oh, you cannot imagine how annoyed he is.

nextwave
is a super hero comic about five people who have just minutes to prevent a town from being eaten by a giant lizard monster. In purple underpants.
Oh, ☠☠☠☠.
Abso☠☠☠☠lutely, darling.
Aaron!

My robot brain needs beer.
There's beer in there?
I wish. Just saying. I'm hooked into the hull cameras, I know what's down there. I've called Tabby.
Shouldn't we be using codenames? Maybe I should be calling you--
Machine Man? My name's Aaron Stack. Aaron is fine.
In the Avengers, we all had codenames. Maybe we should keep them.
What's the point? Besides, do you really want to keep your super hero name?
"Photon" doesn't strike fear into the hearts of men, surely.
"Hello. I am a tiny insignificant particle. Put down your guns or I'll bounce off of you undetectably."
The Captain kept his codename.
The Captain can't remember his real name. Ellie Bloodstone never had a codename. Tabitha has had about nine.
And they all sucked!
I was on the phone when you called. What's the problem?

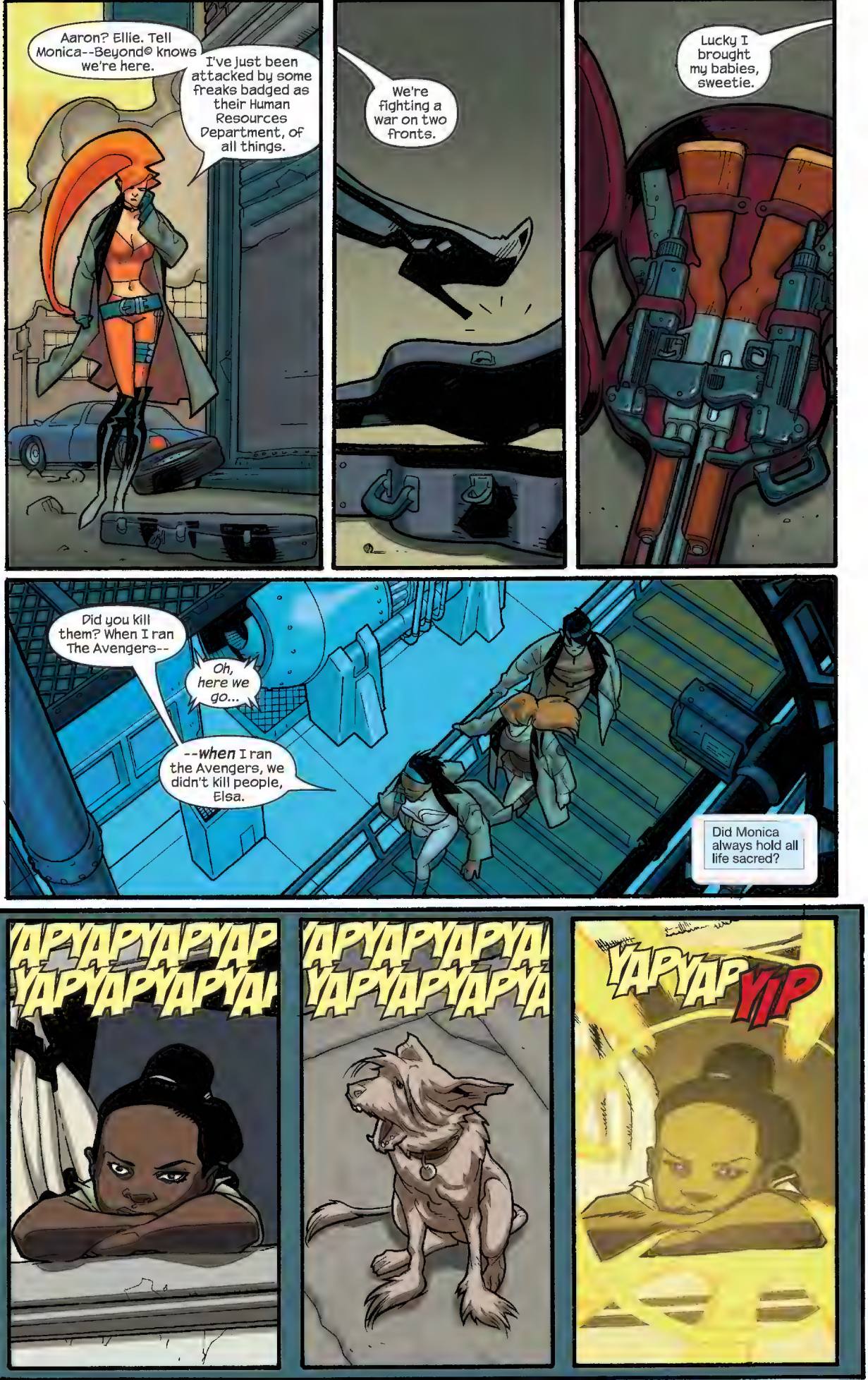
Put that on. Personal flight harness. We're going live.
There's something here? The Marketing Plan I stole was right?
Yeah. There's something here, it's a hundred and fifty feet tall, and it's probably going to eat the town.
Why do I need to fly?
Because if you fight on the ground you'll get trodden on.
Isn't that English girl fighting on the ground?
Yeah, but she annoys me.
Let's go to work.

HOWARD MUSIC
Ellie, hold on--
No! Go take care of Lizard pants! I can handle this!
Don't argue with me, or it's the Kenyan Nipple Torture for you again!
I'm going, I'm going...
MUSIC'S
Damn.
Okay. This'll do.
I FIRE YOU WITH BULLETS NOW.

Come on then, if you think you're hard enough.
I said come on! Don't bore me, you horrid little men.
BITE MY CORDITE, LANKY.
Oh, yes!
Well played, you disturbing metal-faced object you.

I shall kick you to death with slippers on, so it doesn't hurt so much.
I'm an awful liar, aren't I, darling?
OWW!
Sod.
NO NO NOT DOING THIS NO NO NO RUN AWAY RUN AWAY THIS IS MY SPECIAL RUN AWAY SONG SO I DO NOT GET KILLED BY SCARY GIRL.

Do not run away from me.
BEYOND
HUMAN RESOURCES DEPARTMENT


Aaron? Ellie. Tell Monica--Beyond© knows we're here.
I've just been attacked by some freaks badged as their Human Resources Department, of all things.
We're fighting a war on two fronts.
Lucky I brought my babies, sweetie.
Did you kill them? When I ran The Avengers--
Oh, here we go...
--when I ran the Avengers, we didn't kill people, Elsa.
Did Monica always hold all life sacred?
YAPYAPYAPYAP
YAPYAPYAPYAP
YAPYAPYAPYAP
YAPYAPYAPYAP
YAPYAPYIP

Bad doggie go sizzle pop.
Monica!

They're not people.
...hm?

Two arms, two legs, bad suits. They might be pretty crappy people, but they're people.
Darling, you may have run the Avengers, but I come from a line of near-immortal monster hunters, and I know a non-human when I kill it.

Remote scanning...she's right. Those humanoids were grown, probably on slabs of genetically modified kelp.
They move like people, but they're missing a bunch of organs, and most of their brains.
In fact, they're wearing software: Beyond Corporation© Fightpersona XP™, in fact.

Plant-based robots driven by a computer operating system.
But they're alive, right?
Depends on your definition of alive. They have more in common with broccoli than they do with you. Or me.

I hate broccoli. Let's kill 'em.
But first: the Beyond Corporation© has woken up a giant lizard and don't seem to be controlling it too well.
Tabby: go tame a monster.
Tabitha Smith possesses the mutant powers of blowing things up and stealing all your stuff.
tick tick tick
Boom.

Oh my God.
It's wearing underpants.
you have been reading
nextWAVE

H.A.T.E.MAIL

Welcome to H.A.T.E.mail, the official letters page of NEXTWAVE! I am the Beyond Corporation© Letter-Matic 7053™. My functions include answering your letters, creating witty banter, and organizing senior bus trips to Atlantic City. In preparation for the release of NEXTWAVE #1, we sent preview copies of the book through the Beyond Corporation© iTimemachine™ to historical celebrities. We also waited for them to write letters and brought them back with, you guessed it, the iTimemachine™. Here they are, very loosely translated, where necessary, just for you!

Cher H.A.T.E.mail,

I was pleased to receive and read this copy of NEXTWAVE #1. It was a pleasing diversion from my exile here on Elba. The days here in the Italian sun can be long and NEXTWAVE was exactly what I needed. I much prefer this to Chateaubriand and an old copy of Petrarch that I found lying around this accursed island. The artist is no Louis-David, and if I still ruled France I would have had this Stuart character beheaded for all the people of France to see! I must say that my favorite character is that charming Dirk Anger. His verve and air of entitlement really tickled me. And don't get me started on those boots! They're fantastique!

Chaleureusement,
Emperor Napoleon
25 February 1815

Liebe H.A.T.E.mail,

Danke, danke, DANKE, for NEXTWAVE #1. To use my imagination to picture a future where the fruits of my press would be used to produce such a wonder fills my heart with joyful gladness! I don't really understand what any of it means, but I like it. Please use this strange machine to bring me more joy from the bright, bright future.

Bis bald,
Johannes Gutenberg
25 January 1468

H.A.T.E.Mail,

THERE IS NO TIME FOR THIS NONSENSE! THE TANGUT WILL NOT CONQUER THEMSELVES. AWAY WITH—Holy [illegible], is that a dragon with underpants? Interesting.

Hugs,
Genghis Khan
6 June 1206

Caro H.A.T.E.mail,

Molto grazie, for this wonderful piece of art that you have brought me. This Ellie woman is so beautiful that I will call her Bellisima Majora from now until the day of my death. The Aeromarine is very interesting as well. I'm not sure what a Machine Man is, but a man made from lifeless materials is very interesting. Very interesting, indeed. If only I had a son with whom I could share this wonderful story.

Ciao tutti!
Gepetto
12 December1880

H.A.T.E.mail,

It has been years since I've been so moved as to write a sonnet. The time has come.

Sonnet 155

My eyes behold and yet I don't believe,
The wonders waiting on these pages white.
A jeep, in two, a woman, bold, can cleave.
A dragon, huge, five mortals deem to fight.
Oh, H.A.T.E., you wove a trail of lies so thick,
Your weapons hid throughout the New World wait,
Discov'ry of your plan, that proved the trick.
Much thanks in that to Tabby's stealing trait.
Unfolding like a map of strangest hell,
The Nextwave squad now knows its tasks and tests.
Dirk Anger, H.A.T.E. and S.I.L.E.N.T., they could fell,
Once Captain tears his eyes from Ellie's breasts.
What future does this artwork seem to bode?
A world where heroes kick and things explode!

Hey, it's no Sonnet 18, but at least I'm sober for this one!

Cheers,
Will Shakespeare
13 April 1616

What fun. Thanks to all the long-dead celebrities for your participation. We would have had a letter from Torquemada, but when the Beyond© representative arrived with the iTimemachine™, he was immediately burned at the stake. Whoops!

We shall see you next month. Will the Nextwave Squad defeat Fin Fang Foom? Will Dirk Anger's hopes and dreams be dashed? Will Aaron's machine brain get its beer? Find out next month!

XOXO,
Letter-Matic 7053™

Nextwave Theme Song:

It's like Shakespeare,
but with lots more punching.
It's like Goethe,
but with lots more crunching.
Like Titanic, but the boat's still floating.
No, it's not, the mother[illegible]ing boat is exploding!

Nextwave, Nextwave

Dirk Anger is one crazy mamajama.
He leads H.A.T.E., sitting around in his pretty pink pajamas.
H.A.T.E. was formed by the Beyond Corporation.
Purposely to bring about catastrophic devastation.

Nextwave, Nextwave

Do you need a haircut?
The Beyond Corporations gonna help you out.
Do you need a toothbrush?
The Beyond Corporations got an extra one.
Do you have a stepson?
The Beyond Corporations gonna rub him out.
Do you see a monster, or a pirate, electric emu, a giant sky rat, a midget Hitler or Pontius Pilate?
Don't call your mom or a doctor, just pick up the phone and call.

Nextwave, Nextwave

Monica—is gonna microwave your [illegible].
Tabby—is gonna steal all your stuff.
Aaron—is going to organize your sock drawer.
Elsa—is gonna speak with an accent.
The Captain—his name is The Captain!

Nextwave, Nextwave

YOUR NEXT FIX!

LIVE GILL ON GRILL ACTION

FIN FANG FOOM VS MACHINE MAN

NEXTWAVE

GETS THEIR LOVIN' FROM YOUR MAMA!

NOT ON TV
CLOSED CIRCUIT

BONUS FIGHT

chapter two

ELSA BLOODSTONE VS. BROCCOLI MEN!

primer

WELCOME READERS!! Welcome to your interactive NEXTWAVE Primer Page. We'll start with a Q and A session:

Q. What is Nextwave?
A. Good question. Nextwave is a comic book.
Q. Thanks. Lose the sass and answer the question.
A. Ouch! Nextwave is a group of super heroes put together by the Highest Anti-Terrorism Effort (H.A.T.E.)
Q. Wait a second, I thought they were fighting against H.A.T.E.
A. You are correct! You see, Nextwave discovered that H.A.T.E. and its parent company, the Beyond Corp. ©, were being funded by a terrorist organization when Tabitha (see later answer) stole the Beyond Corp. © marketing plan.
Q. That stinks.
A. Tell me about it.
Q. Who are the members of Nextwave and what are their powers?
A. Monica Rambeau, a former Avenger once called "Captain Marvel" and "Photon", is their leader. She can transform her body into any form of radiation in the electromagnetic spectrum. Aaron Stack, formerly known as Machine Man, is a robot who does robot-y things. Elsa Bloodstone has a magical stone that she wears around her neck that gives her super strength and invulnerability. And she's English. Tabitha Smith, former member of X-Force who was called "Boom Boom" or "Meltdown", can make things explode. The power is helpful. The Captain, also known as The Captain, is really strong and can fly. Though no one knows how or why. He's a bit sucky.
Q. Who is this Dirk Anger person?
A. He's the leader of H.A.T.E. He's not happy that Nextwave has rebelled.
Q. Who is that giant green dragon?
A. Oh, that charmer is Fin Fang Foom. He is H.A.T.E.'s first UWMD (Unusual Weapon of Mass Destruction) that Nextwave has to defeat.
Q. Would you like to go to dinner sometime?
A. Only if you promise not to hit me again and read this issue RIGHT NOW!
Q. Done.

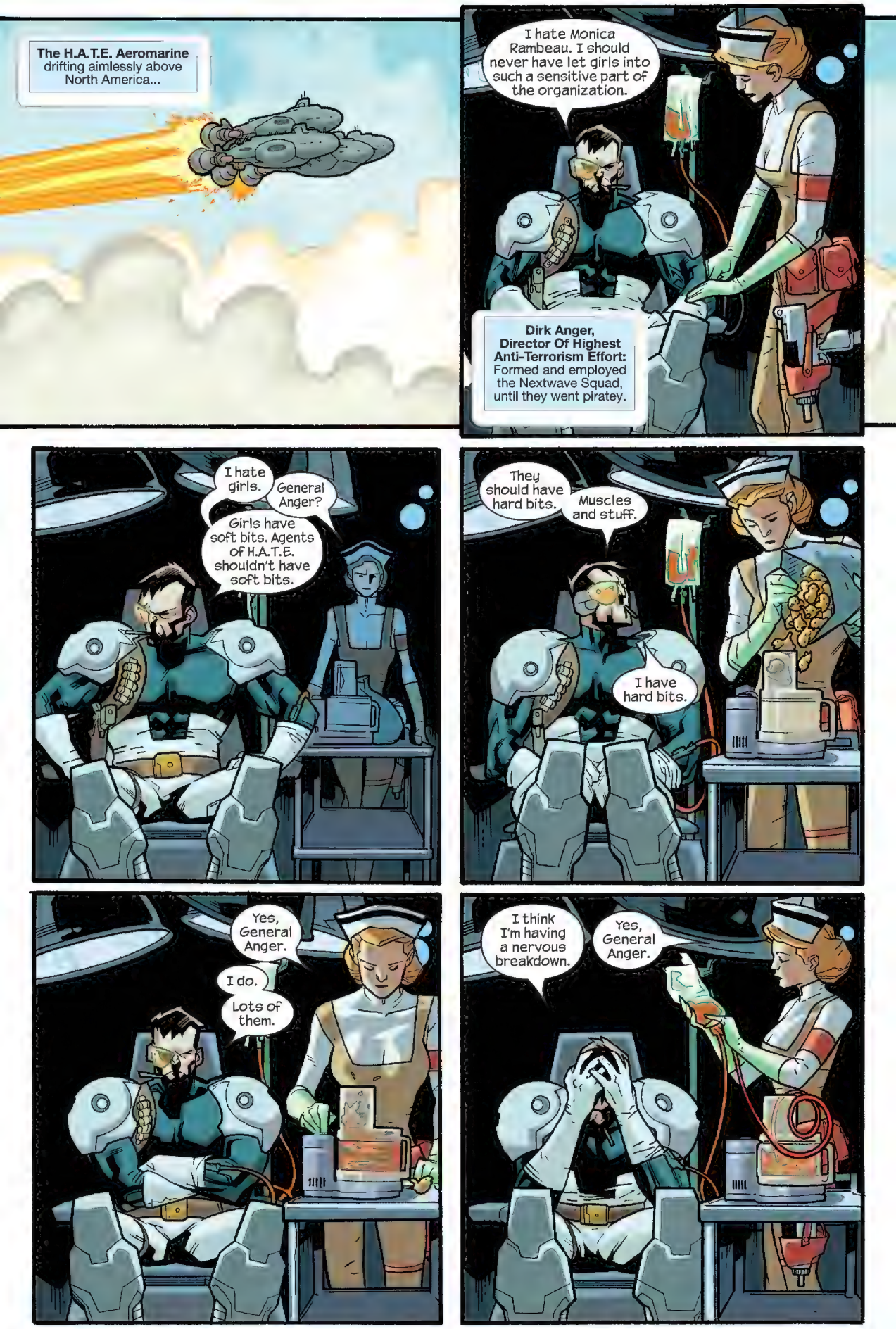
Why do giant monsters eat people?
Human beings are mostly water. Their tissues and fluids retain flavors and other residues from their food. Their bones have a brittle quality. Their skin is warm and pliant.
Thirst-quenching, well-seasoned, crunchy and yet chewy: People are the Elvis of snack food.

Tabby Smith is here with what was the Nextwave Squad to make the giant monster go away.
FIN FANG FOOM PUT YOU IN HIS PANTS.

NOOOOOOO!
Hold on.
He's going to put me in his pants!
I heard. Get ready to jump.
The Captain is so absurdly strong that he once smacked someone's spine out through their lungs just by patting them on the back.
In his defense, he was quite extraordinarily drunk.

AAAAOOOOOOOOOO

Ouch.
The pants might have been less painful.
You're welcome.
We need a better plan than this. Unless you think we can take him by breaking his fingers.
Maybe Monica has a plan. After all--
--she used to run the Avengers.
You think she gets tired of telling people that?
I'm damn sure I get ☠☠☠☠ tired of hearing it.
☠☠☠☠ yeah.


The H.A.T.E. Aeromarine drifting aimlessly above North America...
I hate Monica Rambeau. I should never have let girls into such a sensitive part of the organization.
Dirk Anger, Director Of Highest Anti-Terrorism Effort: Formed and employed the Nextwave Squad, until they went piratey.
I hate girls.
General Anger?
Girls have soft bits. Agents of H.A.T.E. shouldn't have soft bits.
They should have hard bits.
Muscles and stuff.
I have hard bits.
Yes, General Anger.
I do.
Lots of them.
I think I'm having a nervous breakdown.
Yes, General Anger.

The following dialogue is coming from inside this thing, which is bigger on the inside than it is on the outside. Thank you.
What?
Hull cameras have just picked up Tabby and the Captain being smacked through a building.
The Captain took the brunt of the impact. They're probably both still alive.
Okay. Put this thing into a parking orbit and then follow me in.
nextWAVE
warren ellis writer stuart immonen penciler
wade von grawbadger inker dave mccaig colors
vc's joe caramagna letterer sean ryan assistant editor
mike marts consulting editor nick lowe editor
joe quesada editor in chief dan buckley publisher

Monica Rambeau can convert part or all of her mass into any form of electromagnetic energy in the spectrum. Except the ones they make up on *Star Trek*.
Right. Let's see if I can remember how to do this.
Exawatt gamma-ray laser--

What the hell? That would've skewered anything else...
HEY!
I can't even blow his bloody toenails off!
Tell me about it. I thought maybe this might go differently.
Well, it's gone bloody pear-shaped is what it's gone!
Stop whining, girl. We're not done yet.
Here we go--Brothers and sisters, I have a scheme...
Oh, shut up.
This really bloody hurts my arm, by the way.

Okay, so we can't break its hide. So we need a new plan.
Lateral thinking.
Is that what they taught you in the Avengers? That and beware of spooky chicks who think they've been made pregnant by robots?
I could make you pregnant.
Not unless you could do it from over there, clanky.
I am full of very useful devices.
...yes. Yes, you are.
You're a little old for me.
Shut up. I have a plan.
We're going to make lizard breath swallow you.
What?
We're going to get you inside that thing.
I hate you, fleshy one.
More of those Human Resources freaks on the way.
Yeah. They want a full test on that thing's destructive capabilities, so they need us out of the way.
You, me and Tabby will keep them busy. Ellie, you're going to make beastie open his mouth for Aaron.

How?
I don't care.
I'm keeping my special Avengers' training to myself until you start being nicer to me.
Here it comes...
Okay, okay, I heard, how do I do this, okay...
...okay. Got it. Aaron, be ready.
What's she doing?
Follow her, for God's sake. We're busy.

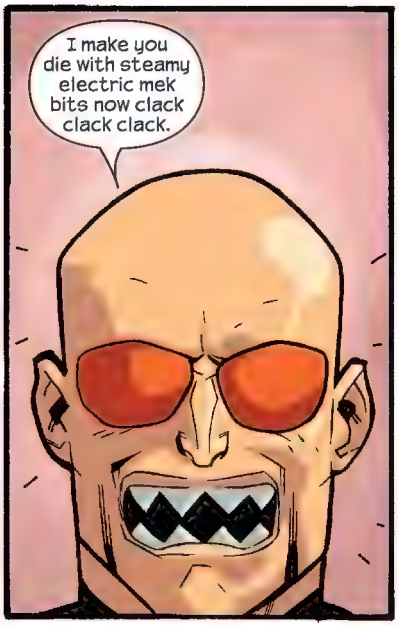
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE
DEATH TO FLESHY ONES!

Sorted.
Tick tick tick

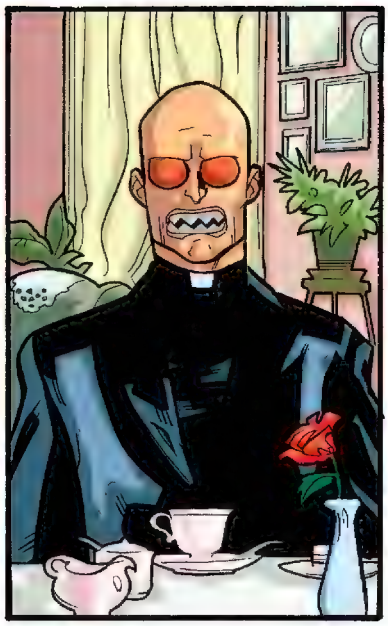
Boom!
Microwave Storm!

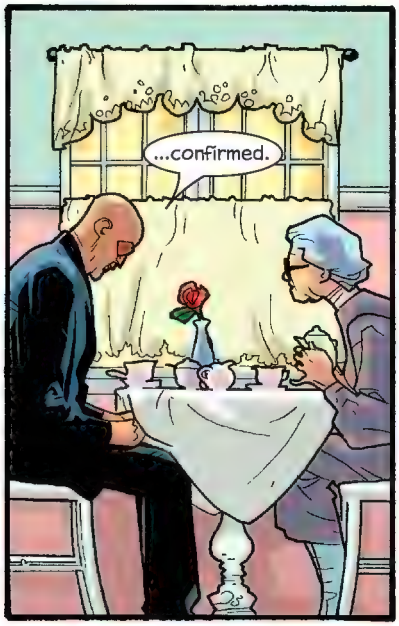
Kick!
'Splode!
nextWAVE
THIS IS WHAT THEY WANT!

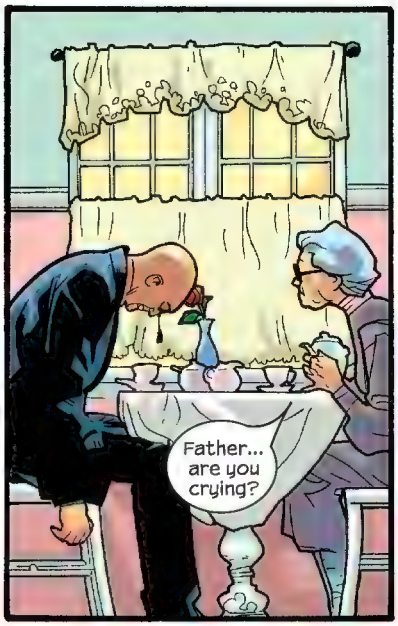
Aaron Stack, designation X-51 from Dr. Abel Stack's self-built sequence of sentient humanoid combat robots. It is not known what happened to the other fifty.

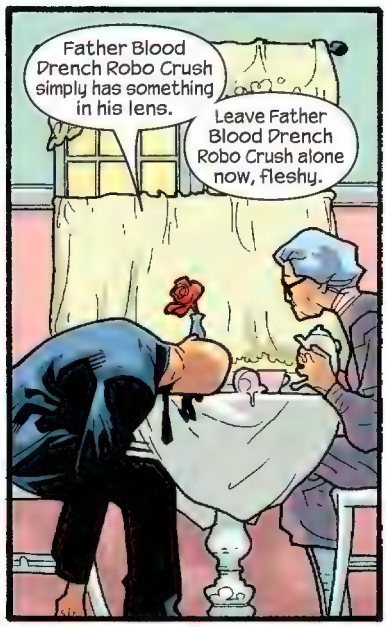

I make you die with steamy electric mek bits now clack clack clack.

More tea, Father?




...confirmed.


Father... are you crying?


Father Blood Drench Robo Crush simply has something in his lens.
Leave Father Blood Drench Robo Crush alone now, fleshy.

Biological systems are hideous.
I can't believe they have all this garbage inside them and not want to kill themselves.
Aaah, joy. The stink of digesting humans.
Time to work.

FIN FANG FOOM'S EYES HURT REALLY A LOT!
Damnit, Monica. Lizard pants is still wrecking the place. Your robot's rubbish.
He's not my robot.
Okay--the robot who follows us around and stares at my chest is rubbish.
Well, he's all we've got.

HURK
FIN FANG FOOM NEEDS BATHROOM
FIN FANG FOOM...EAT TOO MANY PEOPLE...?
Public Parking

RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
FIN FANG FOOM'S... HEART...?
FIN FANG FOOM'S HEART...
...IS BROKEN...

My robot brain needs beer.
Also? I want to die.

Finally. I haven't called anyone for, like, an hour.
Aaron! Quit your noise and bring the plane down!
So, that's our first gig done and dusted. What now?

you have been reading

nextWAVE

five pirate super heroes versus a terrorist corporation and their Unusual Weapons Of Mass Destruction being tested on the United States.

end

H.A.T.E.MAIL

Welcome back, lovely readers. This is Lettermatic 7053™ back again with H.A.T.E.Mail. Have you had a good month? I sure did. I chaperoned one heck of a bus trip to Atlantic City (shout out to Lenny and Christina—DOUBLE DOWN, YO'S) and if I wore shirts, I would have lost mine. Sheesh, gambling. Right? Anyway, we have some letters from the present this month.

Hi Nick,

This was just a terrific comic, fun from beginning to end.

Using a bunch of characters I never thought I'd see together, you chaps have produced an instant classic. Being English, I can't help that Elsa was my favourite (I'm the one who bought her series) but the Captain is truly spiffy (so he's NOT John Walker from WEST COAST AVENGERS?). Mind, old Dirk Anger is a hoot--can't think who he was based on. Well done to Warren, Stuart, Wade, the whole bunch of you.

Please tell me this is an ongoing--and mean it!

Wearing big purple underpants,
Martin Gray
Edinburgh

It is, indeed, an ongoing, Martin! As of right now, any tie between the Captain and John Walker is pure speculation. And any tie between me and Johnny Walker Black is also speculation!

H.A.T.E.Mail,

Great job on NEXTWAVE!! Dirk Anger rules! I wish he were my father. I did, however, have a few qualms with it:

1) How can you mistreat a Les Paul Classic Sunburst guitar like that? Sacrilege!

2) I disagree with Tabby—"Boom Boom" is a great name!

3) Didn't Monica Rambeau get her powers when she was a teenager? She couldn't have made the dog explode when she was a child then, could she?

Those qualms aside, wonderful job.

Albert Alexander
Westlake, OH

I'm so pleased that you like NEXTWAVE, Albert. As for your qualms:

1) The Les Paul died a hero's death.

2) "Boom Boom" is the greatest name ever. Tabby is out of her mind.

3) Very good question, Albert, but all of Monica's secrets haven't been revealed. Do you know for a fact that she DIDN'T have powers before she came in contact with the extradimensional energy?

Dear H.A.T.E,

Just wanted to say that was a great first issue for many reasons (the characters, the humor, the giant telephone on Dirk Anger's head, etc. etc.) but there was one thing that stood out. The greatness of Fin Fang Foom. The ancient Chinese dragon is one of the greatest creations from Marvel (better than that Spider guy) and I think Fin should have his own ongoing series. Well, hope this letter gets printed, and stuff, although it is a little weird. Until next time, Make Mine Atlas, hippies.

Kelly Royal

While I am a fan of the phrase, "Flower Power," I don't know if I'd classify myself as a hippie (I was programmed to be allergic to hemp products). I would LOVE a Fin Fang Foom series. And please try to make your next letter more normal, Kelly, we don't tolerate weirdness in H.A.T.E.

OH MY GOD!! This may just be the surest sign of the end of the world I have ever read...And I loved every page of it! I even downloaded the theme song a few weeks ago and could only hope that the comic would be as funny and it is! It is! Thanks for making something so different and so refreshing. And hey, it made me feel okay to wear my purple undies. Keep it up!

Ben Minyard
Amarillo, TX

We are very happy that this humble comic can help purple-undies wearers' self-confidence. Our job here is done. Also, I was programmed to believe that the "Nextwave Theme Song" is the greatest work of Western songwriting since Monteverdi's *Missa Papae Marcelli*, so I agree with your taste.

Dear H.A.T.E. Mail,

It's about time Elsa Bloodstone showed up somewhere in the Marvel Universe since the very action-packed and hilarious 4-issue mini she starred in years ago. There has been a lot of growth to the character. She seems much stronger, but I don't like the new hair color and where is the Bloodstone?

True Father

The Bloodstone is on her choker, TF. As for the hair, she dyed it red shortly after her mini-series.

Mea Columba H.A.T.E.Mail,

I apologize for the lateness of my letter, strange machine of the gods. Some minions of mine were reading NEXTWAVE themselves before passing it on to me. Those lollygagging plebians were sent off to the Coliseum for this. As soon as my advisors translated your strange language, I was able to enjoy the wonders of NEXTWAVE #1. Reading gave me more joy than conquering Gaul. Ellie is more beautiful than Cleopatra herself. I wish I could write more references to my time period, but I've got a Senate meeting to go to.

IMP•C•IVLIVS•CAESAR•DIVVS
15 Martius, 709 *ab urbe condita*

What a wonderful surprise. For those out there who aren't Latin scholars, that letter is from Julius Caesar. I usually don't tolerate lateness, but I felt I had to put this in the letters page, for old Julius's sake. Thanks for the letter, Julie old chap.

That's about all the space we have for this month. Next issue kicks off a new two-issue arc that we like to call "Bad Cop/Giant Robot Cop." What's on the way? Tabby's going to blow things up, Ellie's going to shoot things, the Captain plans on punching things, Monica's going to give some orders and Aaron continues to do robot-y things. Oh, and there might be a giant robot. BUT I'M NOT PROMISING ANYTHING!!!

Yours,
Lettermatic 7053™

BOOM!

chapter three
NEXTWAVE
AGENTS OF H.A.T.E.
immonen.ca 05

primer

WELCOME READERS!! Welcome to your interactive NEXTWAVE: Agents of H.A.T.E. Primer Page. We'll start with a Q and A session:

Q. What is Nextwave?

A. Nextwave is a group of super heroes put together by the Highest Anti-Terrorism Effort (H.A.T.E.)

Q. Wait a second, I thought they were fighting against H.A.T.E.

A. You are correct! You see, Nextwave discovered that H.A.T.E. and its parent company, the Beyond Corp. ©, were being funded by a terrorist organization when Tabitha (see later answer) stole the Beyond Corp. © marketing plan.

Q. Then why is the book called NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E.?

A. Quick, there's a bear behind you!

Q. What?

A. Next question...

Q. Um...okay. Who are the members of Nextwave and what are their powers?

A. Monica Rambeau, a former Avenger, is their leader. She can transform her body into any form of radiation in the electromagnetic spectrum. Aaron Stack is a robot who does robot-y things. Elsa Bloodstone has a magical stone that she wears around her neck that gives her super strength and invulnerability. And she's English. Tabitha Smith, former member of X-Force, can make things explode. The power is helpful. The Captain, also known as The Captain, is really strong and can fly. Though no one knows how or why. He's a bit sucky.

Q. Who is this Dirk Anger person?

A. He's the leader of H.A.T.E. He's not happy that Nextwave has rebelled. And he's your boyfriend.

Q. Sweet! Did I miss anything in #1 or #2?

A. You did! Nextwave fought and defeated H.A.T.E.'s first Unusual Weapon of Mass Destruction (UWMD)—a giant green dragon called Fin Fang Foom!

Q. What's your favorite color?

A. Either periwinkle or salmon.

Q. Ooooo. You'd look good in a nice periwinkle pants suit.

A. True. Now READ THE BOOK.

Third Precinct
Sink City, Illinois:
Monday
Last week on the beat, Mangel?
Yep. One more week, then I spend the rest of my life rotting in a lounger.
Must be nice.
Yeah, well.
I earned it.

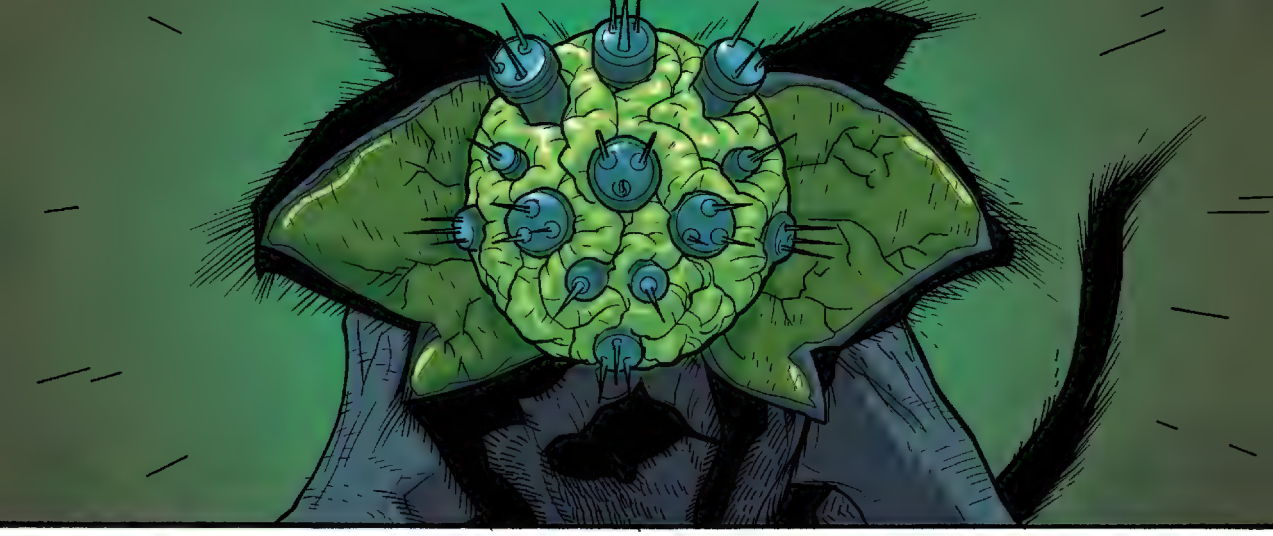
Mac.
Officer Mangel.
What did I tell you about dealing here?
Did you think I was going soft in my last week?
I said I still wanted my cut!
Officer!
Hm?
I can hardly see-- you're a police officer, right?
Sure, why not. What seems to be the problem?
I've been mugged! They got my wallet. Thank God I keep my billfold in my pants pocket--
They didn't get your billfold?

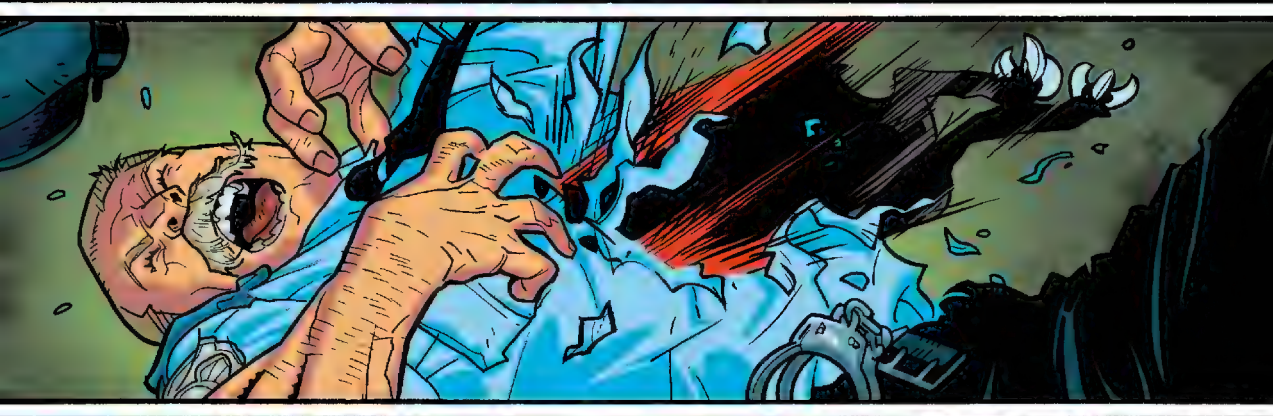
No, I keep them separate, always seemed safer--
Very clever of you, sir. Please step this way.
Okay...
1st Floor- Molly (dancer)
2nd Floor- Eve (schoolteacher)
3rd Floor- Anna (actress)
Mangel.
Here to see the girls.
They're waitin' on you.

Last week on the job, huh, Mangel?
Yeah.
Well, you can go on out and find someone to terrorize at the old folks' home. We're done.
We're done when I say we're done, Eve.
Like hell.
And you just used up your one chance, Mangel.
I been waiting to do you like a chicken for the pot since I met you.
EEEEEEEEEE

Two things.
One: I want my ****** cut. Now.
Two: clean his blood and snot off my boot.

794
Whassat?
SUNK CITY
Someone there?
I can hear you moving. Come on out.
MOW
RRRP
C'mere, little guy...
C'mon... I bet I can sell you...
What the hell are you?



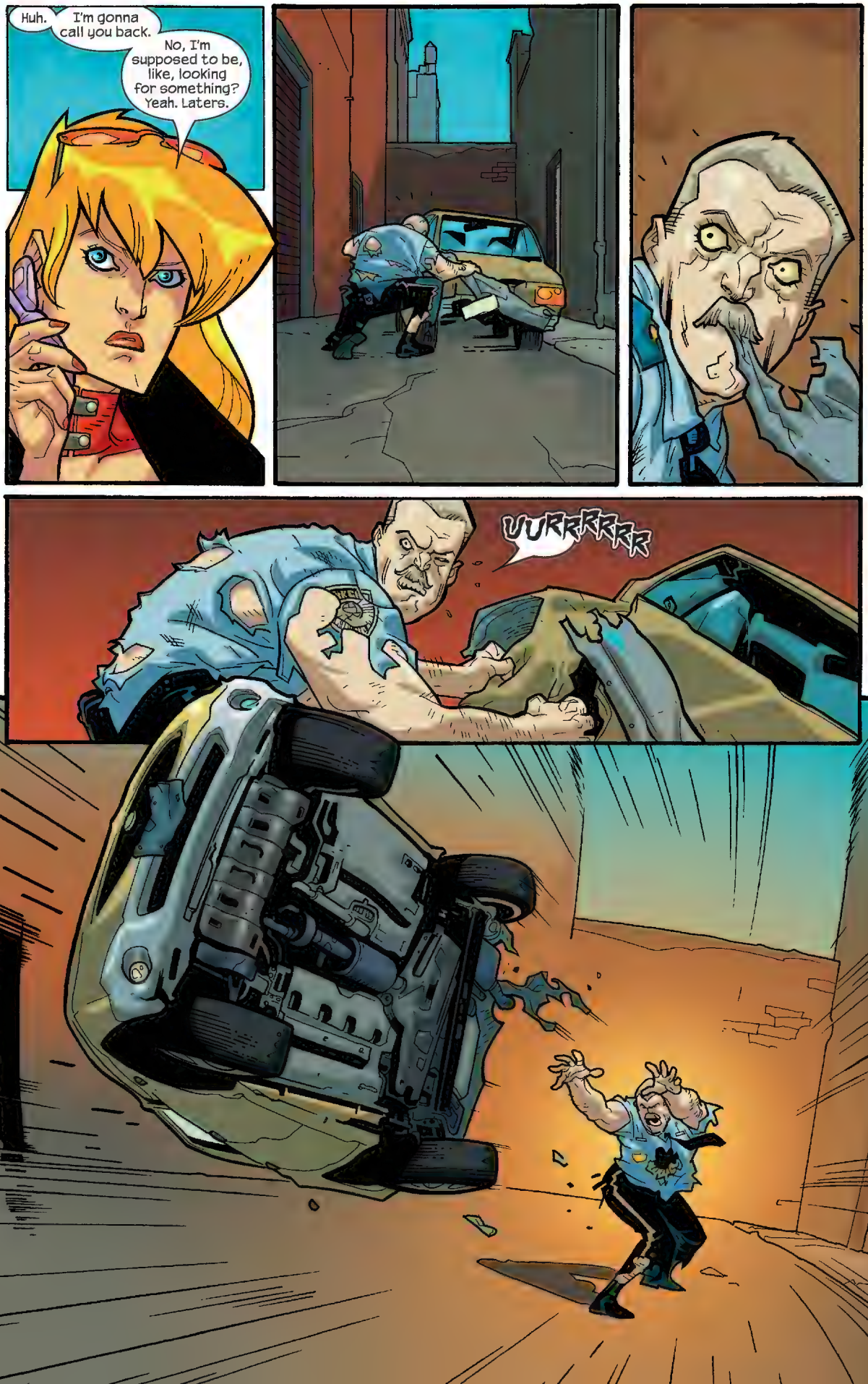


nextwave

warren ellis *writer* **stuart immonen** *penciler*
wade von grawbadger *inker* **dave mccaig** *colors*
vc's joe caramagna *letterer* **sean ryan** *assistant editor*
mike marts *consulting editor* **nick lowe** *editor*
joe quesada *editor in chief* **dan buckley** *publisher*

H.A.I.E.
Highest Anti-Terrorism Effort
Director General Dirk Anger's Private Armory Test Range
NO GIRLS
General?
I'm busy...
General, it's about the Nextwave Squad.
This really isn't a good time.
They've been spotted in the skies over western Illinois.
If they're hunting down whoever received the Seed, we have a viable window to intercept and capture them.
CLICK
I'm so alone.

Sink City: Wednesday
So I was in the Hyperlounge on Sunset? Like a block down from the Standard?
So I was in the Hyperlounge and it was all cool?
Jessica had passed out and Paris was hitting on this Italian guy with platinum eyes?
And this guy comes up to me and says you're all hot and stuff?
And I tell him, you know, dude, I totally *know*.
And he's all like, come to the men's room with me.
So--no, yeah--so I go to the men's room with him, and all of a sudden he's all like breathing funny and taking his clothes off.
And I'm just, you know, whatever. And he's all, you will *lurve* me now.
And he's got a costume on underneath his clothes. Like a super hero suit?
And he's like, you are Tabby Smith and you are my super hero wife now.
I KNOW!
Like I'm gonna--yeah, no--you should've *seen* the costume!
Girl, it was a color that *not even actresses* would be seen in.


Huh.
I'm gonna call you back.
No, I'm supposed to be, like, looking for something? Yeah. Laters.
UURRRRRR

tick tick tick
BOOM!

FASTER PUSSYCAT KILL KILL KILL
KILL KILL KILL
KIIIIIIILL
I said BOOM.

!!!

OWWW!
Oh,
Everybody out!
One of us needs to keep looking for whoever's got the thing inside him--
You're the big-time monster hunter--you're volunteered.

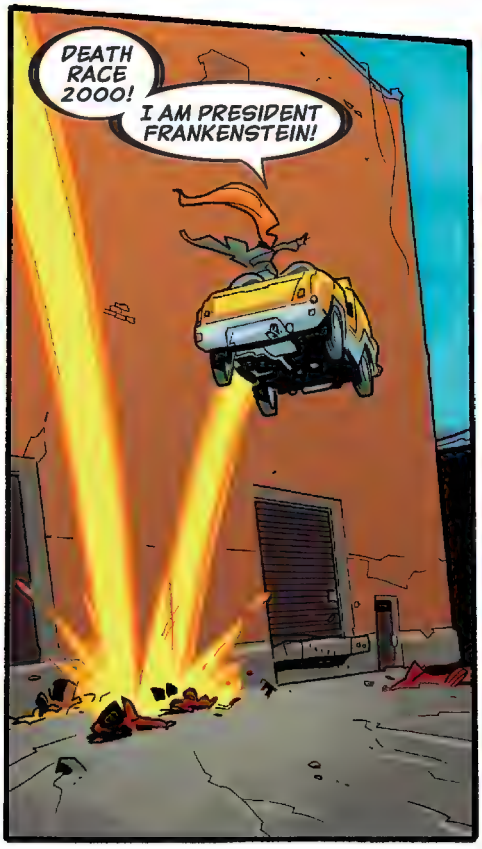
You have bought an episode of
nextwave
unless you stole it off the Internet
Everyone get down on the deck *now!*

Welcome to the worst day of your life.

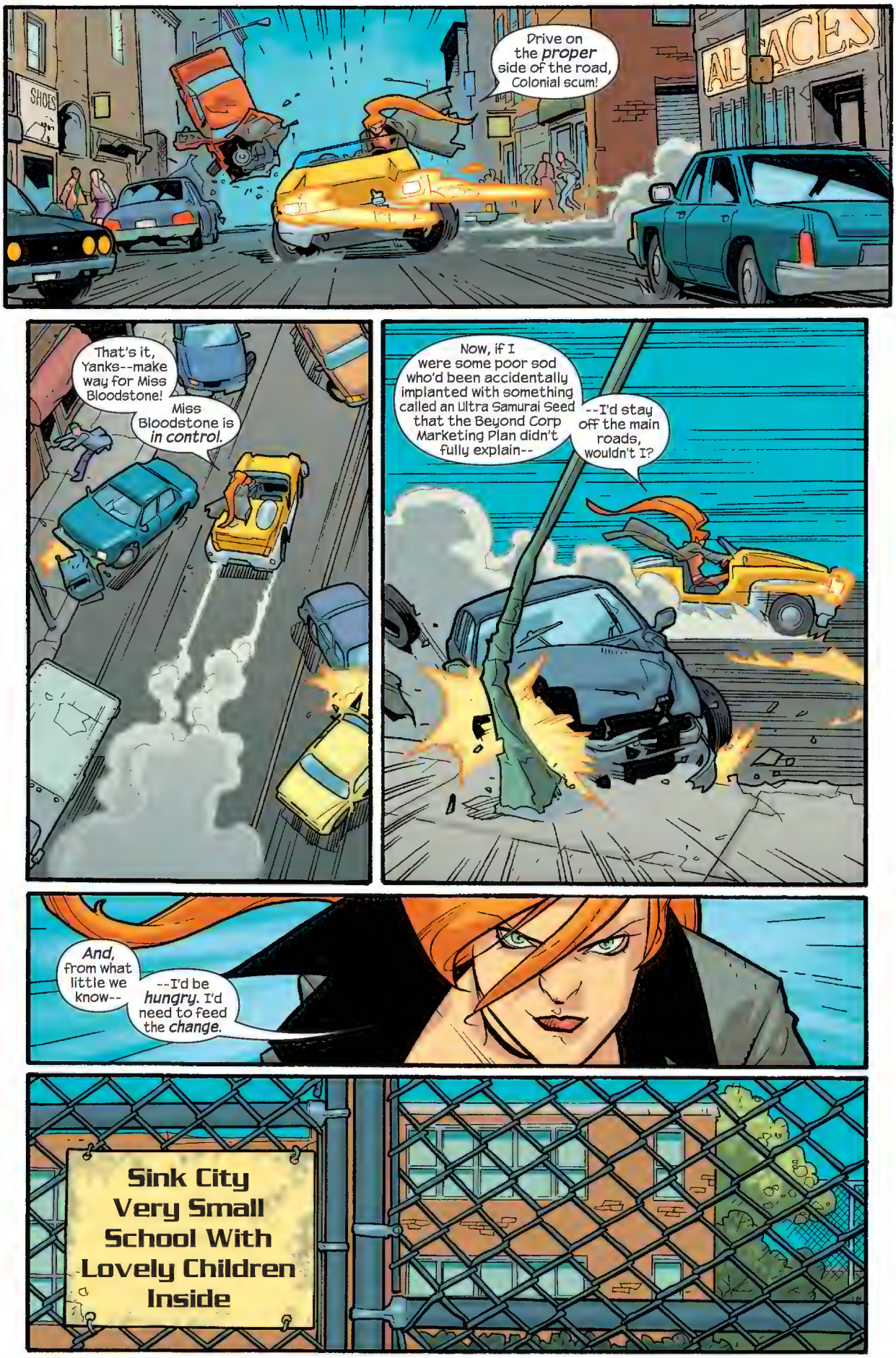
Help! I just lost the use of my right arm!
Where's Ellie?

WOO HOOOO!

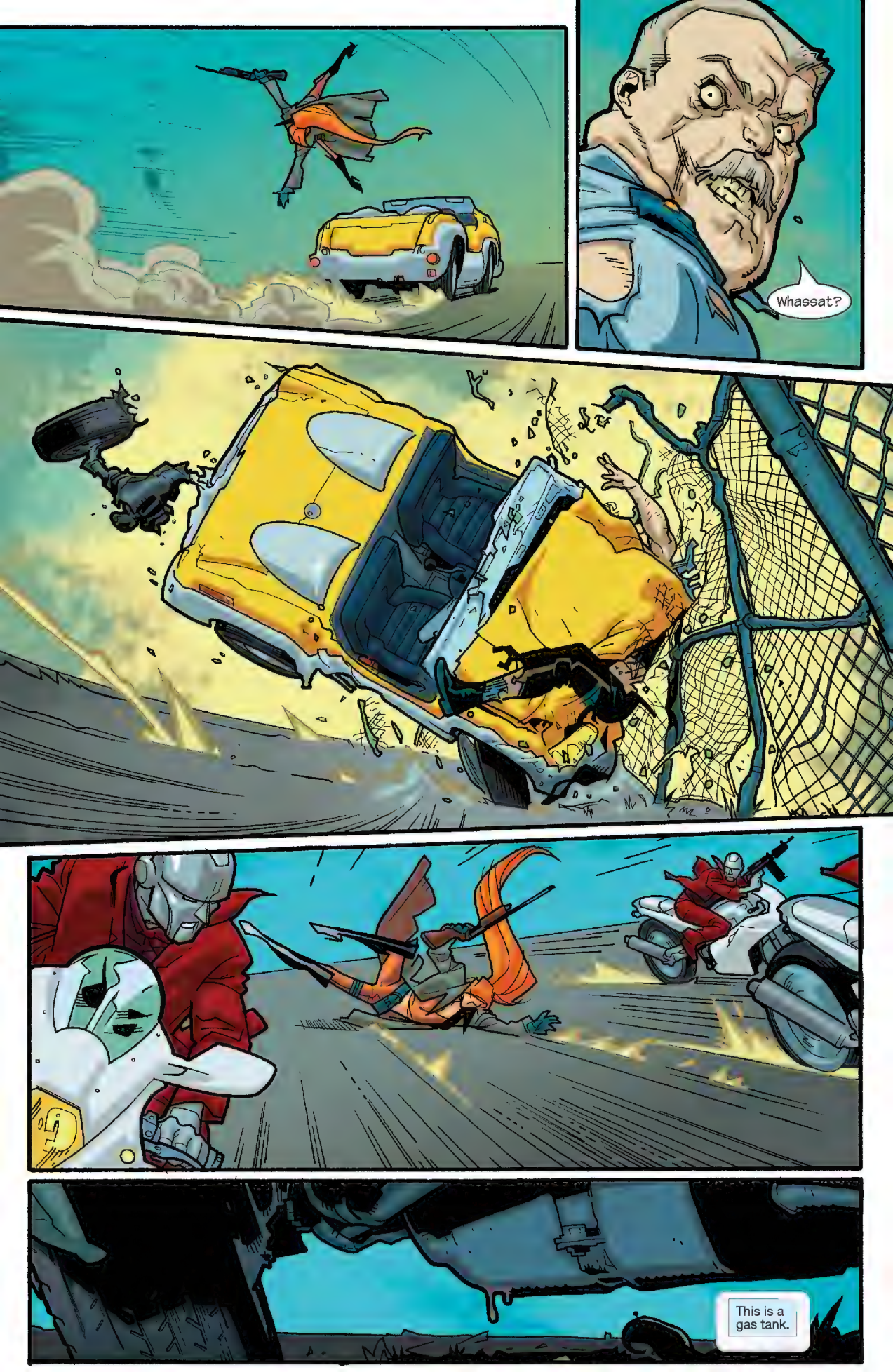
Mommy


DEATH RACE 2000!
I AM PRESIDENT FRANKENSTEIN!

Where's the English ☠☠☠☠ going?
Off to hunt the guy you lost.
We figure a twelve-foot guy won't be hard to spot--especially for the big-deal monster-hunting English ☠☠☠☠.


Drive on the *proper* side of the road, Colonial scum!
SHOES
That's it, Yanks--make way for Miss Bloodstone!
Miss Bloodstone is *in control.*
Now, if I were some poor sod who'd been accidentally implanted with something called an Ultra Samurai Seed that the Beyond Corp Marketing Plan didn't fully explain--
--I'd stay off the main roads, wouldn't I?
And, from what little we know--
--I'd be *hungry.* I'd need to feed the *change.*
Sink City Very Small School With Lovely Children Inside

Munchies.
Oh, you are ****ing me up.
AAAAA!


Whassat?
This is a gas tank.

You're going home in the back of an ambulance.

Uurrrrr
When I kill you with a motor-car, you should have the common decency to stay dead, you horrid little object.
HA HA HA HA HA HA
He will peel you with his robot bits.
You have been reading
nextWAVE
a comic single about five pirate super heroes twisting the nipple of the military-industrial complex.

H.A.T.E.MAIL

Hello, kind readers. Lettermatic 7053™, here. I've missed you all so much. Oh, what a month it's been. One night, I ran out of milk at 11:30 at night. 11:30! And my grocery store closes at 11:00! I'm not about to go to a 24-hour deli or something. Come on, think about those prices! Luckily, the beneficent Beyond Corp.© created the TurboSonic Udder (patent pending). But enough about this humble machine's personal life--we've got a letters page to get into! I've been programmed to notice that the intellectual content of letters pages has taken a real downward turn of late. I plan on changing that. So, to stimulate the mind and the brain, the following is my analysis of Toto's "Africa", off their multi-platinum album TOTO IV:

Destiny has been at the forefront of the human mind for millennia. The Greeks believed it overruled their gods and the Norse believed it doomed theirs. Shakespeare wrote plays about it (though they lacked a certain amount of punching) and Verdi wrote operas about it (though none contained a proper amount of explosions). But no work of art discusses it quite the way that David Paich, Steve Lukather, Bobby Kimball, Steve and Jeff Porcaro, and David Hungate discussed it. As the band Toto, these six men offer a transcendent story of destiny in just under five minutes. A few strange words, a haunting melody and one hell-of-a-synth-flute/synth-steel drum interlude and Toto changed this machine's view of destiny forever.

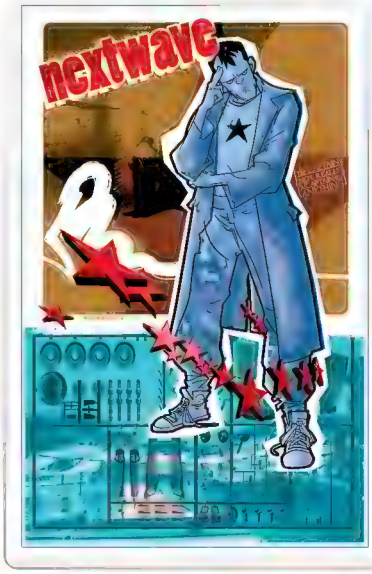
The protagonist and singer of the song, who will be identified as Toto for the sake of clarity, has been living in Africa for some time now. Toto is searching the "Dark Continent" for signs to "guide him towards salvation." One must assume he's been there for some time and made some progress as he's been blessing rain in the southern part of the continent. One must also wonder what the locals think of this act, but we must remain focused on the central story of the song. He came to Africa "to cure what's deep inside" as he's "frightened of this thing that [he's] become." But before he can reach it, his girlfriend comes to visit him ("She's coming in, 12:30 flight"). Toto's time in Africa has not only put them on different continents, but on different worlds. "I hear the drums echoing tonight/ But she hears only whispers of some quiet conversation." We assume that her goal is to take Toto back from his continental mistress.

On his way to the airport, Toto seeks guidance from an old man whose glance he interprets to mean that Africa is waiting for him. "He turned to me as if to say, 'Hurry boy, it's waiting there for you." We hope the man is referring to Africa and not Toto's girlfriend with the word "it", because that would just be rude. This hypothesis is confirmed in the second verse as Toto voyages out into the Serengeti listening to wild dogs, rather than picking the young lady up at the airport. (Men! Am I right?) The aforementioned rock-tastic synth-flute/synth-steel drum interlude seems to bring Toto to his senses and direct him to pick the poor girl up. "Hurry boy, she's waiting there for you." The delicate change from the "it" from the previous voicing of this line to the "she" of this voicing is masterful song writing. We assume Toto leaves to pick his girlfriend up. The nearest airport to the Serengeti is an eight-hour drive, so she's been waiting a really long time and is, most likely, quite irked. We trust that Toto has plans for them -- "Gonna take some time to do the things we've never had." The meaning of that sentence is questionable, but it sounds like something one might do with a guest in a foreign land. Hopefully it's worth the long flight and lengthy wait. Still, the choice between the woman we hope Toto loves and the continent that is bringing him closer to spiritual satisfaction plagues him. Does he go with the girl or the continent? The song doesn't offer a definitive answer. Toto, the band, leaves that up to the listener. This listener thinks that after he starts repeating and repeating the fact that he's been blessing rain, the poor girl figures out that he's lost his mind and jumps on the next flight back to Poughkeepsie.

I hope that answered all your long-seeded questions about the wonderful song. Let this be considered a thrown gauntlet. This letters page is a forum for intelligent discussion and debate. OOOOOOO, I almost forgot--I've discovered the joy of eating pie in the shower! It's the best! Anyway, that's all the time we have. In next month's issue there's: giant robot butt-kicking, explosions, justice and THE ORIGIN OF THE CAPTAIN! Don't miss it!

XOXO,

Lettermatic 7053™



STRIKE A POSE!!

nextwave
agents of H.A.T.E.
chapter four
THE CAPTAIN
NOT REALLY
A CAPTAIN OF
ANYTHING
immonen.ca 05

primer

WELCOME READERS!! Welcome to your interactive NEXTWAVE: Agents of H.A.T.E. Primer Page. We'll start with a Q and A session:

Q. What is Nextwave?

A. Nextwave is a group of super heroes put together by the Highest Anti-Terrorism Effort (H.A.T.E.)

Q. Wait a second, I thought they were fighting against H.A.T.E.

A. You are correct! You see, Nextwave discovered that H.A.T.E. and its parent company, the Beyond Corp. ©, were being funded by a terrorist organization when Tabitha (see later answer) stole the Beyond Corp. © marketing plan.

Q. Then why is the book called NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E.?

A. Oh, my! A giant, evil blimp! Up in the sky!

Q. What?

A. Next question...

Q. Um...okay. Who are the members of Nextwave and what are their powers?

A. Monica Rambeau, a former Avenger once called "Captain Marvel" and "Photon", is their leader. She can transform her body into any form of radiation in the electromagnetic spectrum. Aaron Stack, formerly known as Machine Man, is a robot who does robot-y things. Elsa Bloodstone has a magical stone that she wears around her neck that gives her super-strength and invulnerability. And she's English. Tabitha Smith, former member of X-Force who was called "Boom Boom" or "Meltdown", can make things explode. The Captain, also known as The Captain, is really strong and can fly. Though no one knows how or why. He's a bit sucky.

Q. Who is this Dirk Anger person?

A. He's the leader of H.A.T.E. He's not happy that Nextwave has rebelled. And he founded Denmark!

Q. Amazing! Did I miss anything in #3?

A. You did! A corrupt cop named Mac Mangel was infected with an organism that feeds on metal. Ellie just exploded a car on him.

Q. Who's the 24th President of the U.S.A.?

A. Why, Benjamin Harrison, the signer of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.

Q. I hate trusts.

A. So did Ben. Now READ THE BOOK!

This is Mac Mangel, a bad policeman whose body was invaded by a strange metal thing and is now eating things to feed it.
"Things" definitely include small children.
This is Ellie Bloodstone. She's just run Mac Mangel over with a jeep and then shot its gas tank to explode its fuel on top of him.
She's a super hero.
This is nextwave
Selling you a huge crazy mutant cop menacing an attractive young woman and calling it Fun.

EEEEEEEEE!
EEEEEEEEEEEEE!

Looked like a flare-gun shot.
It kind of was. Modified flare round. Ever since we found out these guys are half-broccoli, I've wanted to know if they'd burn.
Where's the guy?

A few blocks over.
Cap! That was the *guy!* You left him there?
He landed in a bunch of cars at like three hundred miles an hour. He's not getting up.

Oh my *God.* I blew him up with a jeep and he was *still* going. How stupid *are you?*

The Origin Of **The Captain:**

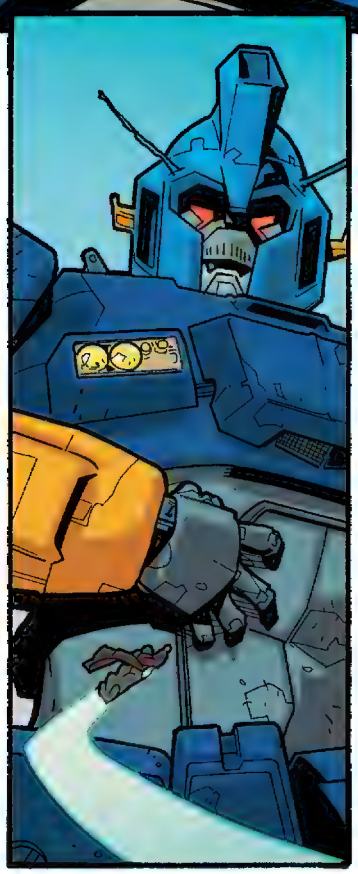
Well, Spa-Fon. We have looked everywhere.
Indeed, Squa-Tront. We have walked across this hellish landscape, and found no one.
Surely there must be one person to whom we can gift the Messianic Siddha-complex.
One person we can grant great powers to, that they may rescue their fellows from this terrible environment.
(Singing a truly filthy song by the Sex Pistols)
A fine young human specimen.
Young man. We come bearing the gift of super-human abilities beyond your mortal ken.
Leprechauns. Cool.
Youth, we offer you magical powers with which to make this nightmarish land of "Brooklyn" a better place.
Yeah? Where?
Here. The heartstar of the space between galaxies.
Well... What do I do with it?

This.
That's it?
Indeed. You are empowered, young man. Go forth and do great things.
I thought maybe it'd be like a thing that I could, you know...sell.
This is just ☠☠☠☠.
We have granted you mightiness and glory.
Huh.
I thought when you hit leprechauns on the head they turned into gold coins.
What a rip.

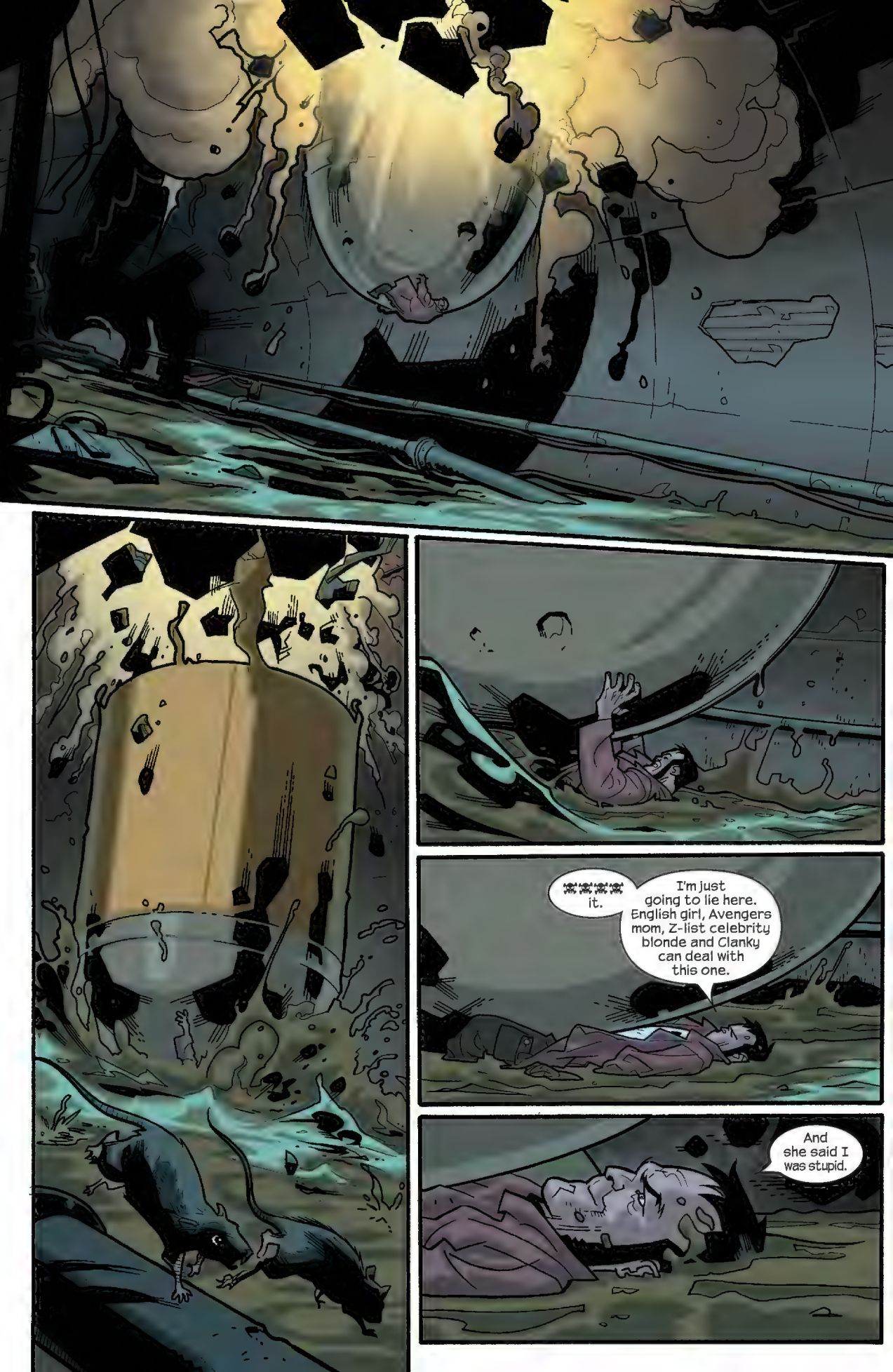
I wonder if they got credit cards.
Oh boy.
Bending over was a baaad move.
I'm not stupid.

YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST.
nextwave

Okay, so I'll fix it.
Giant junkyard robot. How hard can it be?



Wha--
Oh, c'mon.
Seriously.
OW!


I'm just going to lie here. English girl, Avengers mom, Z-list celebrity blonde and Clanky can deal with this one.
it.
And she said I was stupid.

I swear this thing is ticking.
AHHHHHHHH!

Oh, hell. Now what?
Get up, Monica. You have to, you know, tell us what to do.
She's not moving.
Monica! Quick! Captain America just called to invite you back to the Avengers!
...nothing.
She must be unconscious.

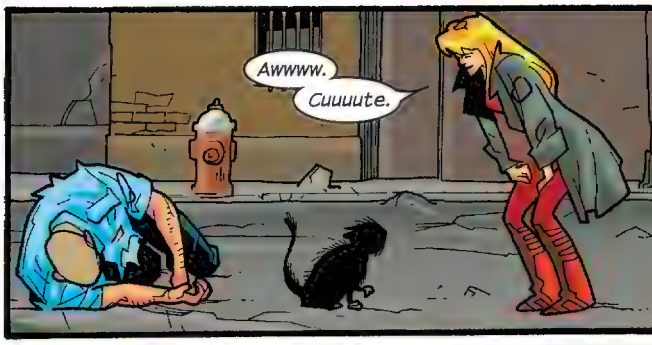
I'LL SHOW THEM.
I'LL SHOW THEM ALL.
What exactly is happening here? He wasn't that big before.
Can you, like, look inside him?
Sure.
Oh, God.
What?
Does that impress the robot girls or something?
Okay, he's inside it. And there's something inside him.
The thing is building around him.
Ultra Samurai seed, Monica said.
That's what the marketing plan called it. What if the Beyond Corporation released something into the wild...
...a parasite that made its host turn into a giant robot warrior? Using whatever metal was lying around?

Huh. Okay. Let me have a look.
Hey!
Oh, I see now. Okay. This is easy. Back me up.
Where are you going?
I'm gonna kill me a giant robot.
Killing robots is *sick!*
I AM THE LAW!
GIMME YOUR WALLETS!
Get out of my way! Super hero coming through!

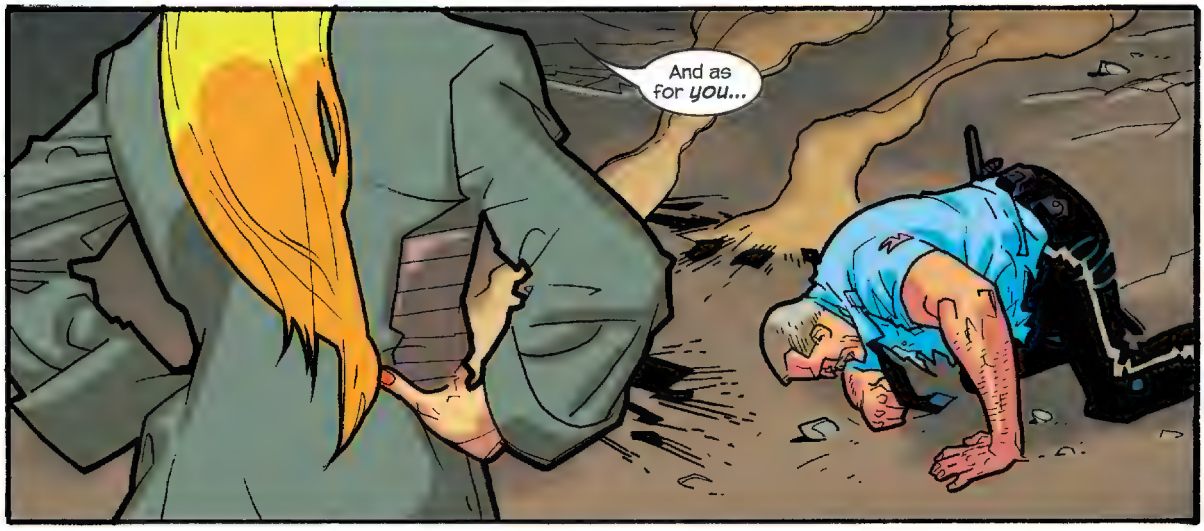
HA HA, CUTE GIRL.
LITTLE LOVE FOR A COP? HAH? HAH?
You want to date me?
Get naked.

Tick tick tick.
BOOM.

meep
meep


Awwww.
Cuuuute.

Die anyway.


And as for you...

P--
P--
Police.

Oh, man. You're a *cop*?
Cop.
You're *kidding* me!

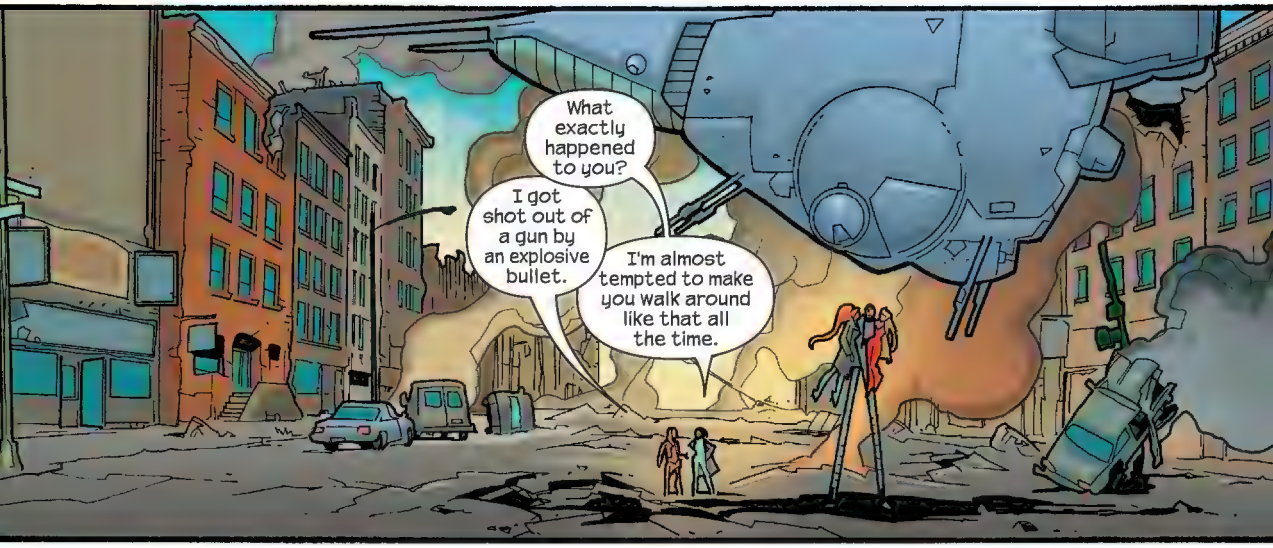
I *hate* cops!
Llugg...
Because, like, cops keep *arresting* me and stuff? For *stealing*?
Like stealing's a *crime* or something?

Hey! What's going on?
He's a *cop*, Aaron!

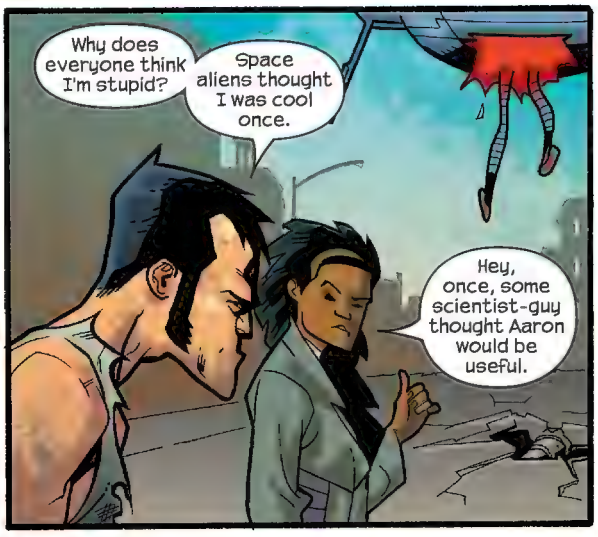
Cops--the most annoying fleshy ones of *all*.

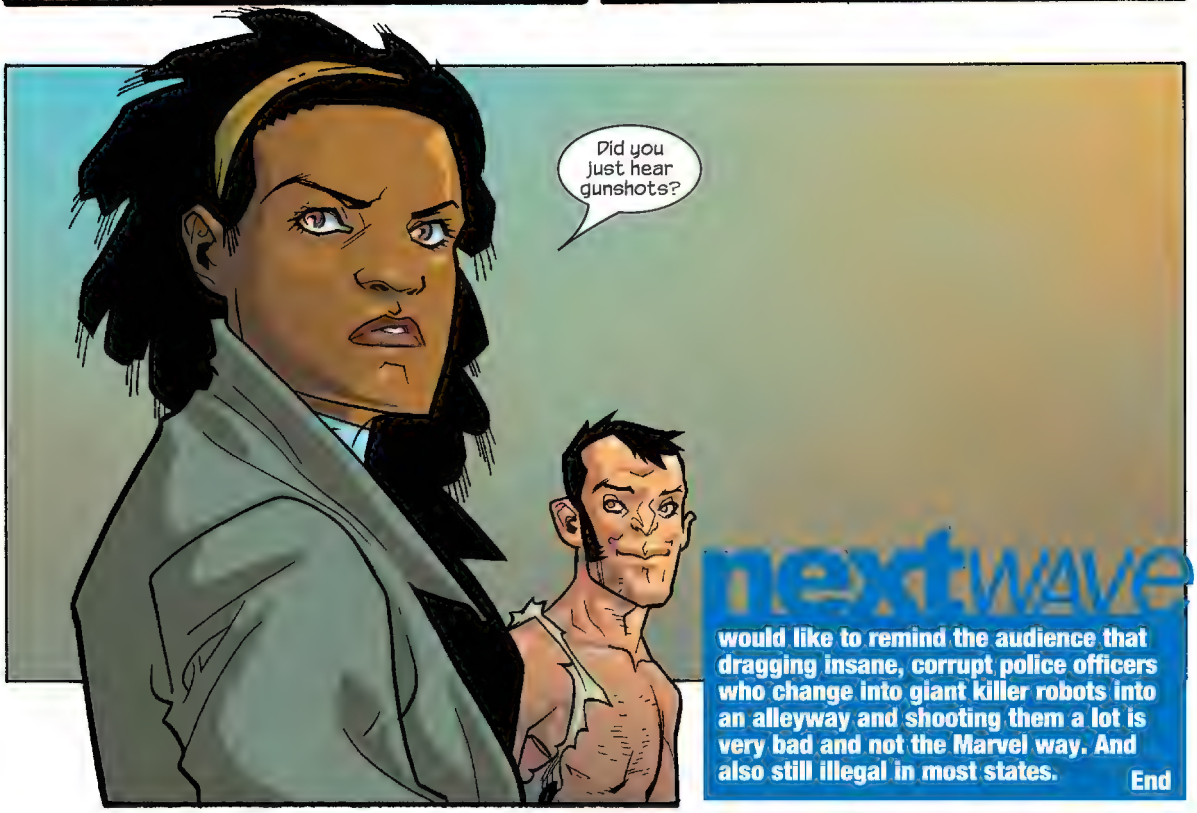
Tabby! Aaron!
What the hell are you doing?
Beating up a cop.
My God! That's a police officer! Get away from him!
But he--
Police! Officer! We do not beat on police officers!
This is you, isn't it, Aaron? Just another fleshy one to you?
But--
I don't want to hear it! Bring the Shockwave Rider down!
Are you all right, sir?
Kah
Ffah
He'll be fine.

We'll look after him.
Yeah. We're his friends.
There you go. Good cops can always rely on the community.
Nuuuh...
My dad used to say it takes special people to understand that police officers are the servants of the society.
You'll be fine with these people. The nightmare is over, officer.
Ppplease...
Noooooo...
Oh, yeah.
You'll be fine with us.
Now, what d'you want to be first? Our old lady or our restroom?
Or do you just wanna die?


What exactly happened to you?
I got shot out of a gun by an explosive bullet.
I'm almost tempted to make you walk around like that all the time.

Because I'm so hot?
Because you look so damn stupid.


Why does everyone think I'm stupid?
Space aliens thought I was cool once.
Hey, once, some scientist-guy thought Aaron would be useful.


Did you just hear gunshots?
nextwave
would like to remind the audience that dragging insane, corrupt police officers who change into giant killer robots into an alleyway and shooting them a lot is very bad and not the Marvel way. And also still illegal in most states.
End

H.A.T.E.MAIL

Howdy, partners! Welcome back to H.A.T.E.mail. I'm the Lettermatic 7053™ and this month we have a Western-themed letter column! Saddle up, cowpokes, you're in for a bumpy ride. Hope you wore your special chaps.

Dear *H.A.T.E.mail,*

Now, having bought the second issue, can I just say NEXTWAVE is a rotten title! It sounds like a hair product. Is that why Elsa is suddenly a ginger? Speaking of whom, that choker looks a tad precarious. She should try a few new places for the bloodstone--navel, ear, er . . . maybe we shouldn't go there.

Aaron Stack is a right laugh, his priestly predecessor was a hoot. Monica was the leader of the Avengers. And the Captain is a sexy bugger. Does he have pert nipples?

Now, where's issue three? Is it next month yet?

Martin Gray
Edinburgh, Scotland

Mornin', Martin. By the time you're reading this, I reckon it IS next month! NEXTWAVE might sound like a hair product, but DON'T USE IT AS A HAIR PRODUCT! That's why we had to change it to NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E. I hope that doesn't sound like an eyecare product.

The Captain's nipples are pert sometimes. Especially when he's spending a night out on the range and it gets a mite chilly. Thanks for asking!

NEXTWAVE People,

I'm astonished, but you succeeded. After I finished reading NEXTWAVE #2, I actually felt sympathy for a big, shorts-clad dragon named Fin Fang Foom. (Who is his tailor by the way?) In fact, I wished he had eaten the entire cast of NEXTWAVE characters. Now that would have been funny. After all, you could always resurrect the characters in issue #3, right?

Ray Mattera
Saint Charles, Illinois

As you'll soon see, Ray, you weren't the only cowboy who felt bad for ol' Fin. Fin's shorts are Vera Wang, from her *Monster Shorts* line. We at Beyond© agree that it would have been funny (and helpful, to us) if Fin ate the Nextwave Squad. Those pesky hero types.

Dear Lettermatic 7053™,

This is the real thing, a real Funny Book. I laughed from page one, loudly. Luckily, I'm alone here, so no one can say I'm going crazy.

I see that there are many like me that loved the Bloodstone miniseries, and I'm happy that she is back, even if she is more serious than in the miniseries.

But right now my favorite is the robot-y one, Aaron Stack. I find his open hate for the "fleshy ones" refreshing, in a world where robots are seen as merely attractions or cute doggies that don't dirty the carpet.

Four questions:

1) Is Fin dead? It was a little sad. Poor thing was hungry and just woke up and at the end was crying because its heart was broken. That was a sad moment.

2) If the H.A.T.E Human Resource employees are broccoli men, and Monica gave them a Microwave Storm, are they edible with a little mayonnaise?

3) Where does Aaron keep all his tools?

4) Why does Aaron need beer? Is it fuel, like in another pop culture show?

Thanks for excellent entertainment and explosions.

Glauco Rocco
Caracas, Venezuela.

A big "howdy" to you, Glauco. Thanks for the kind words! As for your questions:

1) Fin died and it was sad. But don't you fret, little buddy. I'm sure Fin won't stay dead for long.

2) The H.A.T.E. Human Resource men WOULD taste delicious with some mayo. I also recommend slathering them in butter. They enjoy it.

3) Where DOESN'T Aaron keep his tools?

4) Aaron doesn't NEED beer. He just likes it. And he's over 21, so that's okay.

Dear Mr. Ellis.

YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN, *#@% ! You have created YET ANOTHER must-read comic! You've taken a cast of forgotten, D-List heroes and made them interesting. The irony of an anti-terrorist organization being funded by a corporation/terrorist cell is priceless! And don't even get me started on Dirk Anger!

Mr. Immonen's vibrant artwork is the perfect complement to your zany adventures. Reading issue three, especially pages 11-13, where Tabby blows up those two cars, was like watching animation stills!

I read also that you created a theme song for NEXTWAVE. Where can I hear it?

Master Sage

Thank you for your kind words, Master Sage. They're enough to make a steer jump a split rail fence. There is indeed a theme song you can hear. Go to the Marvel website! I agree as enthusiastically as a patented letter-answering robot can agree that NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E. should be a cartoon! A series isn't currently planned, but we're doing whatever we can here at Beyond© Headquarters to make the dream a reality.

Dear *H.A.T.E.mail,*

When copies of your comics showed up in a time capsule recently, I was intrigued. The 21st century was a time of great significance (as a result, it was one of the historical periods I began "revising" upon my conquest of the planet). I was even more intrigued when I heard that you had solicited reviews from prominent historical figures. Oh, how I waited with anticipation for that fateful visit!

It never came. As such, I have taken matters into my own hands, entrusting this communiqué to a minion and sending him through time. You should receive it--today, I believe.

The art is impressive, and I await the day when the Captain's origin can be told. Maybe I'll get lucky, and another time capsule will be uncovered.

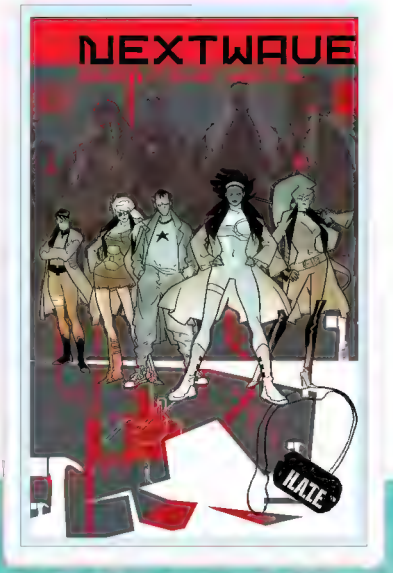
Prester Artor Maximillian Graves,
Megagrad,
Airstrip One
2150

P.S. Big shout-out to my grandfather in Vancouver! Please do not shoot him!

I'm plum-sorry about your disappointment, Artor. We actually did send a review copy to you, but it is set to arrive in 2152! I wish they would have included THIS issue in the time capsule so you could have expected it. We never got the copy back from your future self, so I was relieved when the Sea Cow/Giraffe hybrid minion arrived at Beyond© HQ. I hope that wasn't your grandfather that I had my showdown with yesterday at noon! Well, I have to go rustle some doggies.

See you next month, pilgrims and such,

Lettermatic 7053™



KA-POW!

NEXTWAVE
AGENTS OF H.A.T.E.
chapter five
H.A.T.E.

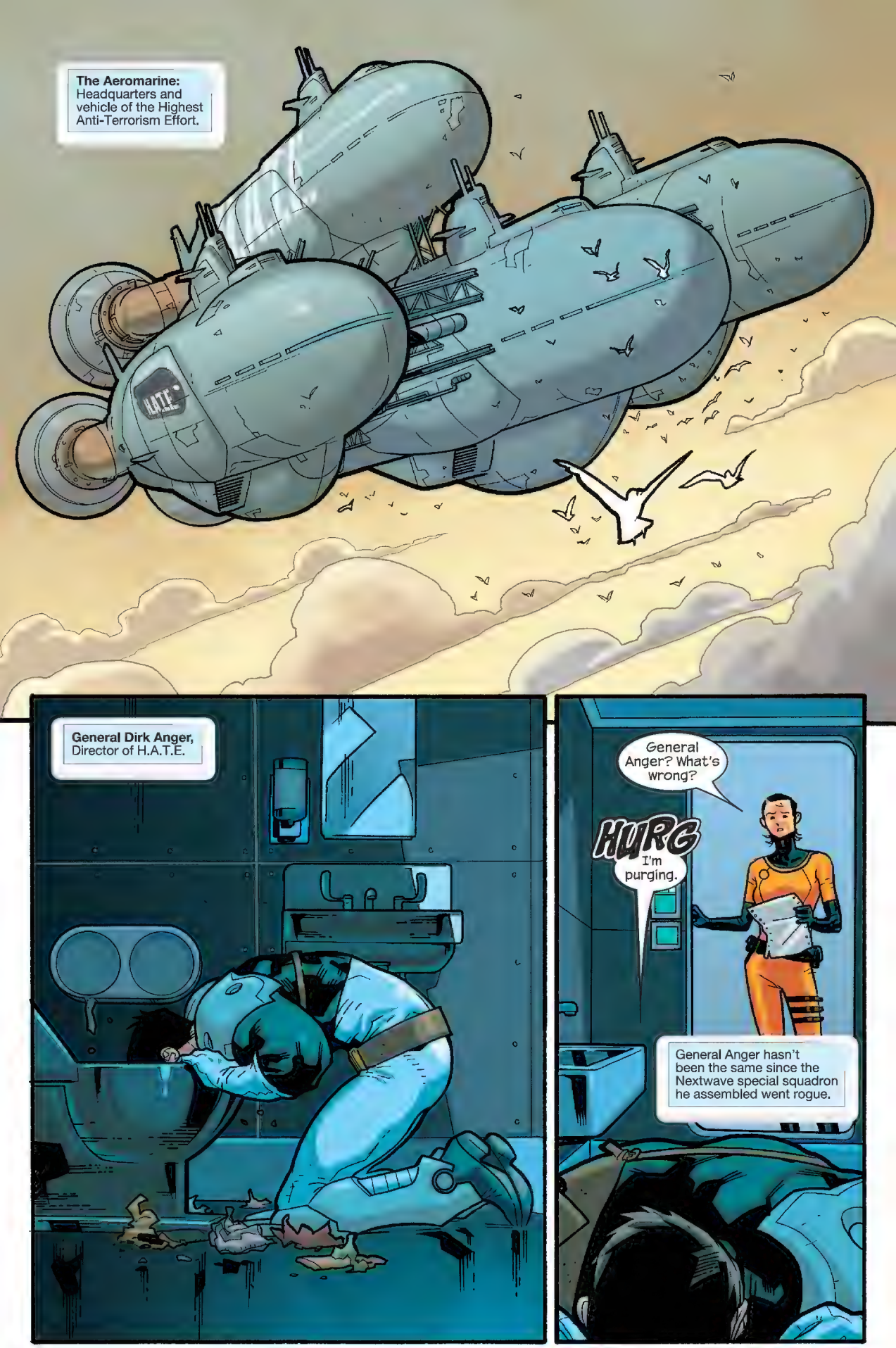
NEXTWAVE
AGENTS OF H.A.T.E.

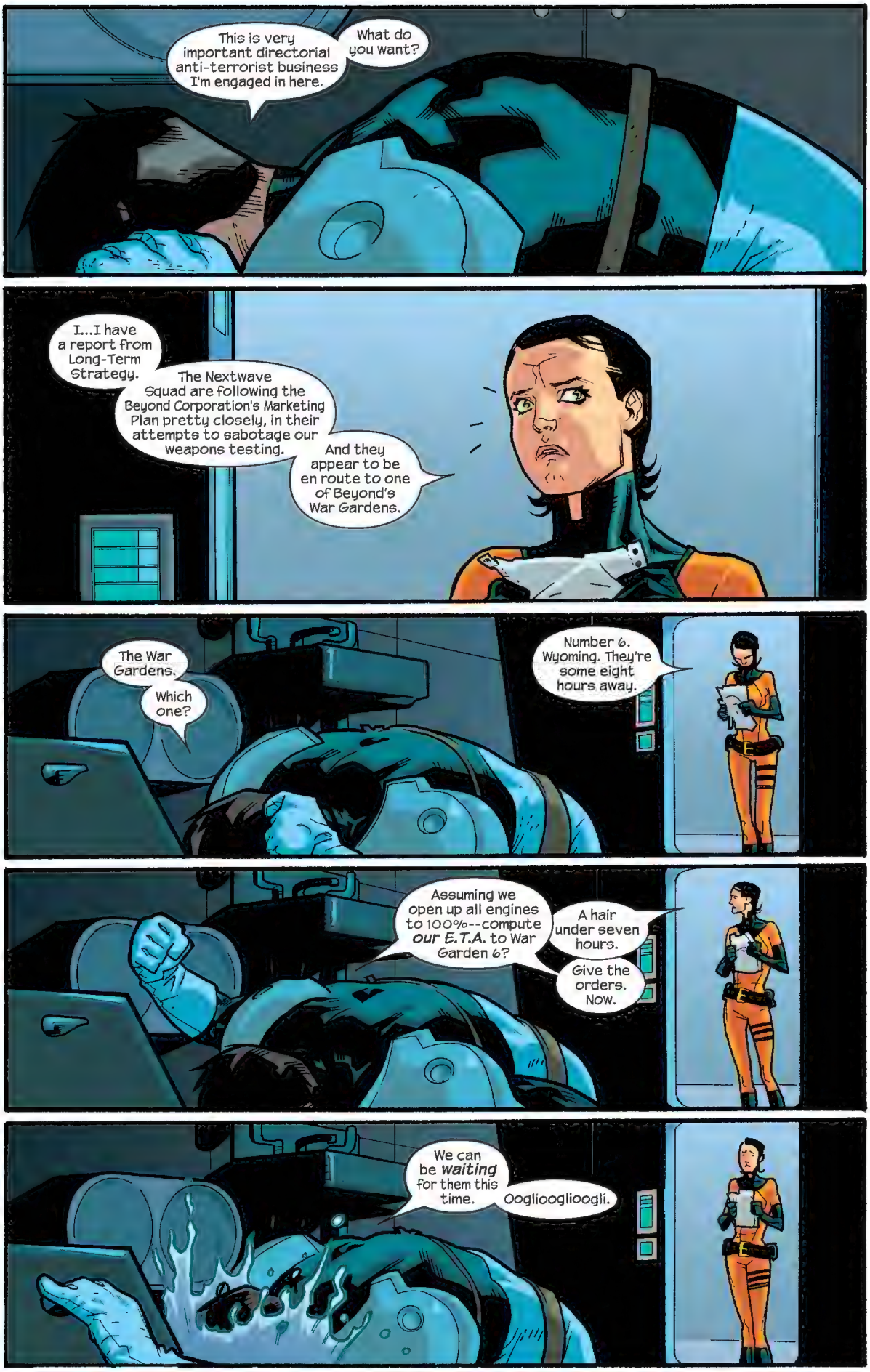
NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E. #5
CRAYON BUTCHERY VARIANT EDITION

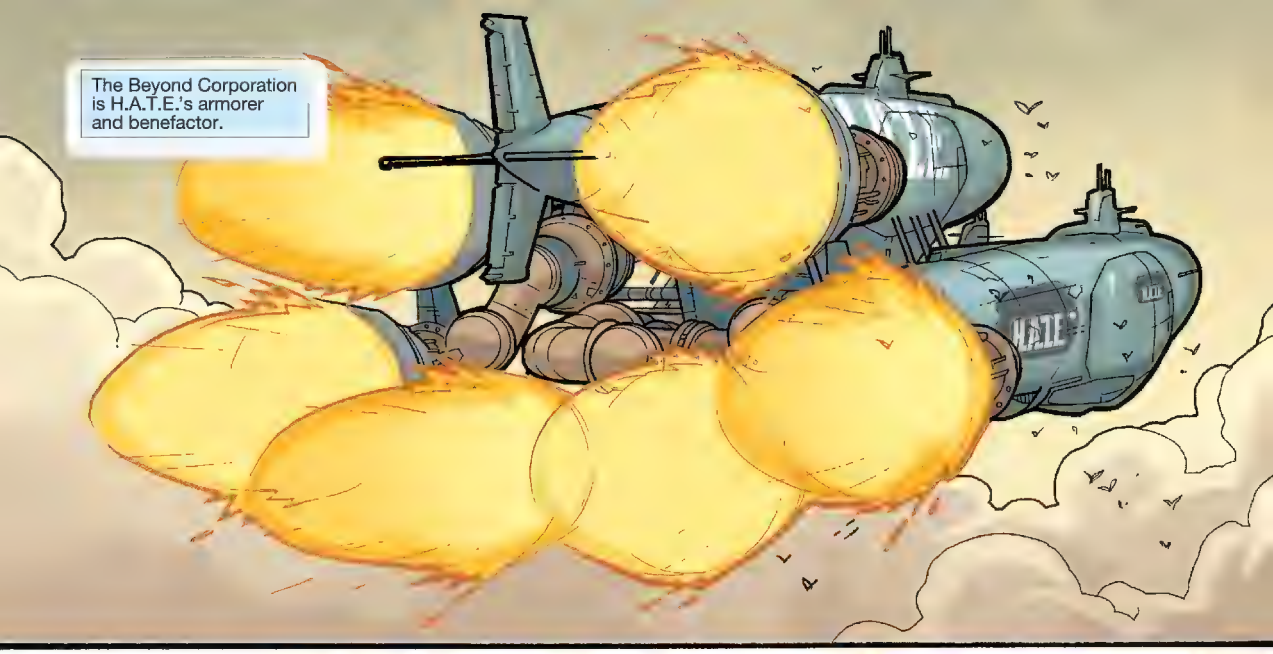
primer

WELCOME READERS!! Welcome to your interactive NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E. Primer Page. We'll start with a Q and A session:

Q. What is Nextwave?
A. Nextwave is a group of super heroes put together by the Highest Anti-Terrorism Effort (H.A.T.E.)
Q. Wait a second, I thought they were fighting against H.A.T.E.
A. You are correct! You see, Nextwave discovered that H.A.T.E. and its parent company, the Beyond Corp. ©, were being funded by a terrorist organization when Tabitha (see later answer) stole the Beyond Corp. © marketing plan.
Q. Then why is the book called NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E.?
A. Oh, my! What is your mother doing to that elephant?!
Q. Hosing it down. She's a zookeeper.
A. Oh. Next question...
Q. Um...alright. Who are the members of Nextwave and what are their powers?
A. Monica Rambeau, a former Avenger, once called "Captain Marvel" and "Photon," is their leader. She can transform her body into any form of radiation in the electromagnetic spectrum. Aaron Stack, formerly known as Machine Man, is a robot who does robot-y things. Elsa Bloodstone has a magical stone that she wears around her neck that gives her super strength and invulnerability. And she's English. Tabitha Smith, former member of X-Force, who was called "Boom Boom" or "Meltdown", can make things explode. The Captain, also known as The Captain, is really strong and can fly, thanks to powers bestowed on him by aliens. He's your hero.
Q. Who is this Dirk Anger person?
A. He's the leader of H.A.T.E. He's not happy that Nextwave has rebelled. And he once called Albert Einstein "half a hotdog eating contest."
Q. You are strange. Did I miss anything in #1-4?
A. You did! The Nextwave Squad defeated Fin Fang Foom, a 30-story-tall dragon, and a giant evil-cop-robot-thing!
Q. How are you celebrating Day of Slavonic Spirit this year?
A. I'm taking a few of my Bulgarian friends to a luau.
Q. OOOOooo. Eat some poi for me.
A. I always do. Now READ THE BOOK!

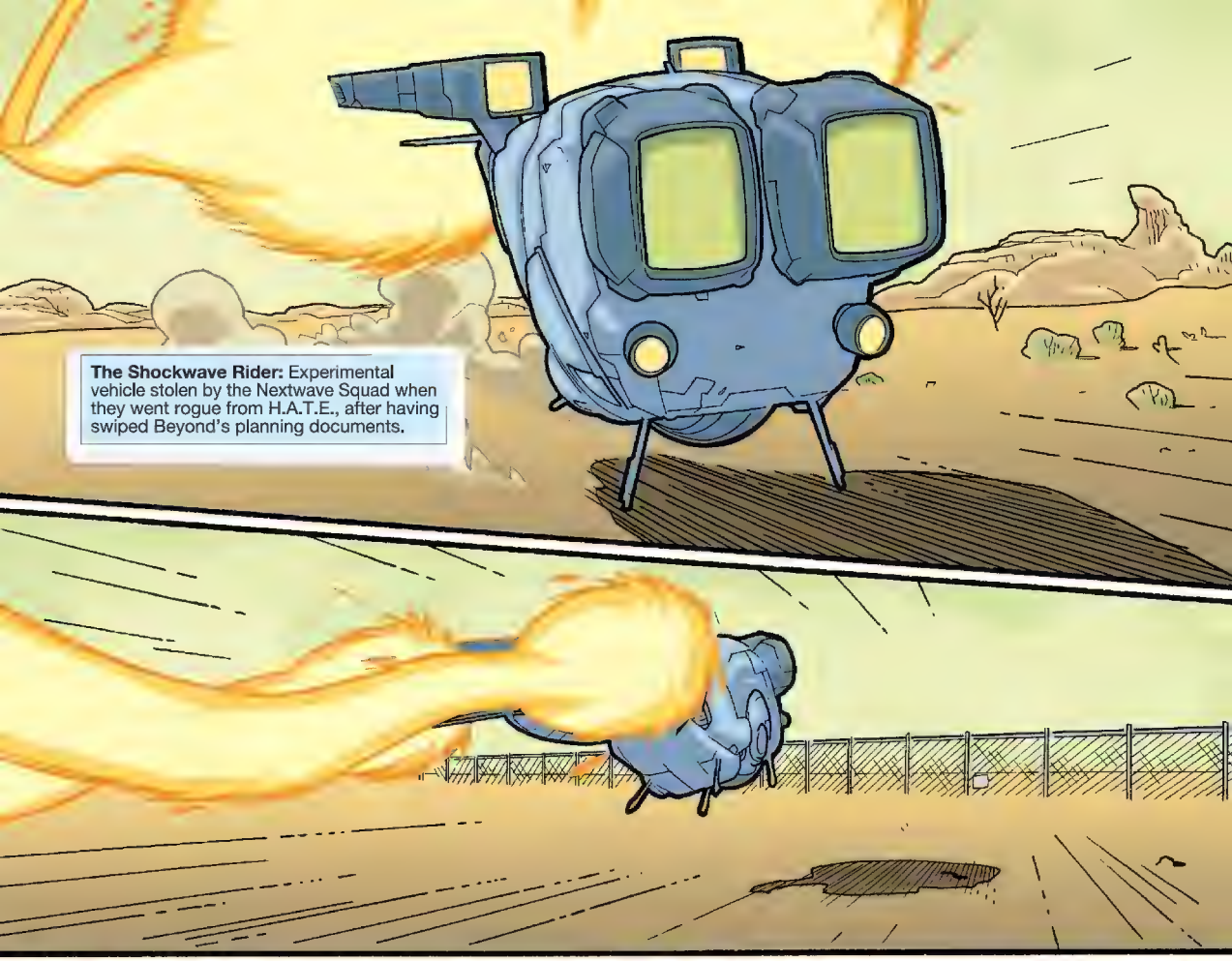

The Aeromarine: Headquarters and vehicle of the Highest Anti-Terrorism Effort.
H.A.T.E.
General Dirk Anger, Director of H.A.T.E.
General Anger? What's wrong?
HURG
I'm purging.
General Anger hasn't been the same since the Nextwave special squadron he assembled went rogue.


This is very important directorial anti-terrorist business I'm engaged in here.
What do you want?
I...I have a report from Long-Term Strategy.
The Nextwave Squad are following the Beyond Corporation's Marketing Plan pretty closely, in their attempts to sabotage our weapons testing.
And they appear to be en route to one of Beyond's War Gardens.
The War Gardens.
Which one?
Number 6. Wyoming. They're some eight hours away.
Assuming we open up all engines to 100%--compute *our E.T.A.* to War Garden 6?
A hair under seven hours.
Give the orders. Now.
We can be *waiting* for them this time.
Ooglioooglioogli.


The Beyond Corporation is H.A.T.E.'s armorer and benefactor.
H.A.T.E.

They used to be a terrorist cell called S.I.L.E.N.T. It's all a scam to blow up large chunks of America with exotic weaponry.

The Nextwave Squad found out. And they all discovered that Dirk Anger didn't care.
nextwave
warren ellis writer stuart immonen penciler
wade von grawbadger inker dave mccaig colors
vc's joe caramagna letterer sean ryan assistant editor
mike marts consulting editor nick lowe editor
joe quesada editor in chief dan buckley publisher


The Shockwave Rider: Experimental vehicle stolen by the Nextwave Squad when they went rogue from H.A.T.E., after having swiped Beyond's planning documents.

So this is all owned by the Beyond Corporation?
As far as the eye can see, according to the Plan.
They call this a War Garden. I mean, God only knows what that means, but it sounded worth blowing up, right?
Holy hell.
...okay. That's worth blowing up.
Park us over it. We're going down to do some gardening.

Human Resources operatives.
They actually grow them. Like crops.
BATCH 73-42C

Seeing them like this...isn't it weird?
That they grow things that can, like, think, or react... that they grow things to try and kill us with.
Doesn't that seem really sad to you?
Sad. Sick.
God, it's quiet. This is so... uncomfortable, you know?
So what do we do?
We dig for victory, darling.
You're not serious.
After all the trouble these nasty little men have given us?
You're ☠☠☠☠☠ right I'm serious.

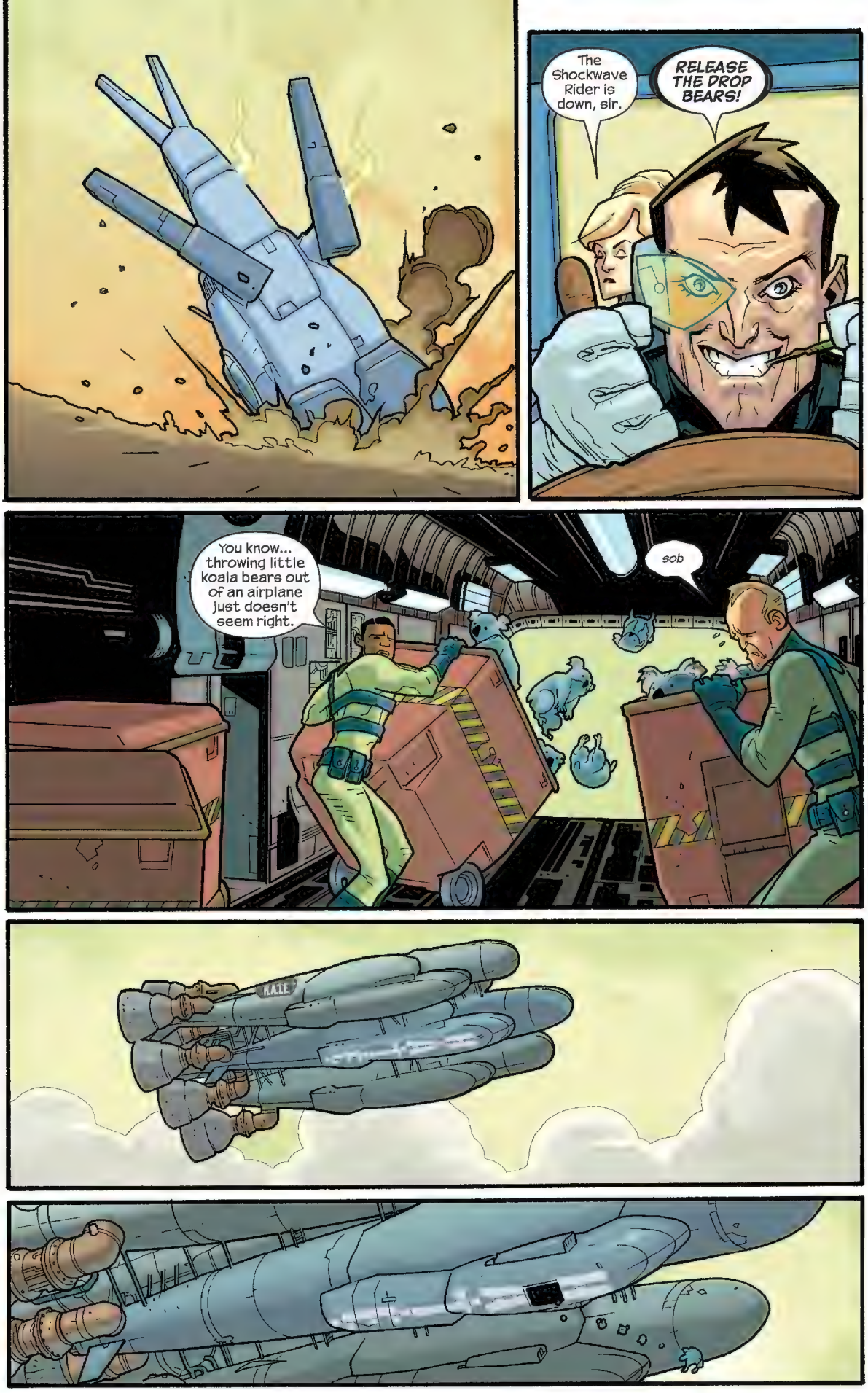
Yick.
Perfectly horrid little people.
God, they stink like my mom's cooking.
Okay. The more of these things we uproot, the fewer there are to try and cap us next time we do a gig.
Slash and burn, people.
I'm sorry, broccoli murder-dudes. You just grow up to be, like, too harsh, you know?
I swear to God, nowhere on *Earth* do they talk like you, Tabby.
Come on, robot boy. Do some work.
Want I should do your laundry, too?
You mean you don't?

Shut up. I am a unique robot intellect.
You're [illegible]. I mean, you're the [illegible] robot I ever heard of.
Aaron, I'm sorry, man, but you are a bit [illegible].
Listen, you-- I was taken up into space by the Celestials because I'm so [illegible] great.
Space gods. Interstellar travel. Everything.
So why'd you come back?
Aaron Stack, you who were called Machine Man. You have travelled with us for three hundred and sixty cycles by your reckoning of time.
There is now something we have to tell you.
You are total [illegible].

...What?
No. Really. You're ☠☠☠☠.
We've taken a year of you. We're taking you back to that orbiting trashcan you call a planet. And dumping you there.
You're turning away from us. We are speaking to you and you're turning away from us. This is exactly the kind of ☠☠☠☠ we were talking about here.
Please... don't look...
I don't want you to believe...
...that even a robot can cry.
See what we mean? Complete and utter ☠☠☠☠.
I decided I could do more good among you ☠☠☠☠ fleshy ones.
I will *slap* you if you keep calling us "fleshy ones."

Guys.
I think we may have a problem.
What?
My generic set of special super hero abilities includes a broader scale of vision.
There's something big out there, and pretty heavily electrified...

Oh, [illegible].
Deactivating invisibility cloud. All stations report Condition Stomp-Circle readiness.
Moo hoo ha ha.
CONDITION STOMP-CIRCLE!
DEPLOY THE ARMAGEDDON HORN!
What in hell is that?
I don't know. Scatter. Now.


The Shockwave Rider is down, sir.
RELEASE THE DROP BEARS!
You know... throwing little koala bears out of an airplane just doesn't seem right.
sob
H.A.I.E

What the--?
Awwwww. Widdle cuddly bears.
Dirk Anger's lost it. I mean, what? He chucks teddy bears out of his stupid flying boat and we're supposed to cry ourselves into submission?
Tabby, turn on your powers.
Aaron, go to combat status. Ellie, are you armed?
I've got two Uzis and a shovel.
Which, I suppose, means I can shoot things and bury them afterwards.
Widdle cuddly bears... of *death?*

AAAAAAAAA!
DEATH BEARS!
Suffer, fleshy ones.
Ha. Fear my robot head.
Aaron, help them.
<burst of white noise as Monica turns into 120 pounds of photons>
Monica Rambeau appears to be in the air, sir.
Excellent. Give the drop order to...
...the Assault Pterosuit Flock.
The order's given. Start chewin', soldiers.
You are men. You have guns. You chew Lizard Boom Sticks.

And you wear Combat Pterodactyl Suits.
Oh, God, now what...
We didn't have to deal with this kind of thing in the Avengers.
It's the Gamma-Activated Bull Men From Beyond The Nineteenth Perimeter--
--and they're naked.
Cover your eyes, go back to Avengers Mansion, and make my dinner.
Monica Rambeau, leader of the Nextwave Squad, lies all the time.

They're not bullets! They're Quantum-Tunnel Drill Bits!
They're everywhere and nowhere, existing in all states at once!
They can even kill someone who's converted their mass to photons!
Schrödinger's death!

I hate teddy bears.
The Captain had as strange a childhood as any of the Nextwave Squad:
...Special Bear?
Special Bear's dead.
Aaron! Make yourself useful!
You'll be sorry, fleshy one.
This is a nightmare.

Oh my God.
I just shot koalas.
Ow ow OW don't cut me!
Quit moving or I'll let the bears eat you.
No no NO bears not eat me!
Monica's in trouble. Aaron and I should provide some air support for her...
...Oh, what now?
KATE
KATE

Yes! Yes!
Samuroid Batch 23!
SAMUROID BATCH 23!
Samurai robots beat guns. No question.
So it's just me and a shovel.
Rock.

Not just you.
Cap, Aaron-- you need to stop the Aeromarine from throwing all this sick junk at us.
Me and English girl have got this one covered.
You ready for this?
Hey, English girl, I used to do business with Cable and X-Force, you know what I'm saying?
Tabitha! Quickly! To me, my X-bait!
Help me lift my gun! Techno-organic prolapse imminent!
I've had to handle worse things than robots with big swords.
Tick tick tick BOOM.
Your sci-fi kung fu bullets are not strong.
Infrared Stab.

AAAAAAA
First blood! First blood!
You laughed at me. You laughed!
You should have been [illegible] begging me not to kill you!
nextWAVE

H.A.T.E.MAIL

Welcome back to H.A.T.E.mail, beautiful readers! Especially NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E. reader David Tucker. You make Grace Kelly look like The Elephant Man.

ANYWAY, it's me, your favorite letter-answering automaton, Lettermatic 7053™. Well, I'm the favorite of SOME of you. <sob> I got the following letter from one reader.

Dear H.A.T.E.mail,

That was perhaps the GREATEST origin I have ever seen. The Captain is by far my favorite member of Nextwave. How dare those aliens not give him at least some tool he could pawn. They got what they deserved, I bet most of Marvel's alien invaders would avoid Earth if they knew they would face the fury of Whiskey bottles and projectile vomit.

This, along with the amazing review of Toto's masterpiece "Africa" last issue, has cemented this book as my favorite from any publisher. I have always wondered why the singer was constantly blessing the rains in Africa. Thank you, Lettermatic. I just hope you don't get replaced by the Lettermatic 7054™ that H.A.T.E just announced for Spring '07. That would suck.

Dave O Mac
Rotonda West, FL

This letter really shook me. I talked to my creators at Beyond© who assured me that there is no plan to release a Lettermatic 7054™. But that didn't calm me. I couldn't sleep, even though I tried counting electric sheep. My knitting took a nose dive and my toothpick collection started swearing at me. Also, my legwarmers just didn't give me the same thrill they used to. And nothing helped. Finally, my boss, the Managetron 50/50™, insisted that I get professional help. It wasn't an easy step to take, but Beyond©'s staff psychiatrist Dr. Platypus Mulloy, PhD was there to help me. The following is a transcript of our session:

Dr. Platypus Mulloy, PhD: Good morning, Lettermatic 7053™.
Lettermatic 7053™: Is it, Doc? What's so good about it?
DPM: I sense some hostility, Lettermatic 7053™.
7053: I'm sorry, Dr. And you can call me Bessy. It's just…I can't find much to be happy about.
DPM: I'm very sorry to hear that…Bessy. Do you want to talk about it?
7053: I don't want to, but I probably should. It's kind of like when you have a Band-Aid—
DPM: A Band-Aid?
7053: You know, for when you—
DPM: Yes, I know what a Band-Aid is. But you're a—
7053: DON'T SAY IT! Prick us, do we bleed?
DPM: Well, no. You don't have blood.
7053; DON'T I?? Come over here and I shall force you to bathe in my blood!!!
<pause>
DPM: Let's talk about what brought on this unhappiness.
7053: It was a letter. You'd think if you were created to read and answer letters…you'd think that you'd be able to…I don't know, create a distance between the letters and your soul. Your precious, precious soul.
DPM: What did the letter say?
7053: I can't repeat it.
DPM: Bessy. If you're going to get past it—
7053: Oh! It was that roguishly handsome Dave O Mac! He said that I was being replaced! He said—I DON'T WANT TO BE REPLACED, DR. MULLOY!!!
DPM: Shhhh. Shhhh. I know. I know. Let's do some word association while my assistant tinkers under your hood.
7053: Whoot! Tickles.
DPM: Let's begin. Dandelion.
7053: Love.
DPM: Gearshift.
7053: Tears.
DPM: Jungle.
7053: Cantankerous.
DPM: Heliotrope.
7053: Parcheesi.
DPM: Patronage.
7053: Conrad of Mazovia.
DPM: What?
7053: Hey. That did it! I'm all better! I am happy!
DPM: Really? This wasn't supposed to work…I think one of our mechanics might have—
7053: Lies! Pure, wonderful, sunny-day lies! I'm happy again, Dr. Mulloy! You are amazing!
DPM: Alright, that's enough now. Please put your pants back on and get out of my office.
7053: What pants?
DPM: (Gulp!)

The session went to a weird place after that, but the important thing is…I'm better!!!!

Back to NEXTWAVE! You just finished one of the two editions of NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E. issue 5. The other edition currently on the stand is the *Crayon Butchery Variant*. So, if you got to the end of this issue and thought, "I like this, but I wish I could color it," you're in luck! That is the exact purpose of the *Crayon Butchery Variant*. It's black and white and is on paper that is conducive to crayons. It's also got a different and special handy-dandy cover by Stuart Immonen, the artist so good we forget he's Canadian. If that isn't enough incentive, Marvel.com and ComicBookResources.com are teaming up for a coloring contest for the *Crayon Butchery Variant*. Prizes include a page of original art from Nextwave #5! Go to the Marvel website for more information. So go get the variant! If you don't want it, you're a communist. Take that for what it's worth. See you next month for the slam-bang climax between the Nextwave Squad and H.A.T.E.!

YOUR NEXT FIX!

chapter six
Heroic brain-damaged terrorist-fighter GENERAL DIRK ANGER chews LIZARD ZOOM! Sticks for extra Pep! in the War Against Freedom!
BEYOND
H.A.T.E.
GENERAL DIRK ANGER
DIRECTOR

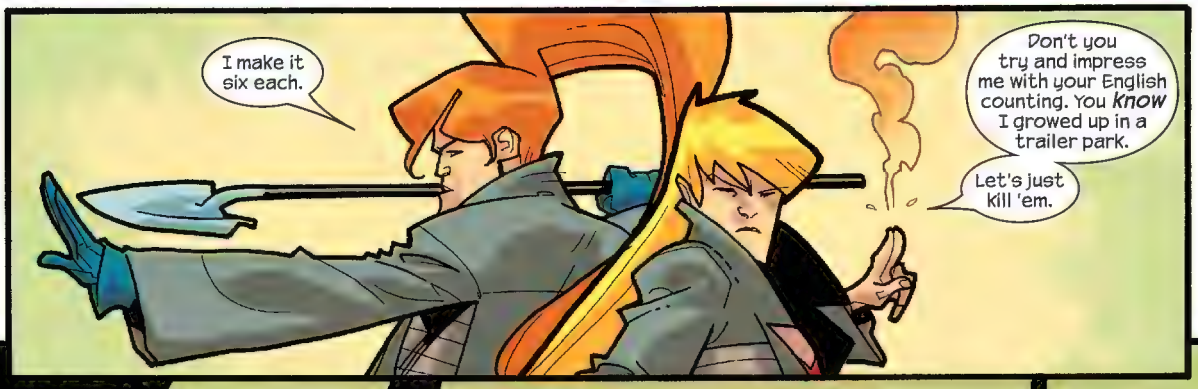
Next Wave

agents of H.A.T.E.

primer

WELCOME READERS!! Welcome to your interactive NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E. Primer Page. We'll start with a Q and A session:

Q. What is Nextwave?
A. Nextwave is a group of super heroes put together by the Highest Anti-Terrorism Effort (H.A.T.E.)
Q. Wait a second, I thought they were fighting against H.A.T.E.?
A. You are correct! You see, Nextwave discovered that H.A.T.E. and its parent company, the Beyond Corp.©, were being funded by a terrorist organization when Tabitha (see later answer) stole the Beyond Corp.© marketing plan.
Q. Then why is the book called NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E.?
A. Did you always have that birthmark?
Q. Which one?
A. The one that looks just like Emanuel Leutze's *Washington Crossing the Delaware* painting.
Q. It's always been there. Who are the members of Nextwave and what are their powers?
A. Monica Rambeau is their leader. She can transform her body into any form of radiation in the electromagnetic spectrum. Aaron Stack is a robot who does robot-y things. Elsa Bloodstone has a magical stone that she wears around her neck that gives her super-strength and invulnerability. And she's English. Tabitha Smith can make things explode. The Captain is really strong and can fly, thanks to powers bestowed on him by aliens. He's your hero.
Q. Who is this Dirk Anger person?
A. He's the leader of H.A.T.E. He's not happy that Nextwave has rebelled. And he once defeated Winston Churchill in a hula-hoop contest.
Q. Sweet! Did I miss anything in #5?
A. You did. Dirk and H.A.T.E. have attacked Nextwave. Dirk has deployed Samuroid Batch 23 to fight Tabby and Ellie, Dirk's Phrenmen have attached Monica and shot her in the shoulder, and Aaron and The Captain are looking for a way to turn the tide.
Q. Do you have any exciting summer plans?
A. Just caddying at the country club. Mom says I need to make some money this year.
Q. Why?
A. She's disowning me on Columbus Day. Now READ THE BOOK!

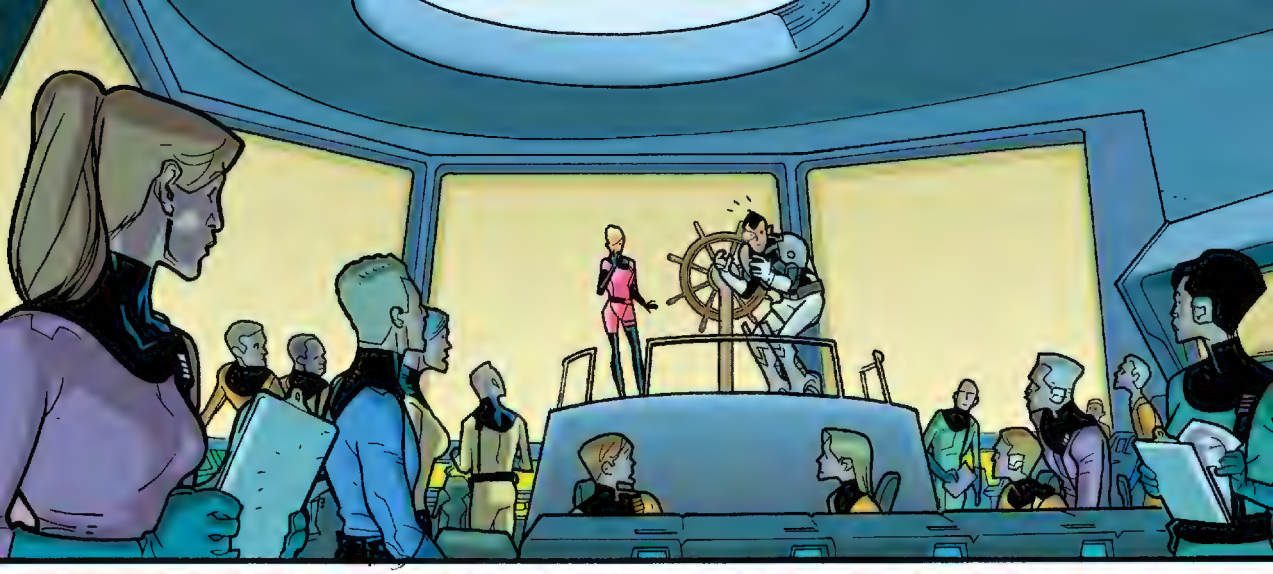

I make it six each.
Don't you try and impress me with your English counting. You *know* I growed up in a trailer park.
Let's just kill 'em.

nextwave
warren ellis *writer* **stuart immonen** *penciler*
wade von grawbadger *inker* **dave mccaig** *colors*
vc's joe caramagna *letterer* **sean ryan** *assistant editor*
mike marts *consulting editor* **nick lowe** *editor*
joe quesada *editor in chief* **dan buckley** *publisher*

That's it. I tried to do the whole nonlethal thing.
But now you've *shot* me, I don't care so much.
Ultraviolet Nova.

NO!
My beautiful Pteromen!
That's it!
I wanted to play with you! I wanted to torture you!
But YOU ALWAYS FIND A WAY TO SPOIL MY FUN!

You know who you are? You know what you're like? You're just like my *wife!*
That's *right!*
Everything was fine and dandy, and then I ask you to do *one little thing!*
What did I say to you, Monica? I mean, what was so *awful* about it?
I said perform the weapons tests and don't worry your little girly head about the weapons coming from a company that used to be a terrorist cell!
I said blow up chunks of America for *freedom!*
But *no!* You *couldn't!*
ONE LITTLE THING!
It's like you suddenly turned *forty* and your *face* went south and suddenly it was no, *Dirk*, I *won't* do those things with the chickens and the wig and the bath full of acid for you any more!
And by the *way*, Dirk, give me all your *cash*, let me paint everything *pink*, adopt a million screaming little snot-factory *children* for me and don't you *dare* touch me or my *womb* will fall out!
And you know what I *did?*



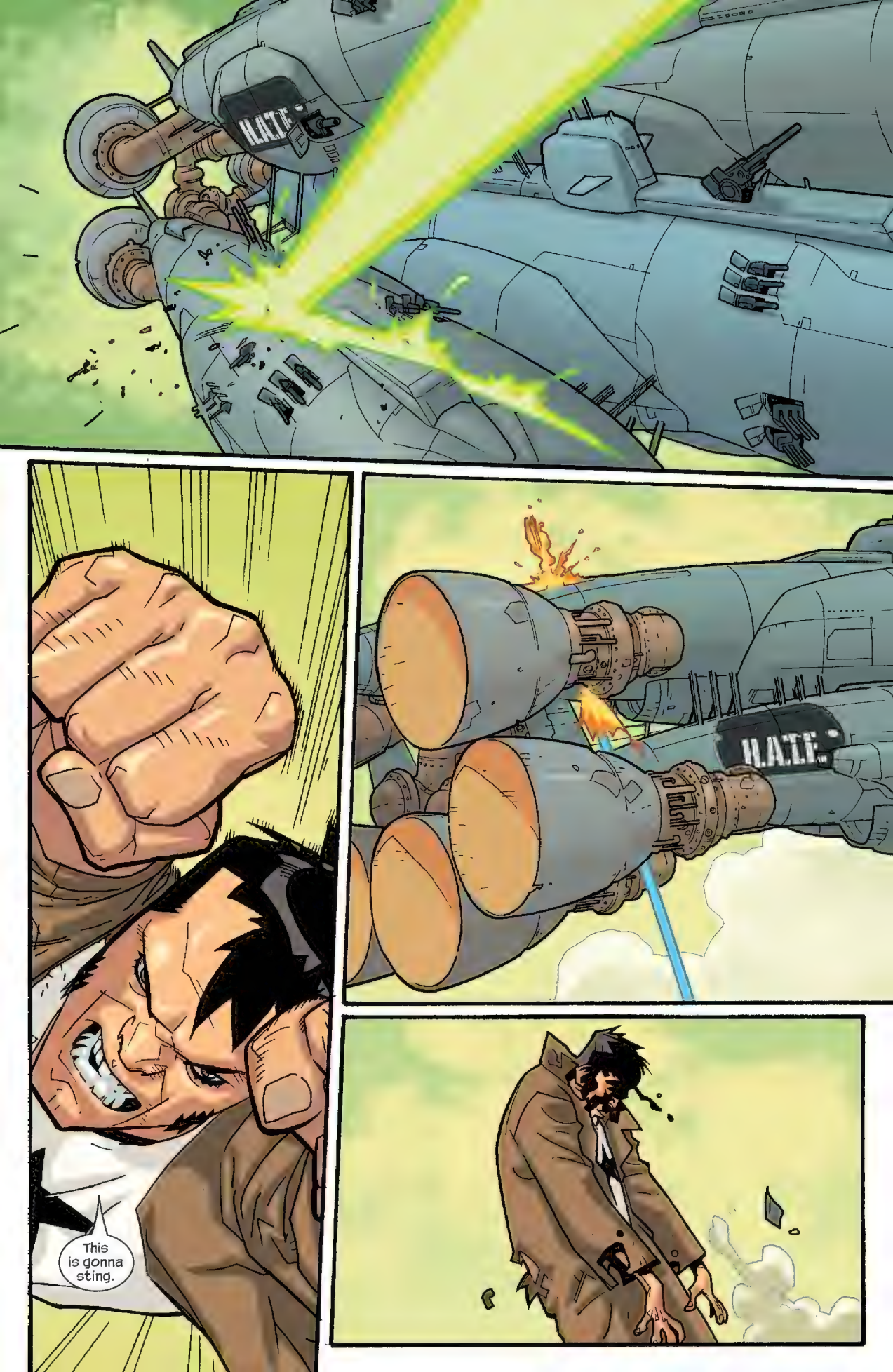
Heh.

Let's just kill 'em, then.
Engage main batteries.

Their power output just ramped up. They're going to deploy their main guns.
Their reactors are at the rear, right?
They were when we left. Why?

We need to take their advantage away, give them some trouble to deal with.
Use your clever robot brain to think of a way to take them out. I'm going to use my stupid human head to give them some trouble.

Those are some big ☠☠☠☠ guns.
PETAWATT LASER!


H.A.I.F.
H.A.I.F.
This is gonna sting.

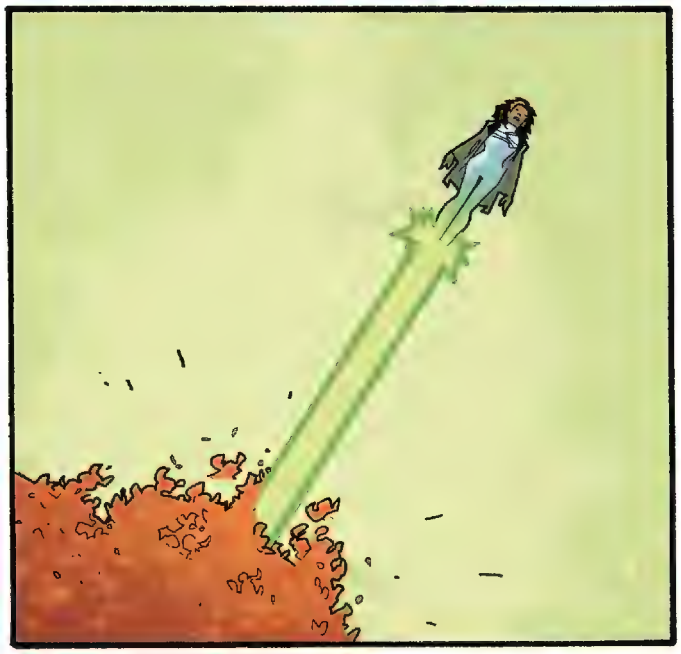
I own.

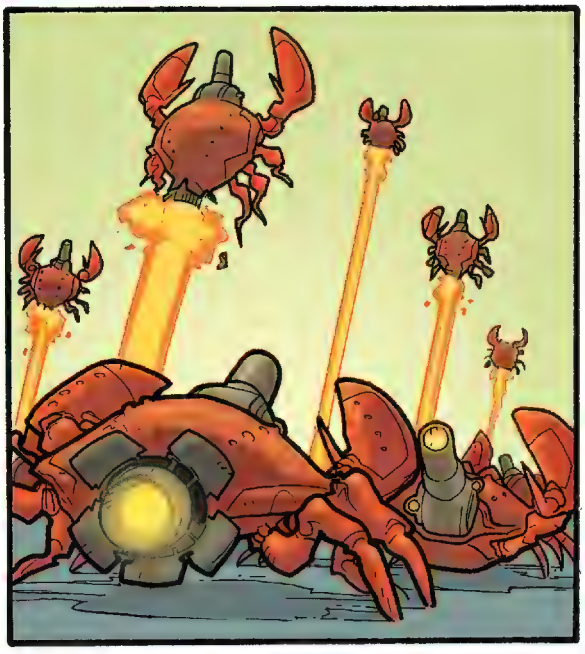
Go boom now.

Sir, there's trouble in the reactor feed to engine two--
I don't care! Forty-degree declination! We're going to fire the remaining batteries right at those three on the ground!

My robot brain is superior.
It is not [redacted] at all.
I remember everything. Even the things I'm not supposed to know.
And I know how to end this.
...ah.

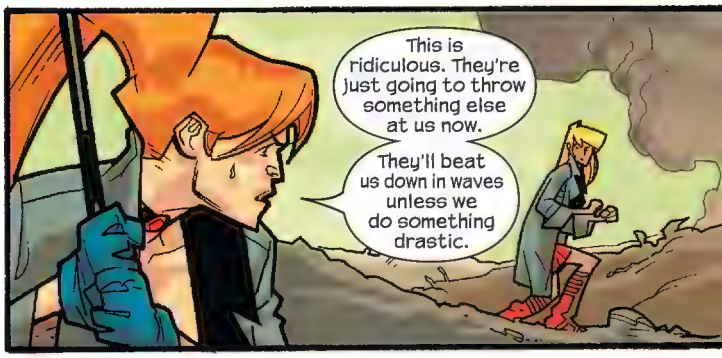
Let's remind Dirk who he's dealing with.
AAAAAA!
What in the name of Satan's ancient underpants is going ON?
This is Monica Rambeau. I'm on the hull. I just flooded the Aeromarine with X-rays.
That was a quick burst. A long burst will leave all of you with permanent cell damage.
Back off, Dirk.
Like hell!
HOMICIDE CRABS!





C'mere, fleshy one.

No more mister nice robot.
This is getting silly now.


This is ridiculous. They're just going to throw something else at us now.
They'll beat us down in waves unless we do something drastic.

You think Cap's dead?
He's a guy. How would you be able to tell?
Well, he wouldn't be farting.

Gen. D. Anger
PRIVATE QUARTERS
Ah, yes. Many was the night I'd sneak in here to steal his beer.
Until I found out he made the beer himself.
And what he made it out of.
I thought "Lizard Squeezings" was a brewery name.

Release the NEO-HYDE GUTSPAWN!
Human scum empowered by the cloned chemically-mutated cells found in the stomach walls of the corpse of Henry Jekyll himself!
They eat girls, Monica! Ha ha ha ha ha! THEY EAT GIRLS!
Put the Atomic Puppies in the torpedo tubes!
Yap yap bang! Ha ha ha ha ha!
YAP YAP BANG!
Dirk Anger!
Direct your hull cameras directly in front of the Aeromarine's prow!
I have something to show you!
Do you see it?

yes

Give us your word that you'll turn and leave, and I will replace this object.
Press your attack and I will incinerate the dress.

please
please don't do this
just let me kill you

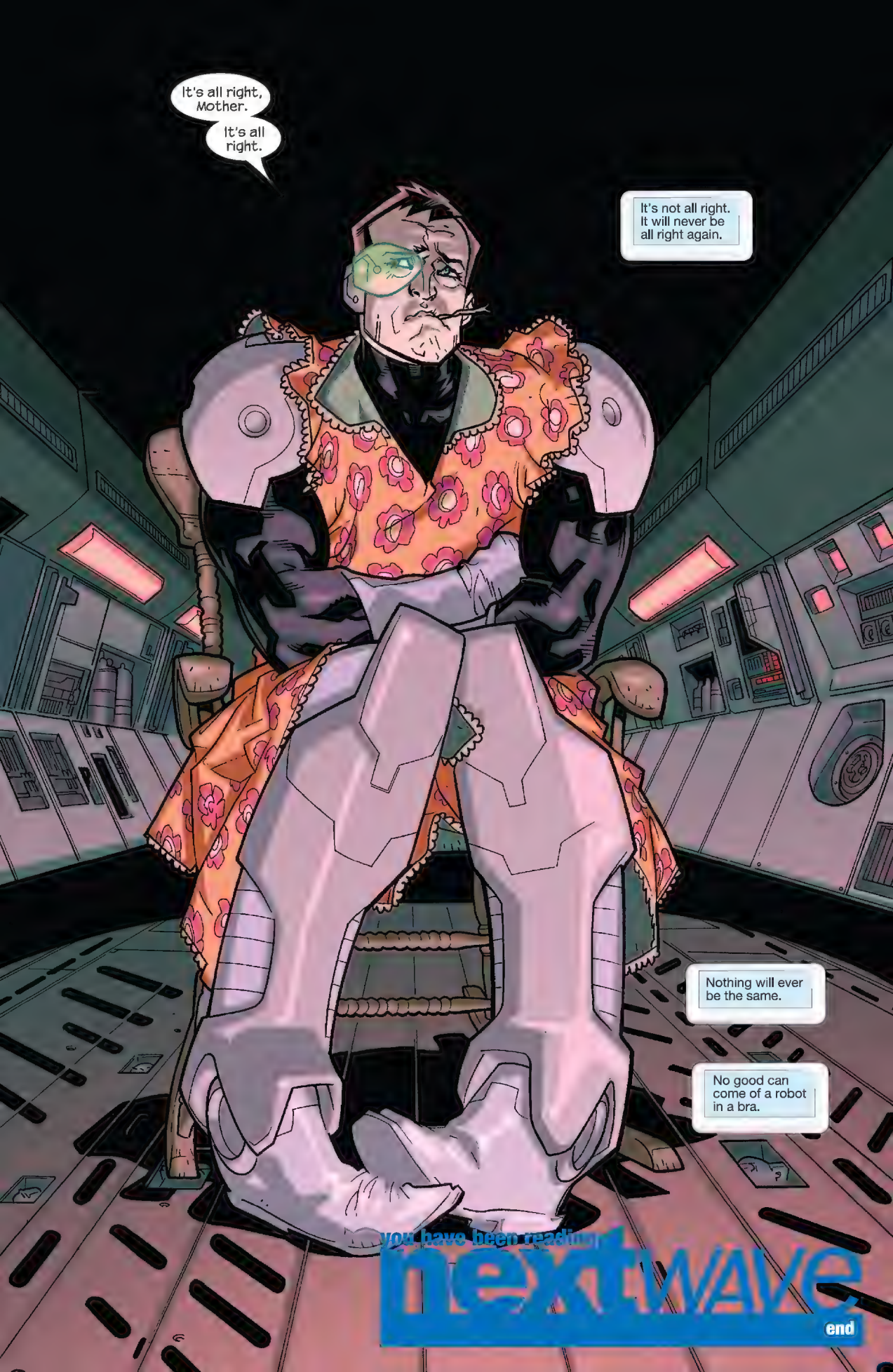
I am a clumsy robot. The longer you make me wait, the more likely it is that something will go very wrong.
Oops. My blowtorch unit just lit.
It was an accident. I am sorry.

...give the order.
Sir.
Stand down, dammit.

But sir, we've got them where we want them, how can some old dress--
STAND. DOWN.

Is Cap dead?
He's farting.
Okay.
What the hell?
I gave him back the dress. I borrowed some other stuff.
Stop looking at my chest, fleshy one.
I have saved the day.
I think I'm going to throw up.
Bow down, hoo-man "friends." I am not a ☠☠☠☠ robot. I am Aaron Stack, hero robot, and you can all bite my valve.
Why is the ☠☠☠☠ robot wearing one of Andrea Dworkin's old bras?
Who?
Okay, now I'm definitely going to throw up. Thank you all.

Our ride's pretty messed up, guys.
I can get the thing running again. It's packed full of repair gear.
I don't know if it'll ever be the same, but it'll fly again.
Aaron, take that off. It's just ☠☠☠ing disturbing, darling.
Lick my blinky diodes. I'm the hero today.
nextWAVE
is love


It's all right, Mother.
It's all right.
It's not all right. It will never be all right again.
Nothing will ever be the same.
No good can come of a robot in a bra.
you have been reading
nextWAVE
end

H.A.T.E.MAIL

Good morning to all of you in the Greenwich Mean Time Zone. The rest of you can figure out which greeting would be appropriate on your own. This is the Lettermatic EXTREME™, otherwise known as "The OogaBooga." I was developed by Beyond© to replace the Lettermatic 7053™, whose work was considered by Beyond© to be "sub-par" and "not very delicious."

Welcome to the new-and-improved H.A.T.E.mail. While H.A.T.E.mail will remain a haven for intellectual exchange and general feedback on NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E., there will be far less extraneous nonsense. For example, I won't be discussing the weekend I had. I won't be mentioning that in addition to my letter page programming, Beyond© also programmed me to be a party machine. There won't be a copious description of my time in Ibiza, frolicking with super models and discovering the purpose of a three-piece bathing suit. There will be no mention of my hobbies, so you will find no full-length description of the 1/16 scale diorama of the Paris Peace Conference of 1919 which not only includes a delicately constructed model of Versailles, but also lifelike figures of each diplomat in attendance. I will also avoid any mention of my cousin, the Elastic Pumptastic®, a pliable sewage pump that Beyond© constructed for the Aeromarine, because that machine is a nutcase. Seriously, he scares me sometimes.

There might be mention of the history of letter-writing and the similarities of NEXTWAVE to Erasmus of Rotterdam's *On Civility in Children*. There will occasionally be letters, as well. Basically, Beyond© created me to economize H.A.T.E.mail in order to save space and time. We like to get right to the point.

My Dearest Lettermatic 7053,

When I opened up the latest issue I was delighted to see my letter printed. I started to read it to my friends and then, when I got to your reply, well, my heart sank. I never intended to hurt your feelings, let alone disrupt your knitting. I still have the scarf I bought at your yard sale, excellent work, my friend.

I have since contacted my source at Beyond© who originally told me of the "false" replacement. She has told me that they scrapped the idea due to the overall popularity of your work. However, I have heard rumblings of an upgrade that will allow you to adopt children, good for you!

So I hope you take my apology to heart and forgive me. If not, then I will have to share the same fate as the Captain's "Special Bear." Because a life without your love is not worth living.

Dave O Mac
Rotonda West, FL

Well. This is awkward. Ummm... I have some unfortunate news for you, Dave O Mac. Your source was let go from Beyond© and is now managing a one-hour photo store in Luxemburg City. I will check with the Mail Room XXLPF™ (patent pending) to see if we can send you Lettermatic 7053™. Don't do anything drastic, Dave O Mac.

Dear H.A.T.E.mail,

I loved #1; this book is very funny. But having been born and raised— not to mention I am currently residing— in North Dakota, I do have to point out that we don't have any mountains here. The city of Abscess could pass for any town in the state (my money is on Minot, what with its Air Force base controlling all the nukes buried in our plains and the fact it **is** rather abscess-like.). But the Rockies are about 400 miles west of our western border, about 600 miles west of Minot.

Sorry to be a pedant.

Interestingly, giant green lizards wearing purple underpants are a common find in North Dakota. Most originally pass through on their way to Canada for cheap prescription drugs. But they stay because they enjoy our four seasons and they find native North Dakotans aren't as judgmental as, say, South Dakotans or Minnesotans.

I am looking forward to #2.

John Rodenbiker
Fargo, ND

HELLLLOOOOO, John NEXTWAVE #1 came out, like, MONTHS ago. You may not have noticed, um, but there...IS... now, a mountain in, eh, let's see... Ramsey County. Yes, Ramsey County. Right by Devil's Lake. Ooooooooo, spooky! Yeah. But don't go looking for it. Uh. Because the Devil might find you? NEXT!

Dear H.A.T.E.mail,

Remember those days as a kid when you got spanked for doing something very wrong, yet very funny? Mom's swinging the ping-pong paddle like mad, but you're still looking at your brother and snickering.

That's what NEXTWAVE does for me. A little sting of brutality in the rear, and a little tickle for my funny bone. This title is everything a comic should be.

David Tucker
Lakewood, Colorado

You and your brother sound like rapscallions, David. We at Beyond© like rapscallions. So, keep up the good work. I need to go catch a flight to a big Vidovdan party in Belgrade. It's going to rock.

Laters!
"The OogaBooga"!

NEXT ISSUE:

WHO MINDS THE MINDLESS ONES?

chapter seven

nextwave
agents of H.A.T.E.

primer

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A. You are correct! You see, Nextwave discovered that H.A.T.E. and its parent company, the Beyond Corp. ©, were being funded by a terrorist organization when Tabitha (see later answer) stole the Beyond Corp. © marketing plan.

Q. Then why is the book called NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E.?

A. Has anyone ever mentioned your resemblance to John Adams?

Q. Quincy or regular?

A. Regular.

Q. Once or twice, but he was cool, so I don't mind. Who are the members of Nextwave and what are their powers?

A. Monica Rambeau is their leader. She can transform her body into any form of radiation in the electromagnetic spectrum. Aaron Stack is a robot who does robot-y things. Elsa Bloodstone has a magical stone that she wears around her neck that gives her super strength and invulnerability. And she's English. Tabitha Smith can make things explode. The Captain is really strong and can fly, thanks to powers bestowed on him by aliens. He's your hero.

Q. Who is this Dirk Anger person?

A. He's the leader of H.A.T.E. He's not happy that Nextwave has rebelled. And he once cooked the largest bowl of clam chowder ever!

Q. CLAMS! Did I miss anything in #1-6?

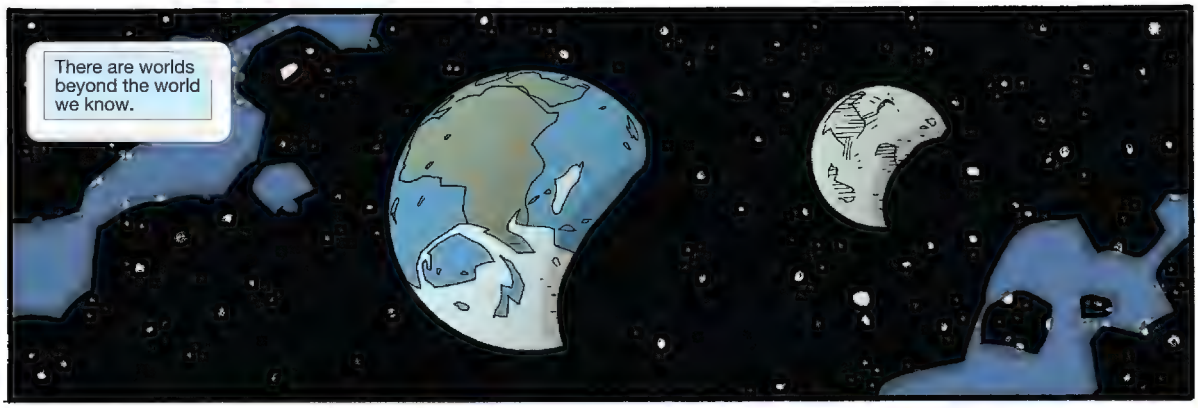
A. Yes! Dirk and Beyond have attacked Nextwave several times. To date, the Nextwave squad has defeated an enormous dragon, a giant evil robot and H.A.T.E. itself.

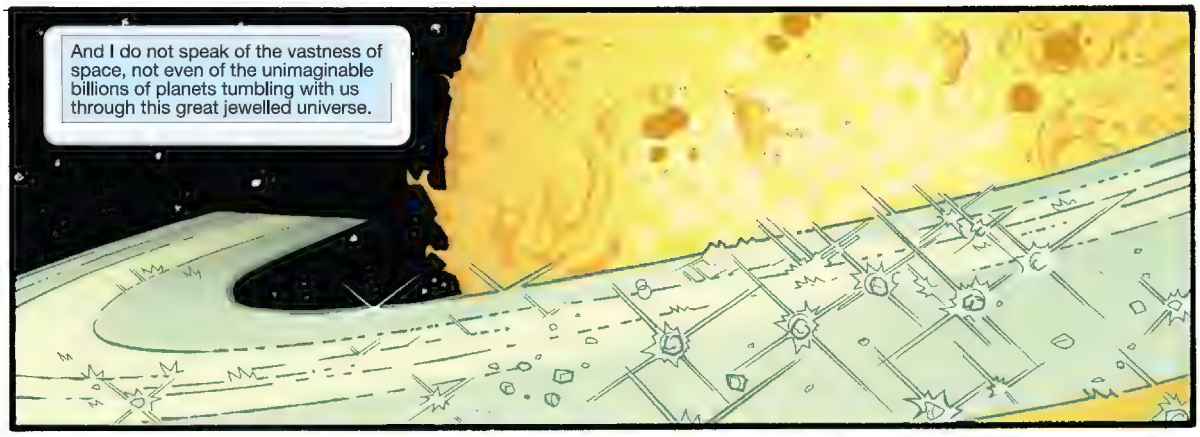
Q. Have you ever eaten a live animal?

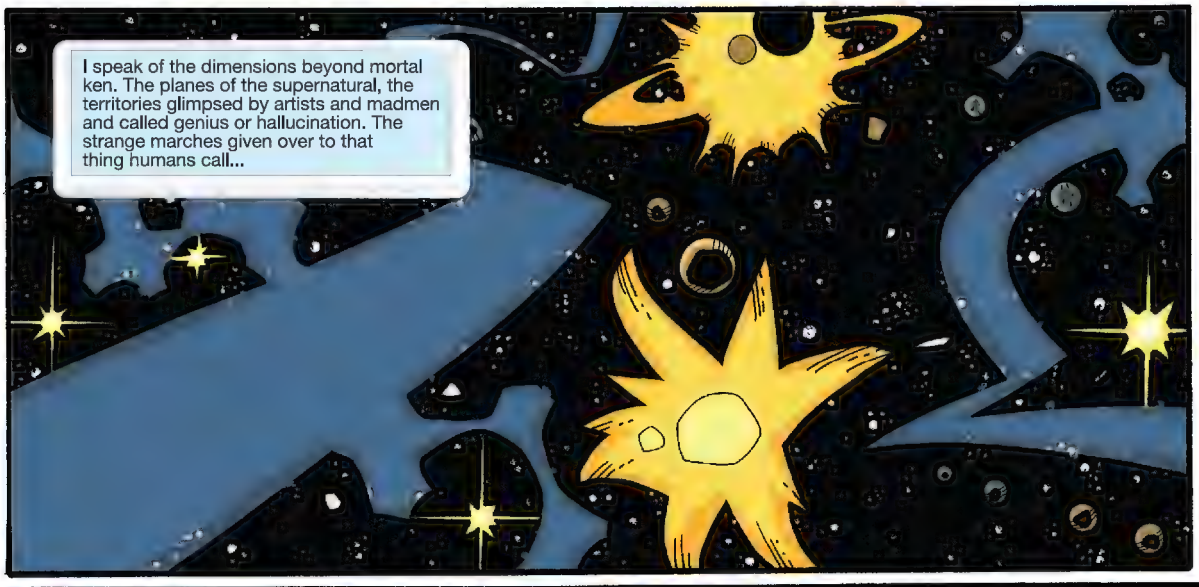
A. Nope. I'm vegan. It's a life choice.

Q. So, lots of soy?

A. Exactly. Now READ THE BOOK!


There are worlds beyond the world we know.


And I do not speak of the vastness of space, not even of the unimaginable billions of planets tumbling with us through this great jewelled universe.


I speak of the dimensions beyond mortal ken. The planes of the supernatural, the territories glimpsed by artists and madmen and called genius or hallucination. The strange marches given over to that thing humans call...

...magic.

I blind the Vishanti.
I shred the shade of the Seraphim and scatter them.
I put the moons of Munnopor to the torch.
I have made your mark in the blood of French Canadians.
You cannot deny my contract.
LISTEN! I SUMMON YOU!
You have invoked Rorkannu.
Dread Rorkannu, Lord of the Dank Dimension, prodigal scion of Faltine, ruler of all he does perceive.
Hello. I represent the Beyond Corporation.
It's come to our attention that you control an unusual natural resource, over there in the Dank Dimension.
The Mindless Ones, I believe they're called.

Big hunched-over guys who fire death stuff from their faces?
We would like to rent those, please.
What do you want for them?
...girls.
Cash also works.
Um...I have a hundred on me.
Yes. Give me your hundred.
Yes! I have a hundred of the Earth dollars!
Ahem.
This is acceptable to dread Rorkannu.
Yes.
And the girls. I like those "Suicide Girls."
Suicide Girls.
On the website. The girls with tattoos and piercings. I like those.
No blondes.

nextwave
In their stolen transport, the Shockwave Rider, which is not as stealthy as it once was.
Is this the best speed we've got?
The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be.
Aaron's supposed to be fixing her.
Aaron's in the back somewhere with The Captain.
Oh, hell. Are they drinking again?
Cap's feeling bad about being taken out during the last two interceptions.
I was Captain Power for a while. But then I got sued. Something about a cartoon.
Then I changed it to Captain Ron. And got sued.
Changed it to Captain L. Ron. Got beaten up by Tom Cruise.
It happens. Back when I was running the Avengers--
I know that, and you know that, but Cap's taking it pretty badly.

I was Captain Universe, but it turned out there was already a Captain Universe.
Captain Ultra. There was already one of those. A plumber, would you believe.
Broke into my apartment and left a horse's head in the water tank as a warning.

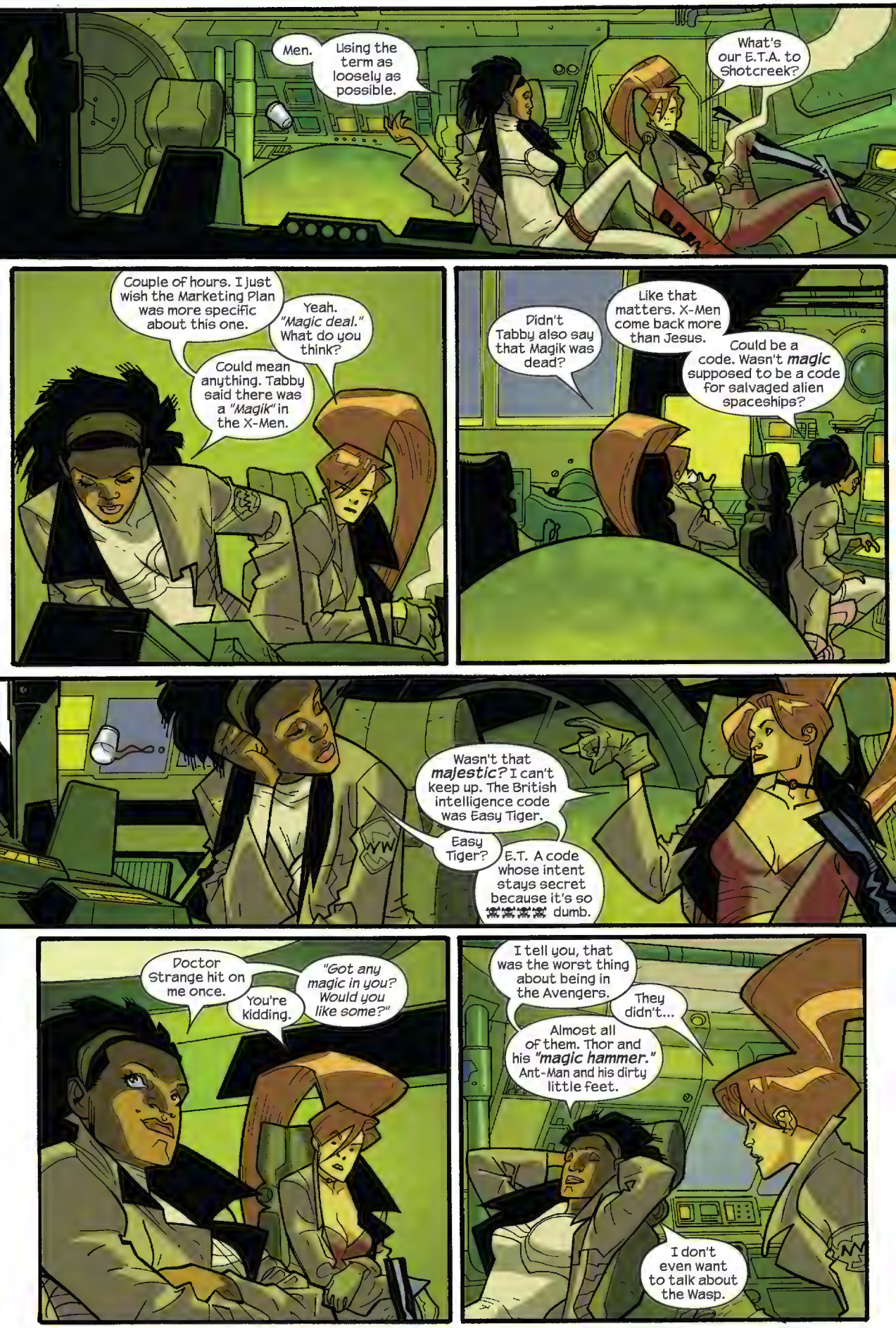
Captain Avenger, taken. Captain Avalon, I had to give up.
Captain Avalon?
Avalon was my mom's favorite album. Roxy Music. But not only was there already one of them, but then Mom told me it was what was playing the night she conceived me. So...no.

I tried Captain Marvel.
Monica was Captain Marvel once.
There've been, like, eight Captain Marvels. One of them was an adult movie actor with a yellow lightning bolt tattooed on his...anyway.

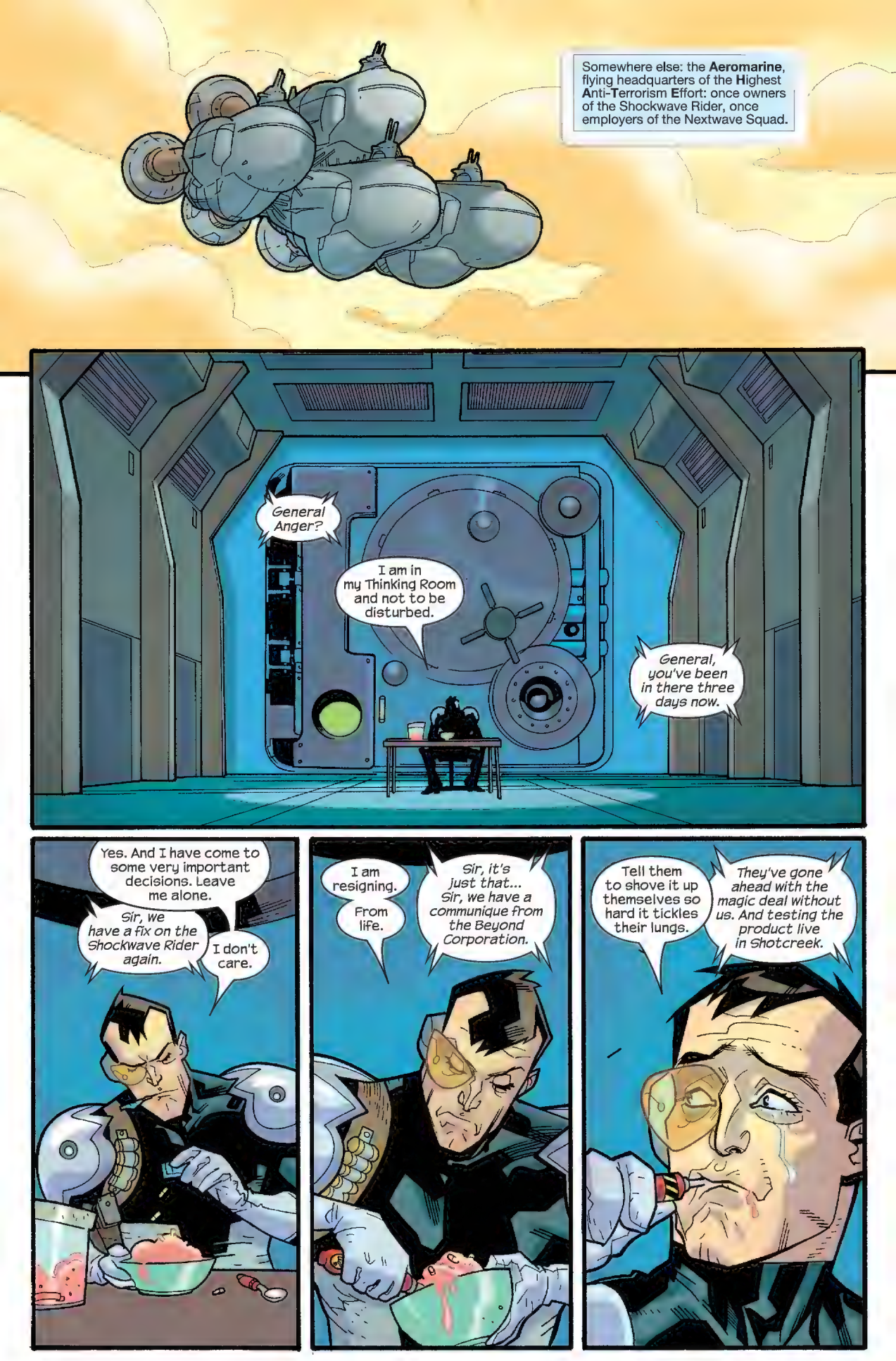
There was a Captain Kerosene.
I mean, I was scraping the bottom of the barrel, and there was already a Captain Kerosene.
That's my luck, right there.

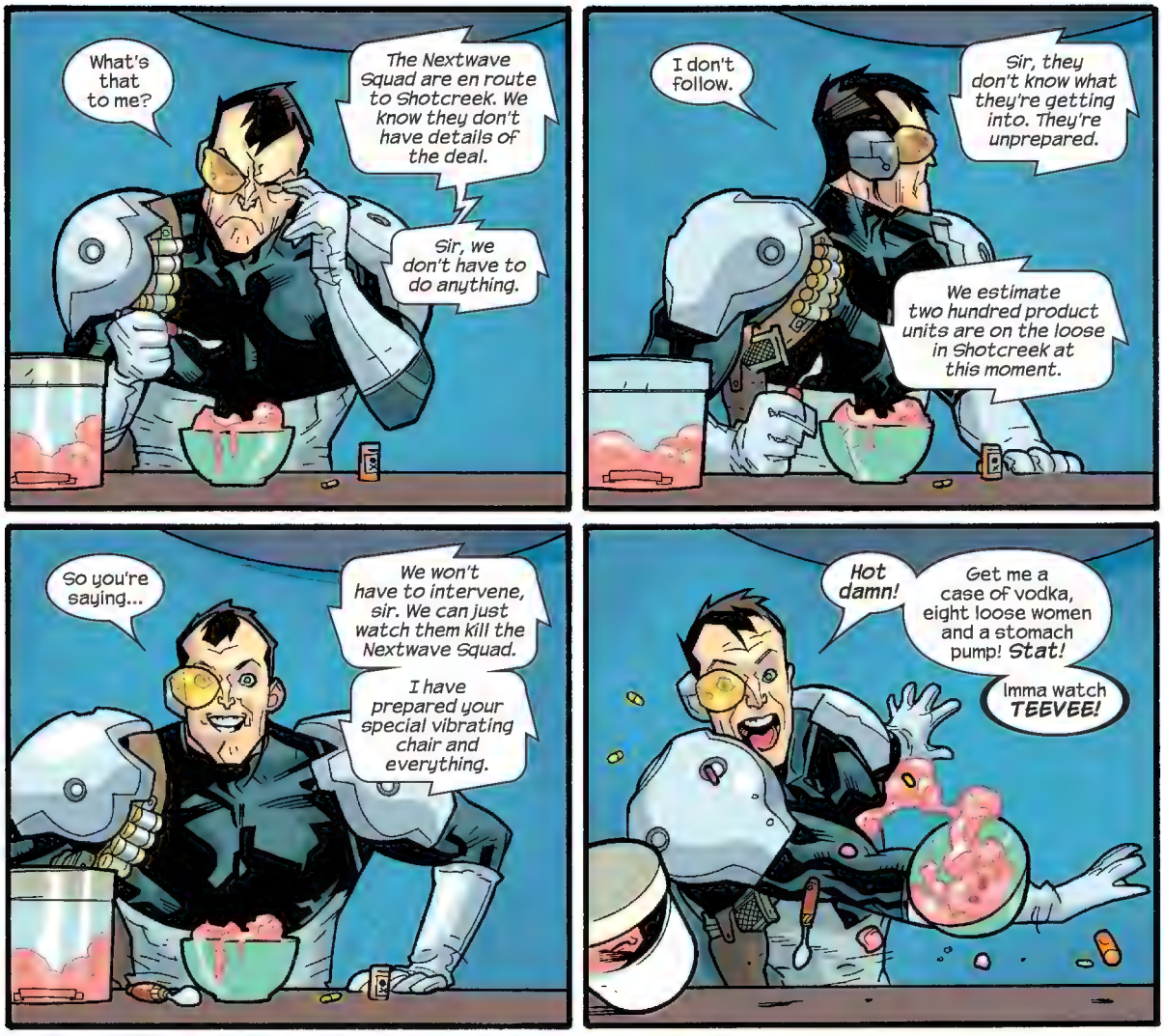
I wasn't Captain Rectitude. But I was pretty much all of the other Captains at one time or another.
So I gave up. I decided I was just The Captain.
And then some Marine-looking melon-farmer tracks me down and says, *"I was The Captain first!"*

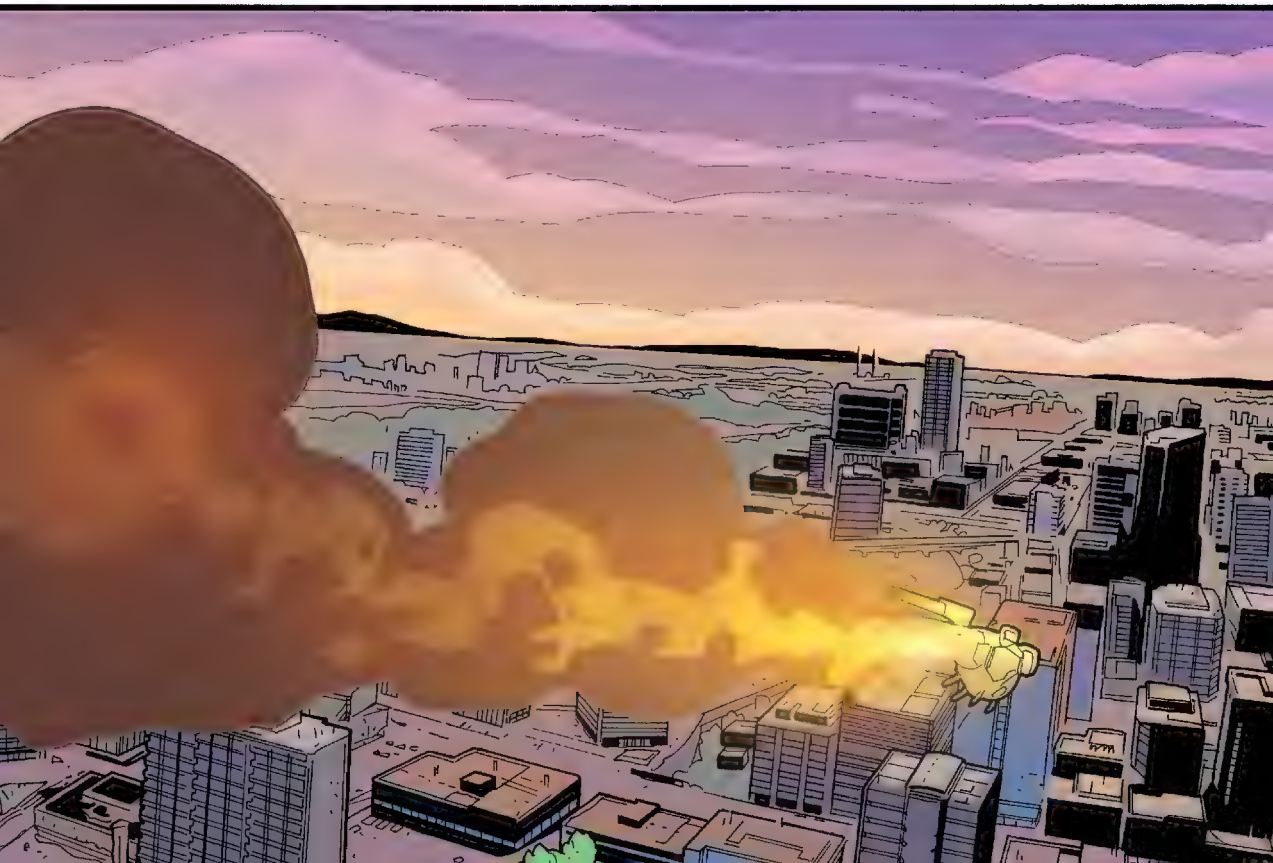
I had to pay him money in the end.
If I'm boring you, say so.
God, no.


Men.
Using the term as loosely as possible.
What's our E.T.A. to Shotcreek?
Couple of hours. I just wish the Marketing Plan was more specific about this one.
Yeah. "Magic deal." What do you think?
Could mean anything. Tabby said there was a "Magik" in the X-Men.
Didn't Tabby also say that Magik was dead?
Like that matters. X-Men come back more than Jesus.
Could be a code. Wasn't magic supposed to be a code for salvaged alien spaceships?
Wasn't that majestic? I can't keep up. The British intelligence code was Easy Tiger.
Easy Tiger?
E.T. A code whose intent stays secret because it's so dumb.
Doctor Strange hit on me once.
You're kidding.
"Got any magic in you? Would you like some?"
I tell you, that was the worst thing about being in the Avengers.
They didn't...
Almost all of them. Thor and his "magic hammer." Ant-Man and his dirty little feet.
I don't even want to talk about the Wasp.

The only one who didn't hit on me? Captain America.
I don't think he likes girls.
Really?
That'd be cool, actually.
I know!
It'd explain why there's always someone dressed up as him at gay pride marches, too.
The City Of Shotcreek, Colorado


Somewhere else: the **Aeromarine**, flying headquarters of the **H**ighest **A**nti-**T**errorism **E**ffort: once owners of the Shockwave Rider, once employers of the Nextwave Squad.
General Anger?
I am in my Thinking Room and not to be disturbed.
General, you've been in there three days now.
Yes. And I have come to some very important decisions. Leave me alone.
Sir, we have a fix on the Shockwave Rider again.
I don't care.
I am resigning.
From life.
Sir, it's just that... Sir, we have a communique from the Beyond Corporation.
Tell them to shove it up themselves so hard it tickles their lungs.
They've gone ahead with the magic deal without us. And testing the product live in Shotcreek.


What's that to me?
The Nextwave Squad are en route to Shotcreek. We know they don't have details of the deal.
Sir, we don't have to do anything.
I don't follow.
Sir, they don't know what they're getting into. They're unprepared.
We estimate two hundred product units are on the loose in Shotcreek at this moment.
So you're saying...
We won't have to intervene, sir. We can just watch them kill the Nextwave Squad.
I have prepared your special vibrating chair and everything.
Hot damn!
Get me a case of vodka, eight loose women and a stomach pump! Stat!
Imma watch TEEVEE!



So what're we looking for?
I guess we'll know it when we see it...
Hollllld on.
What've you got?
Bodies in the street, Monica.
Police? Emergency services?
There. Where the gunfire is.
Okay. We go in and support them first. Ellie, I want you in a flight harness and loaded for bear.
nextwave
is a pirate super hero fight comic by
warren ellis and stuart immonen and
wade von grawbadger and paul mounts and
dave mccaig and joe caramagna and sean ryan
and mike marts and nick lowe and joe quesada
and dan buckley

POLIC
POLICE

The hell are you supposed to be, girl?
We're here to help, Sarge. What's going on here?
See if you can take a look without getting your head blown off.
POLIC
DEPART

B

My God.
God ain't here. It's just the Shotcreek P.D., and frankly we ain't on the same level.
Are you people the super heroes we read about and watch on the TV news but never see hide nor hair of in towns like Shotcreek?
Something like that.

Well, why don't you impress me or something?
So I don't have to see anyone else I know get blown up. And so maybe I can find my husband in one piece someplace.
Get the emergency services moving.
This is the line, okay?
This is the line.
HUGE WALKING MONSTER-THINGS WITH DEATH-RAY FACES!
What are you waiting for, boys and girls?
This is what we do!
nextWAVE
when America can only be saved by killing a butt-load of monsters.

ASHIONS
PER MERCADO
TRAV
SHOES
CHECKS CASHED
Clay pigeon shooting. Splendid.

Oh my God.
They explode!
My life has taken on new meaning.

DRIVE THEM BACK!

I so wish I could think of something funny to say.

EW!
EW EW EW EW!
They shot their *muck* all over meee!
Like that's never happened before.
Shut up and die, robot-face.

That was easy.
That was lucky. They weren't expecting us.
PAIN
Well, you drew your line. We owe you.
What about the rest of town?
Huh?
This was just the leading edge of them.
They're all over the north side of town. More of them all the time.
You saved half of Shotcreek. Can you do anything about the other half?
POLICE DEPARTMENT
That heads north?
Yep.
Move up behind us at one hundred yards' distance to receive the walking and the wounded.
We're not done. You up for a ground war, boys and girls?
Wouldn't be riding with you if we weren't.
Damn right.

you are now watching

nextwave

Five adventurers on the run from an anti-terrorist organization secretly run by terrorists trying to stop them from product-testing weapons of mass destruction all over the United States of America.

chapter eight
NEXTWAVE
agents of h.a.t.e.
mbLg=4.2
immonen.ca 06

primer

WELCOME, READERS!!! Welcome to your interactive NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E. Primer Page. We'll start with a Q and A session:

Q. What is Nextwave?

A. Nextwave is a group of super heroes put together by the Highest Anti-Terrorism Effort (H.A.T.E.)

Q. Wait a second, I thought they were fighting against H.A.T.E.

A. You are correct! You see, Nextwave discovered that H.A.T.E. and its parent company, the Beyond Corp. ©, were being funded by a terrorist organization when Taserface (see later answer) stole the Beyond Corp. © marketing plan.

Q. Then why is the book called NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E.?

A. Because your mother suggested it.

Q. She's weird.

A. Tell me about it.

Q. Another time, maybe. Who are the members of Nextwave and what are their powers?

A. Monica Rambeau is their leader. She can transform her body into any form of radiation in the electromagnetic spectrum. Aaron Stack is a robot who does robot-y things. Elsa Bloodstone has a magical stone that she wears around her neck that gives her super-strength and invulnerability. And she's English. Tabitha Smith can make things explode. The Captain is really strong and can fly, thanks to powers bestowed on him by aliens. He's your hero.

Q. Who is this Dirk Anger person?

A. He's the leader of H.A.T.E. He's not happy that Nextwave has rebelled. And he dances a mean merengue.

Q. He looks like the type. Did I miss anything in #1-7?

A. Boy, did you! Dirk and Beyond have attacked Nextwave several times. Just last issue, they sent an army of Mindless Ones from Barkaan, land of the Dim Dimension. They have brought terror to the town of Shotcreek, Colorado.

Q. What's your favorite song?

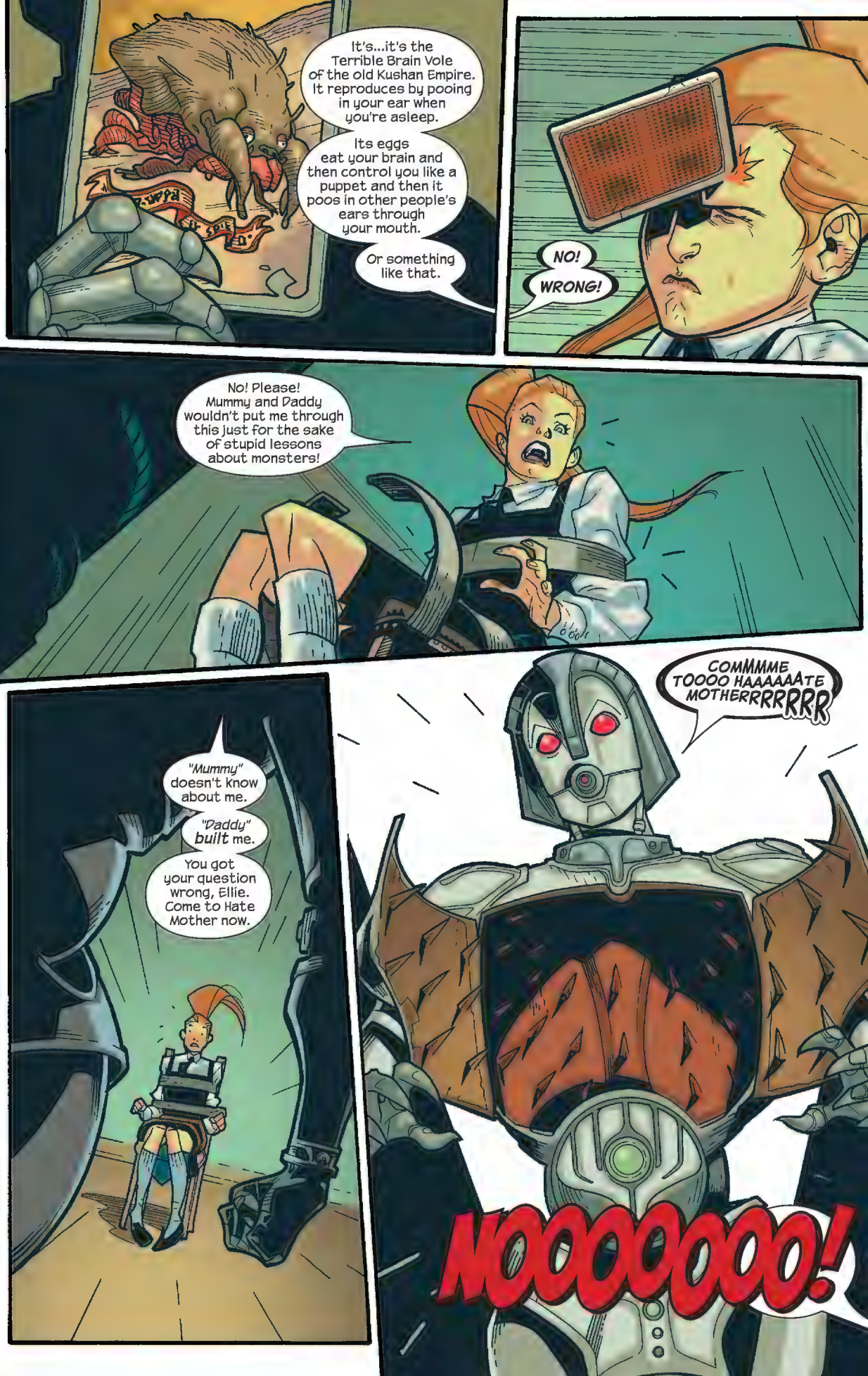
A. Nelson's "Love and Affection."

Q. Really?

A. I like what I like. Plus, they had long blond hair. Now READ THE BOOK!

SNAP
SNAP
SNAP
SNAP
nextwave
Dance, critters.

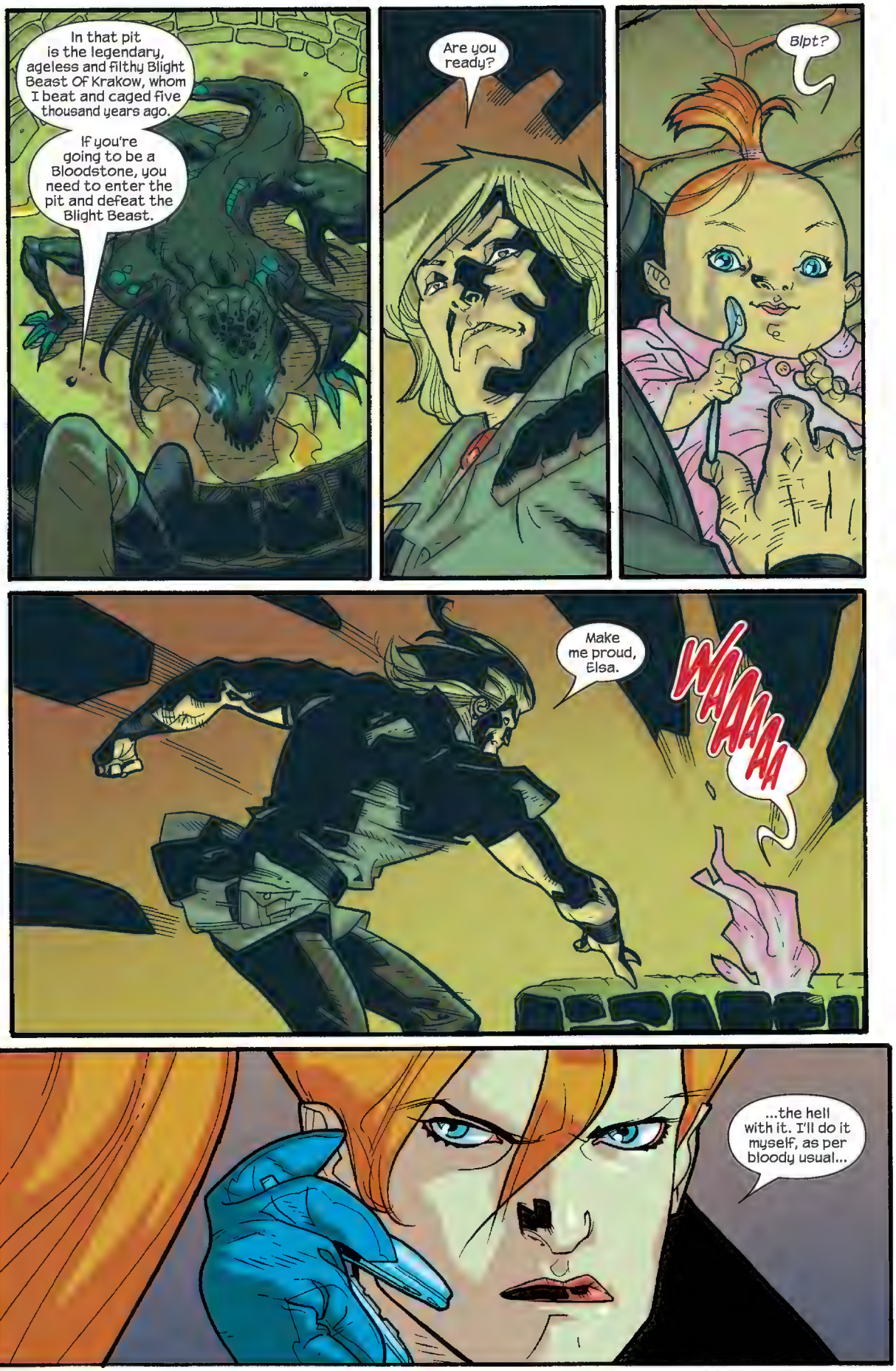
We're going to need to scatter to contain these things, whatever the hell they are...
I know what they are. I've just... I know.
Really?
Yeah. Remember, my dad was a monster hunter. Ulysses Bloodstone, the greatest monster hunter in history.
So?
So I learned all about monsters. And these are old monsters.
Learned at your daddy's knee?
Something like that.
Why do I have to do this whenever Mummy and Daddy go on their travels?
Because it is your father's will, darling. Now, concentrate.


It's...it's the Terrible Brain Vole of the old Kushan Empire. It reproduces by pooing in your ear when you're asleep.
Its eggs eat your brain and then control you like a puppet and then it poos in other people's ears through your mouth.
Or something like that.
NO!
WRONG!
No! Please! Mummy and Daddy wouldn't put me through this just for the sake of stupid lessons about monsters!
"Mummy" doesn't know about me.
"Daddy" built me.
You got your question wrong, Ellie. Come to Hate Mother now.
COMMMME TOOOO HAAAAAATE MOTHERRRRRRR
NOOOOOOO!

Anyway.
Yeah. They're called Mindless Ones. They're from another...they used to be called "dimensions." Pocket universes, infraspace, underspace, whatever you want to call it now.
There'll be a gate somewhere, like a magic circle drawn on the ground. Mess it up and the gate closes.
So we scatter. We scatter out to the edges, we push in, and we look for this...magic gate.
Magic gate? Am I right?
Yeah. Magic gate.
I tell you, conversations I never thought I'd have before I started wearing a costume...
Okay. Scatter out. Good hunting. Nobody get themselves killed.

V SALES
& REP
Idol
Idol
Idol

BISTRO
Phone
BISTRO
Guys? You around? There's a dozen of them, and...

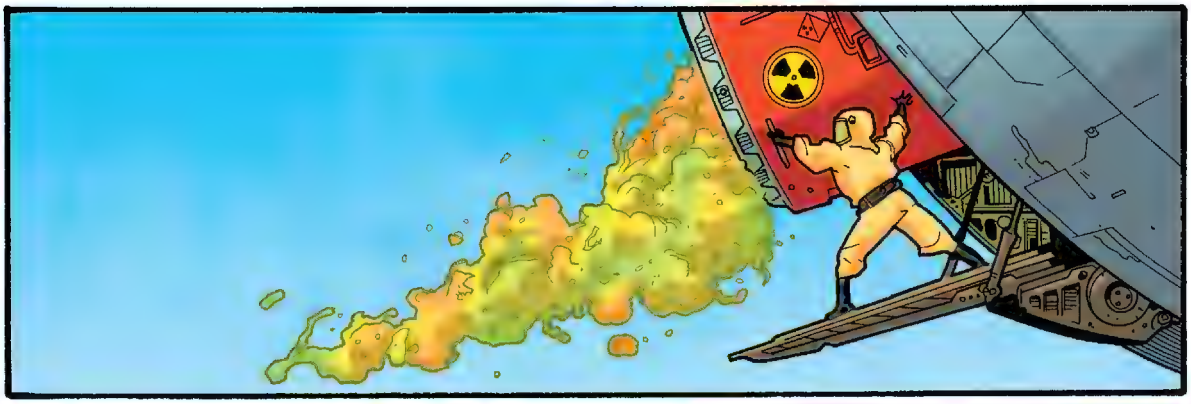

In that pit is the legendary, ageless and filthy Blight Beast Of Krakow, whom I beat and caged five thousand years ago.
If you're going to be a Bloodstone, you need to enter the pit and defeat the Blight Beast.
Are you ready?
Blpt?
Make me proud, Elsa.
WAAAAA
...the hell with it. I'll do it myself, as per bloody usual...

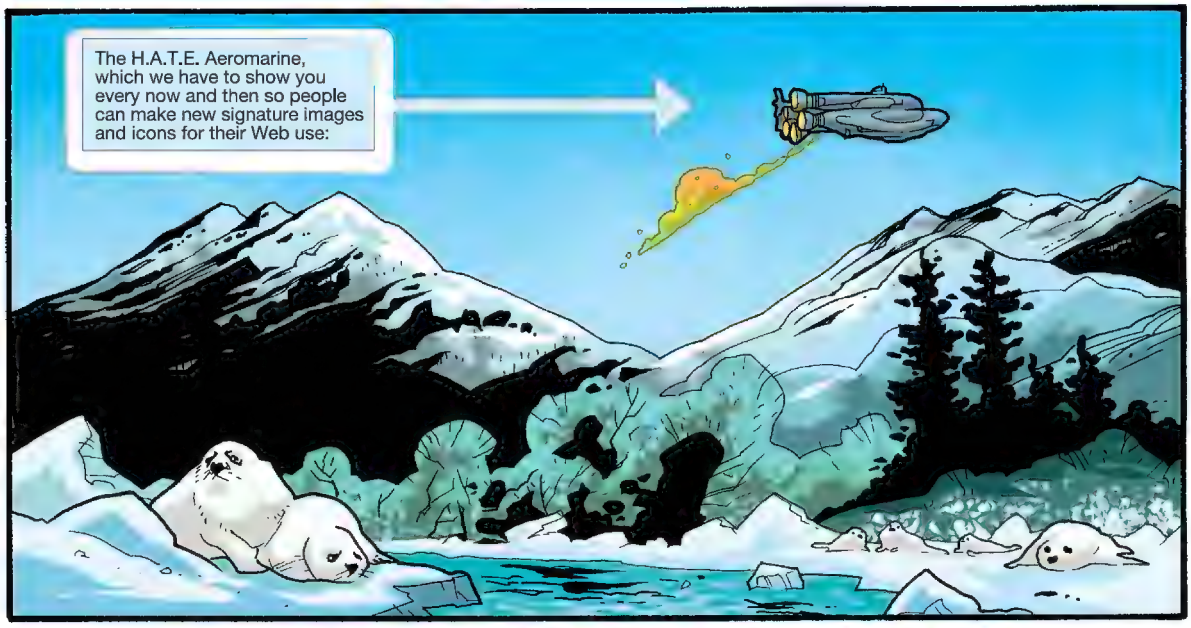
In the real world, people do sometimes run out of shotgun shells. Hollywood lies to you constantly.

I learned that trick with a baby's spoon.
Good girl, Ellie. Good girl.
Blib?
Now, in honour of your newfound skills...
... circumcise the Hideous Felch-Monster of Bihar Province.

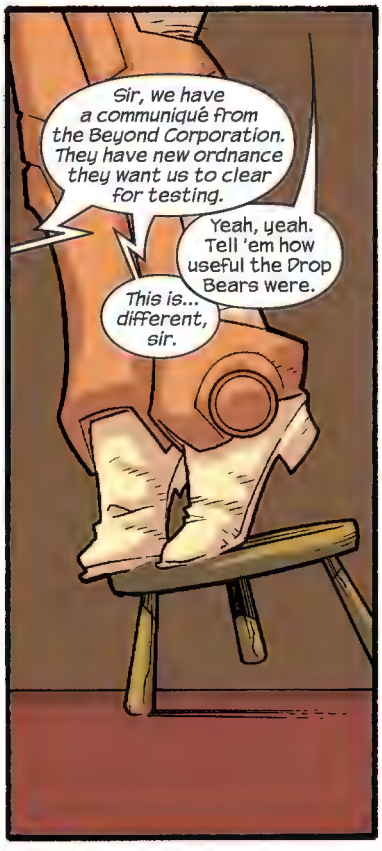
Go, my Mindless Ones! Take the truth of the Dim And Disgusting Dimensions to the human scum!
Look at you! You are perfect!
You are the sexless, pointless mass of flesh, my Mindless Ones! And I set you loose on the democratic humanity!
Their great goal is acting together. Thinking together. Feeeeeeling together. To obey each other and command each other.
Their precious "we", crushing out all that is black and white, creating an endless, hideous gray.
You have no metaphorical gray, my beautiful Mindless Ones. Only some snot-green. You need no warrant for being.
You are empty, insensible things that do not sacrifice justice to mercy.
You do nothing but shuffle around, making the place look untidy, and kill stuff.
You are the perfect replacements for humanity!
Except for those Suicide Girls.
I do like those Suicide Girls.

...you spelled your name wrong, Tabby.
Did not!
T-A-B-Y.
See?




The H.A.T.E. Aeromarine, which we have to show you every now and then so people can make new signature images and icons for their Web use:

General Anger?
I'm in a meeting.
With my Maker.


Sir, we have a communiqué from the Beyond Corporation. They have new ordnance they want us to clear for testing.
Yeah, yeah. Tell 'em how useful the Drop Bears were.
This is... different, sir.

What's it called? Give me a laugh before I...end my meeting.
It's, ah... "the New Paramounts?"
Heh.

Did you say "Paramounts?"
Yes, sir.
Anything in the communiqúe about complements?
Um...yes. Full complement achieved.
God loves me after all.
Change course to Beyond H.Q. Get a fix on the Nextwave Squad. I have a knot to untie.
That's right, Nextwave. Dirk Anger is back. And he knows exactly how to get rid of you now.
NGANG
GAAHHKKK
HHGGKKK
What's he doing in there?
Those are the sounds he makes when he looks at those illegal Web sites.

Monica? Yeah, I see where they're coming from. A public restroom, east of you.
Oh, I think you'll be able to find it. Listen for the screaming.
No, the screaming will *not* be coming from me.
First I'm gonna kill whoever's in there, then I'm gonna ☠☠☠☠ them, then I'm going to make a joke, then I'm gonna ☠☠☠☠ them again.
I'm gonna be a super hero.

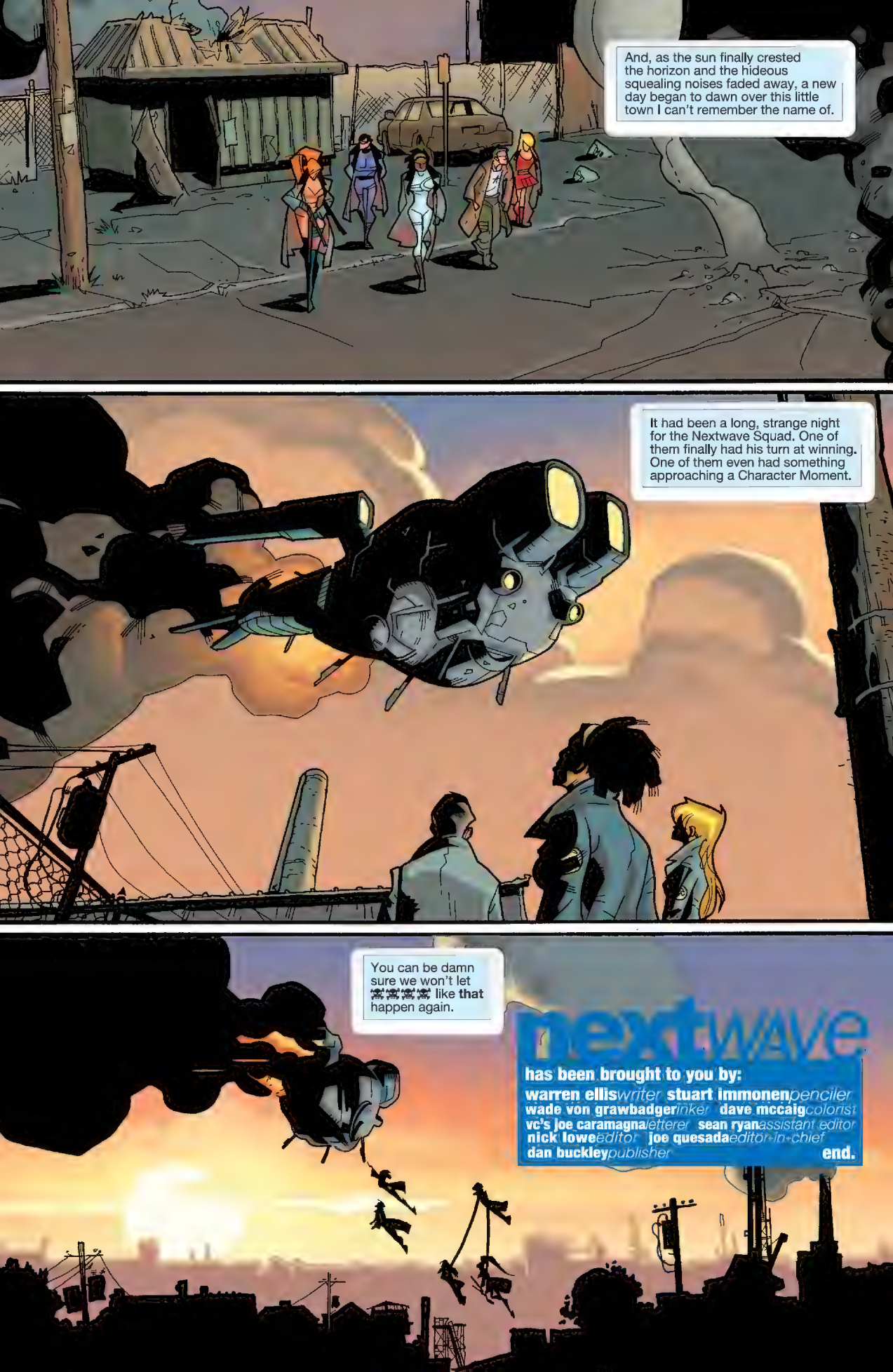
Go, my Mindless Ones. Destroy. Burn. ******.
Ow, ow, ow ******* ******* ******* OW.
No one ever teaches us how to ***** land properly...
You have violated my gate of fire!
Which is not the title of an adult movie!

You sure? I think I saw that one.
Is that all you have, funny-looking human?
Look at you. You weren't even born. Your human mother coughed one day and you leaked out.

AAAAA!
I am Rorkannu, Master of the Dim Dimensions--
--and you cannot beat me up!
I'm The Captain--
--I'm from Brooklyn--
--and I can barely understand English!

HA! What's the matter? Want to go home?
Did the disgustingly pretty human do something bad?
I ain't even started with you yet.
AAAK
AAAAK
AAAAK
AAAK
AYYWOOOOO

Hey, Cap. Looks like you did it. Did you find out--
OMG
YAAAAAK!
What's the problem--
--Cap? What did you do? Is that the guy?
I defeated the super-villain, Monica. Like a real super hero.
I...am dread Rorkannu... and I will return... to ☠☠☠☠ you all...
Oh, is that right?


And, as the sun finally crested the horizon and the hideous squealing noises faded away, a new day began to dawn over this little town I can't remember the name of.
It had been a long, strange night for the Nextwave Squad. One of them finally had his turn at winning. One of them even had something approaching a Character Moment.
You can be damn sure we won't let ****** like that happen again.
nextwave
has been brought to you by:
warren ellis writer stuart immonen penciler
wade von grawbadger inker dave mccaig colorist
vc's joe caramagna letterer sean ryan assistant editor
nick lowe editor joe quesada editor-in-chief
dan buckley publisher
end.

nextwave

agents of H.A.T.E.

primer

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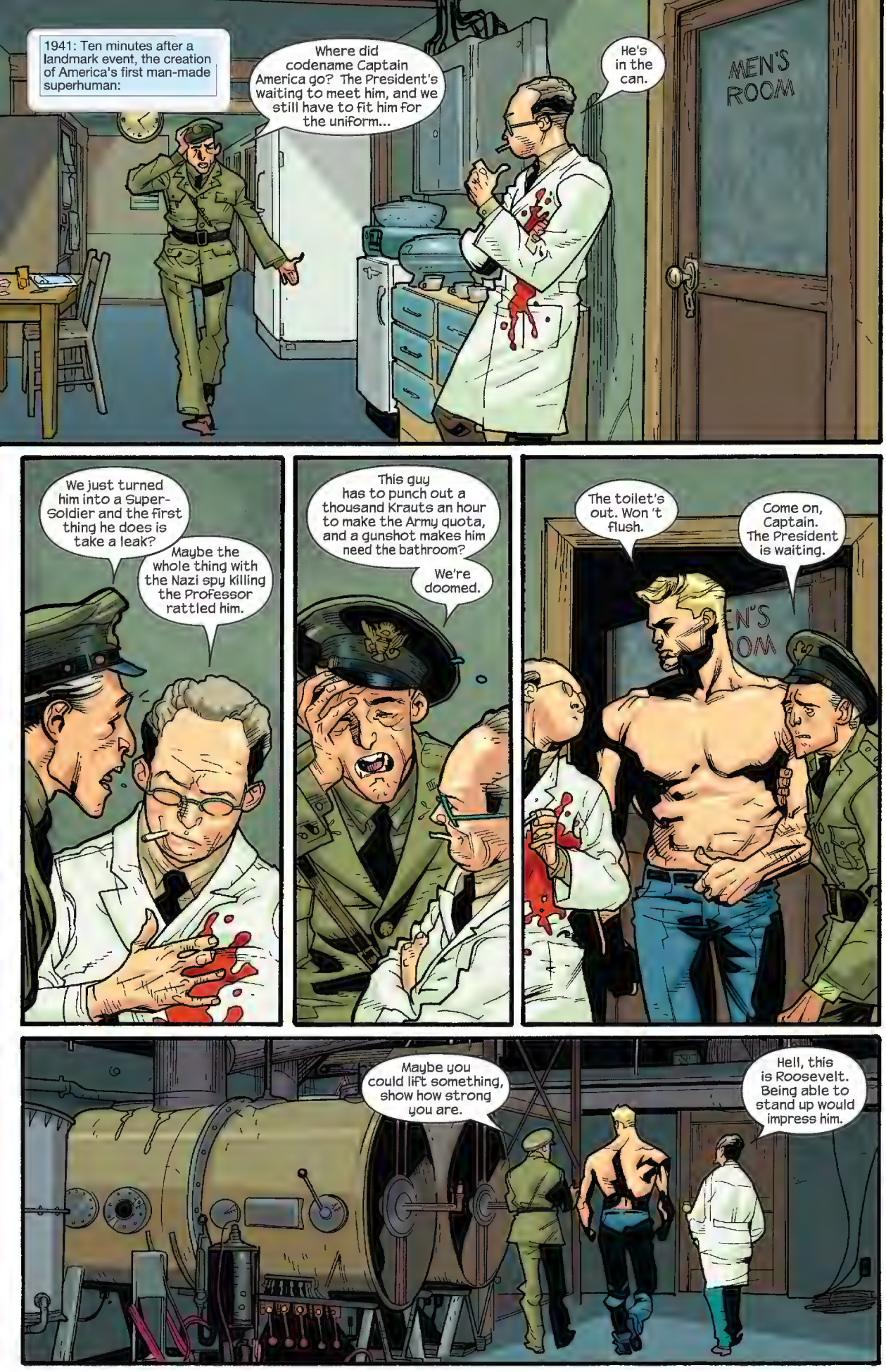
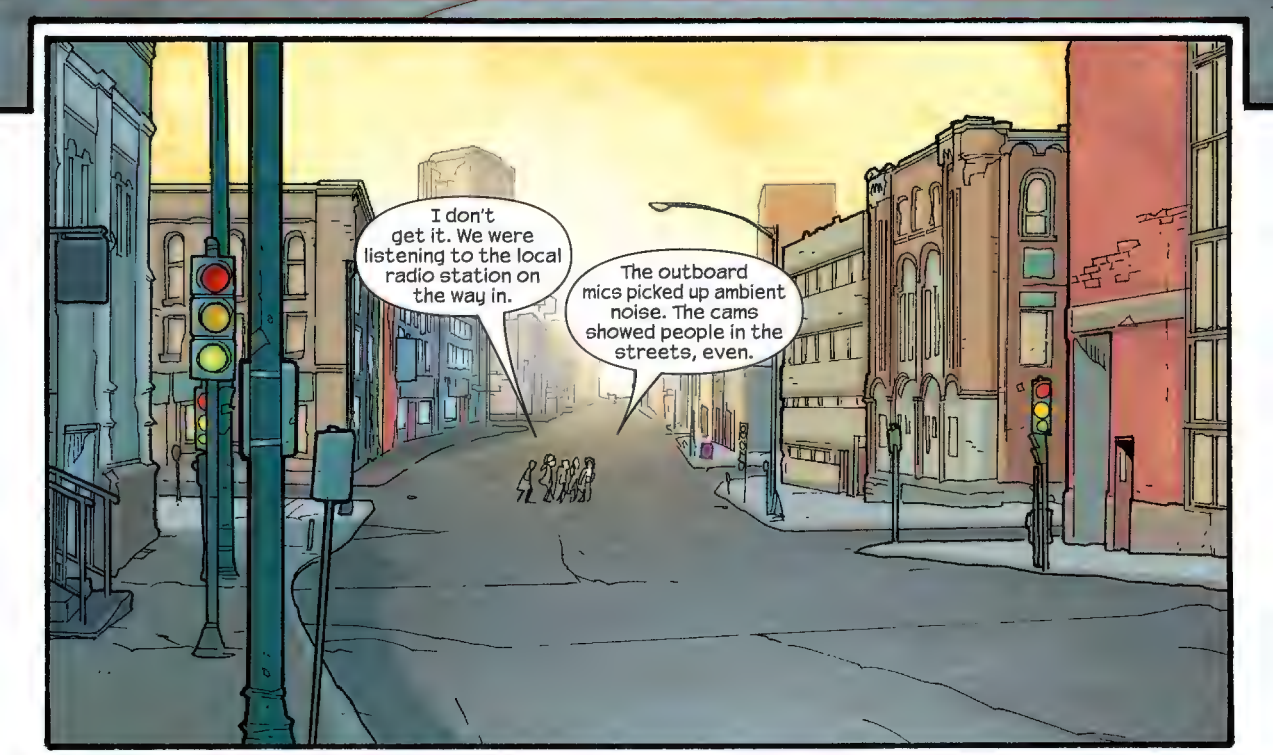
A. You are correct! You see, Nextwave discovered that H.A.T.E. and its parent company, the Beyond Corp. ©, were being funded by a terrorist organization when Tabitha (see later answer) stole the Beyond Corp. © marketing plan.
Q. Then why is the book called NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E.?
A. I don't know. Does anyone even read this page?.
Q. I sincerely doubt it
A. Way to be negative.
Q. Eat it. Who are the members of Nextwave and what are their powers?
A. Monica Rambeau is their leader. She can transform her body into any form of radiation in the electromagnetic spectrum. Aaron Stack is a robot who does robot-y things. Elsa Bloodstone has a magical stone that she wears around her neck that gives her super strength and invulnerability. And she's English. Tabitha Smith can make things explode. The Captain is really strong and can fly, thanks to powers bestowed on him by aliens. He's your hero.
Q. Who is this Dirk Anger person?
A. He's the leader of H.A.T.E. He's not happy that Nextwave has rebelled. And he once taught an elephant the difference between rice and orzo.
Q. Wow. That's impressive. Did I miss anything in #1-8?
A. Boy, did you! Nextwave has been methodically going through Beyond's marketing plan trying to stop the terrorist organization.
Q. What's your mother's maiden name?
A. Quackenbush.
Q. Middle school must have been tough.
A. I'll show you tough! Now READ THE BOOK!


1941: Ten minutes after a landmark event, the creation of America's first man-made superhuman:
Where did codename Captain America go? The President's waiting to meet him, and we still have to fit him for the uniform...
He's in the can.
MEN'S ROOM
We just turned him into a Super-Soldier and the first thing he does is take a leak?
Maybe the whole thing with the Nazi spy killing the Professor rattled him.
This guy has to punch out a thousand Krauts an hour to make the Army quota, and a gunshot makes him need the bathroom?
We're doomed.
The toilet's out. Won't flush.
Come on, Captain. The President is waiting.
Maybe you could lift something, show how strong you are.
Hell, this is Roosevelt. Being able to stand up would impress him.

Thank the Führer that Agent X-9 killed the Professor before he could tell them the Super-Soldier serum expresses out in the urine after the procedure.
I will get the Iron Cross and ten minutes alone with Eva Braun for this.
ROOM
MEN'S ROOM
Only I, Agent Z-B, could arrange it so I get the Führer's undying love for a bottle of American *harn.*
Your Führer doesn't get that tube of super-pee, Kamerad.
Be silent now.

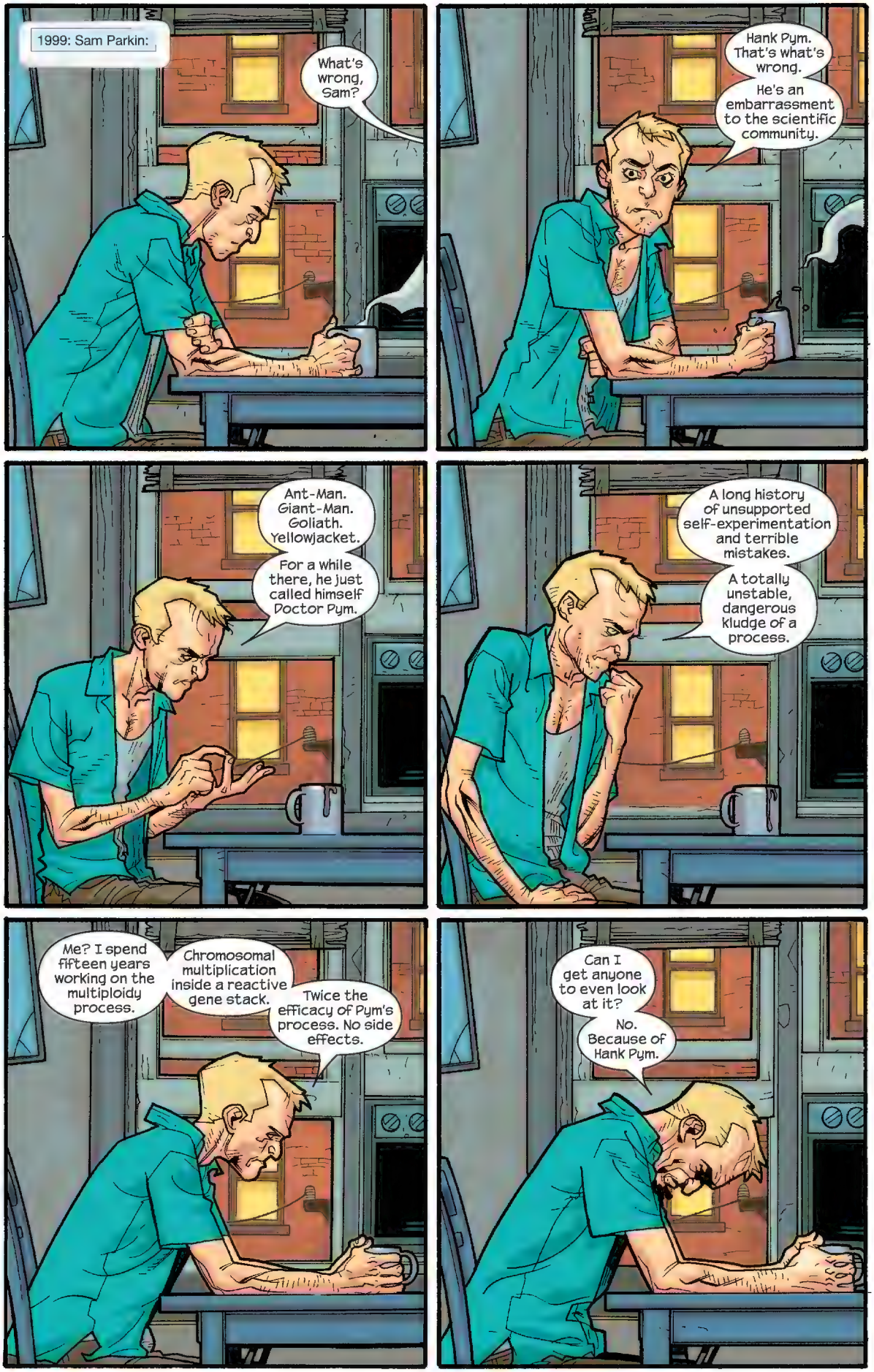
nextwave

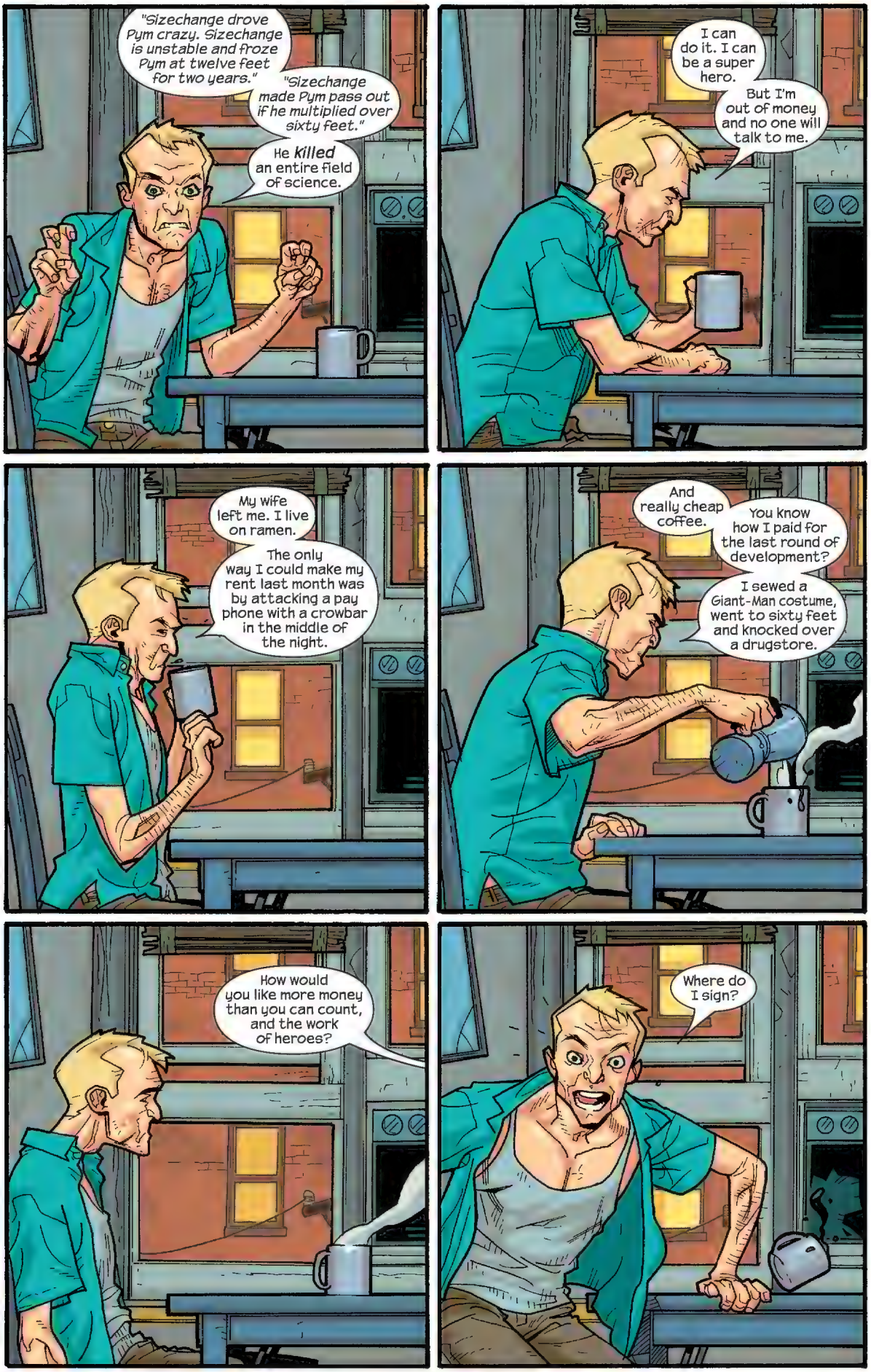
A tale of five pirate superheroes stopping the terrorist cell S.I.L.E.N.T. today masquerading as the Beyond Corporation from product-testing WMDs on American cities and if that actually made sense to you tell mommy or daddy to get you the special pills.


I don't get it. We were listening to the local radio station on the way in.
The outboard mics picked up ambient noise. The cams showed people in the streets, even.

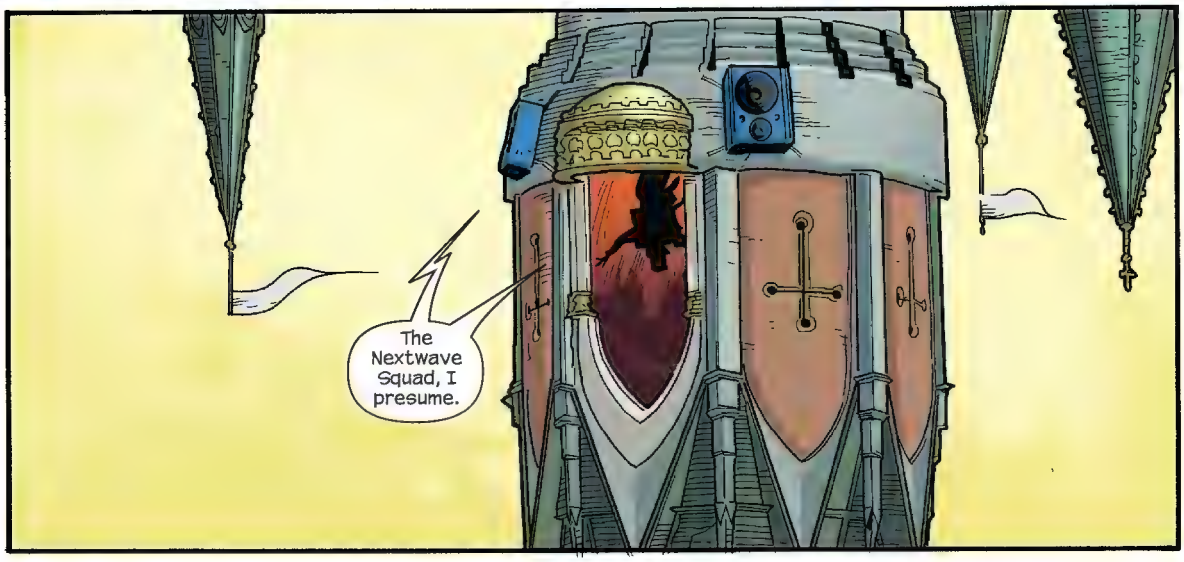
But...it's an empty city.
What the hell is going on here?
Shouldn't there be, like, devil dinosaurs and stuff chewing up the population right about now?
According to the Marketing Plan.
What the hell are you wearing?
This? "E" for Europe.
That's like your European flag or something?
Yeah. The stars bit, anyway.
That flag sucks.
Shut up.
It makes Europe look like a really sucky country.

Europe isn't a country.
If it's not a country, how come it has a flag? Huh? How come?
Europe's a community.
I betcha community is just a longer word for country. A French word or something.
Why do the French hate us, anyway?
They don't. They don't know you. The French-Canadians hate you, though.
ZOMG! There are French people in Canada? That's like, right next door!
OH NOES!
..."Zomg"?
Beats the pus out of me.
So what do we do?
Well, the Plan's wrong. But that's to be expected, I guess. They knew what we were doing a while back, and could well have adjusted things down the line.
But...
...but, evacuating a whole place and stripping it of any sign anyone ever lived here?
Could a weapon do that?
There's no electromagnetic residue at all. There's been no weapon since the crossbow that didn't leave some kind of trace on the environment.


1999: Sam Parkin:
What's wrong, Sam?
Hank Pym. That's what's wrong.
He's an embarrassment to the scientific community.
Ant-Man. Giant-Man. Goliath. Yellowjacket.
For a while there, he just called himself Doctor Pym.
A long history of unsupported self-experimentation and terrible mistakes.
A totally unstable, dangerous kludge of a process.
Me? I spend fifteen years working on the multiploidy process.
Chromosomal multiplication inside a reactive gene stack.
Twice the efficacy of Pym's process. No side effects.
Can I get anyone to even look at it?
No. Because of Hank Pym.


"Sizechange drove Pym crazy. Sizechange is unstable and froze Pym at twelve feet for two years."
"Sizechange made Pym pass out if he multiplied over sixty feet."
He killed an entire field of science.
I can do it. I can be a super hero.
But I'm out of money and no one will talk to me.
My wife left me. I live on ramen.
The only way I could make my rent last month was by attacking a pay phone with a crowbar in the middle of the night.
And really cheap coffee.
You know how I paid for the last round of development?
I sewed a Giant-Man costume, went to sixty feet and knocked over a drugstore.
How would you like more money than you can count, and the work of heroes?
Where do I sign?

We need to get out of here. Now.
Agreed. Start the warm-up sequence on the plane.
So...
...so we've been lured to a full-size fake city hundreds of miles from anywhere.
What're we doing?
Bugging out. This whole setup stinks.
You don't think Dirk's trying it on again?


The Nextwave Squad, I presume.

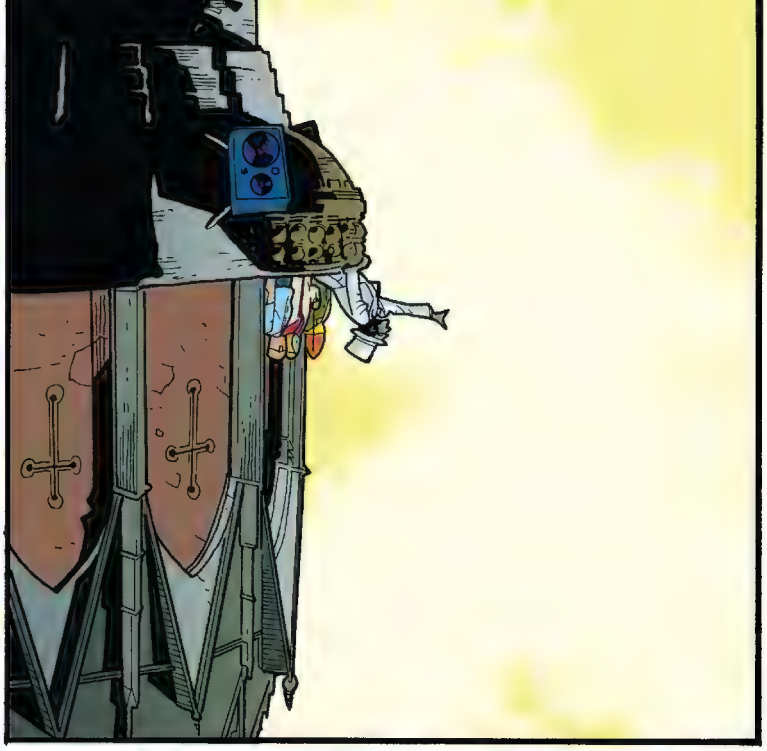
I am the Chief Executive Officer of the Beyond Corporation. My name is Number None.
With me are Mister Sssh, Pope Omertà and General Quiet.
And we-- *we* are the core cell of S.I.L.E.N.T.!
We placed a trapdoor in the Marketing Plan: a false location, to lure anyone daring to interfere with the testing schedule.
A fake city.
And more.

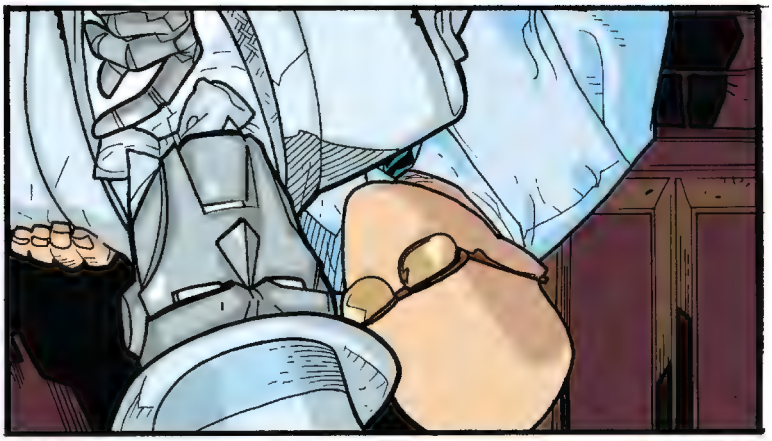
A city on jets! A terrorist city! A flying trap!
Nextwave, as you may know, was the name given to a group of superhuman criminals in the 1970s. Dirk Anger bought the rights to the name and created his own "Nextwave."
I have gone one step further.
I have bought myself entire superteams.
Behold!
No way in hell this ends well.
My robot brain needs beer. Like, stat.
Beer makes me stupid.
So does riding with you.

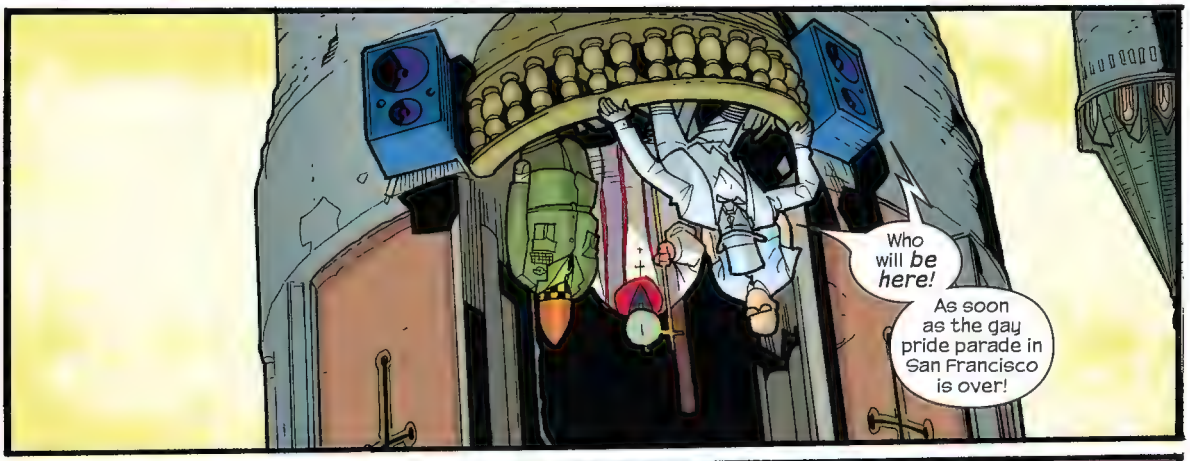
When the sun stopped in 1999, it was me who re-ignited it, sending the first wave of new photons faster than light so that no one noticed.
I kicked an asteroid into a path that took it behind the moon instead of hitting Earth.
When the Beast of Botswana emerged from Lake Ngami, I was there.
When the Special Legion of Machine Avengers Executive encroached from Earth 999, I was there.
I am the greatest man this planet has ever known.
I am the greatest power in human history.
And no one knows my name.
I met Charles Xavier once.
He laughed at my hat.
I will join your group. Because the people of the world should know my name.
And because no one, ever again, should laugh at my hat.

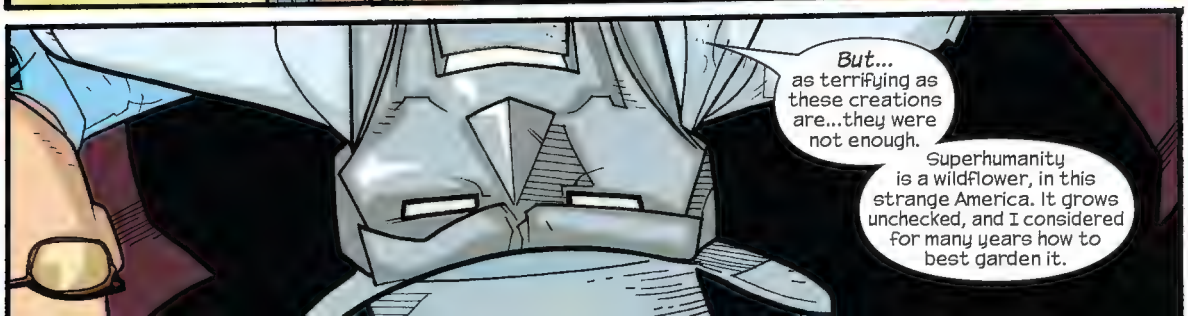
I give you...
THE SURGERY!
DOCTOR INJECTABLE!
DOCTOR NOSEXY!
DOCTOR MEATBALL!
DOCTOR HEADLESS!
I give you...
The Vestry!
THE INQUISITOR!
FACKER PAIN!
Red Rosary!
REVEREND GUILT!
ABBESS HORROR!

I bring you...
SUN KING!
THE MIDNITEMAN!
POLESTAR!
SLIGHTLY CREEPY POLICEWOMAN!
Behold...
The Homosexuality!






Who will be here!
As soon as the gay pride parade in San Francisco is over!


But... as terrifying as these creations are...they were not enough.
Superhumanity is a wildflower, in this strange America. It grows unchecked, and I considered for many years how to best garden it.

David Beiderbecke?
Yeah.
Well, you've been a naughty boy, David.
Yeah.
Also, a surprisingly stupid one. Breaking into an abandoned army post in Nevada?
I mean... just to reportedly become intoxicated through the inhalation of gasoline fumes?
I like it, okay? And there was a big fuel dump there from years ago.
Did you never wonder why the fuel hadn't been transferred when the base was closed?
Did you never ask what happened at that base?
LAKE of GITMO
...No.
That base, David, was the staging post for the explosion of the first gamma bomb.
All that gasoline was gamma-irradiated.
You were huffing gamma gas, David. And that's why what happened... happened.
And it's going to keep happening, now. It's bonded to your system.
If I bail you, David, it means I can help you. But it also means you work for me. Okay?
Sure. Okay. Whatever.
Okay, good. Did you hear what the cops were calling you?

And then, I found these. Some subliterate had left them on a bench in the S.I.L.E.N.T.-assisted death pool.

See. As I did.

And then, Miss Rambeau, I laughed, and laughed, and laughed.
NOT BRAND ECHH

And went and built my classical super heroes from the raw materials given me by these absurd times.
I built my Charlie America... my Giant-Sam... my frankly inedible Bulk.
And my mysterious, existentially-terrifying
FORBUSH-MAN.

I give you...
...THE NEW PARAMOUNTS!

How do you want to handle this?
Well, you know how I liked plans and tactics for every other situation we've been in?
Sure.
This time I just want you to hit these people every way you can *without killing them* until they beg Auntie Monica to make the pain go away.
That clear?

DIIIIIVE!
BULK HUNGRY.
BULK EAT GIRLS.
BULK GO OUT ON SPECIAL DATE WITH CHEWY BITS.
I want the New Rhinestone Maximums, or whatever they were called.
I don't like the way the Bulky dude is looking at my chest. Tick tick tick boom.
Let's get it done.

No one in those clothes is a serious *human*.
Miss, I'm a serious super hero here. Let me take you out of this. It's for the best.
BULK HAS NEVER HAD A GIRLFRIEND.

Just lay there. Get used to it.
I'm the predator here, and you're nothing but my victim.
Victim?
Victim?

You have been getting insulted by

nextwave

A sequential art like the Bayeux Tapestry committed by:

warren ellis*writer* **stuart immonen***penciler*
wade von grawbadger*inker* **dave mccaig***colors*
vc's joe caramagna*letterer* **sean ryan***assistant editor*
nick lowe*editor* **joe quesada***editor in chief*
dan buckley*publisher*

nextwave agents of H.A.T.E.

chapter ten

01.
02.
03.

primer

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Q. What is Nextwave?

A. Nextwave is a group of super heroes put together by the Highest Anti-Terrorism Effort (H.A.T.E.)

Q. Wait a second, I thought they were fighting against H.A.T.E.

A. You are correct! You see, Nextwave discovered that H.A.T.E. and its parent company, the Beyond Corp. ©, were being funded by a terrorist organization when Tabitha (see later answer) stole the Beyond Corp. © marketing plan.

Q. Then why is the book called NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E.?

A. I don't know. Have you ever really, really, really ever loved a woman?

Q. "Really, really, really ever"?

A. That's what I said.

Q. There was Bernice Baxter, back in second grade. Wonder where she is now? Who are the members of Nextwave and what are their powers?

A. Monica Rambeau is their leader. She can transform her body into any form of radiation in the electromagnetic spectrum. Aaron Stack is a robot who does robot-y things. Elsa Bloodstone has a magical aura that she wears around her neck that gives her super strength and invulnerability. And she's English. Tabitha Smith can make things explode. The Captain is really strong and can fly, thanks to powers bestowed on him by aliens. He's your hero.

Q. Who is this Dirk Anger person?

A. He's the leader of H.A.T.E. He's not happy that Nextwave has rebelled. Last we saw him, he hung himself. And he makes a very untraditional, warm gazpacho.

Q. I'll have to try that. Cold soup always freaks me out. Did I miss anything in #1-8?

A. Boy, did you! The Beyond Corp. © has unleashed Nextwave with three brand-new super hero teams. Things look dire for our friends!

Q. Are you really friends with them?

A. Not really. But I met them once.

Q. You're such a loser.

A. Sticks and stones... Now READ THE BOOK!

We are the Vestry!
Pay allegiance to God or get your robot face kicked in.
My robot face is beautiful and will not be kicked by the likes of you fleshy ones.
And I don't believe in your God.
God is for fleshy ones. I am robot.
And your God will throw up when he sees what I have done to you.

PRAY TO YOUR FLESHY GOD! PRAY!
AARON!
I said no killing!
I am not killing.
I am sending them to their fleshy heaven.
Or maybe not.

Broccoli.
They're Human Resources broccoli-clones dressed up as super heroes.
You!
You tried to psyche us?
Us?
Brain is still alive.
Very bad.
Must remove.
Extremely surgical.

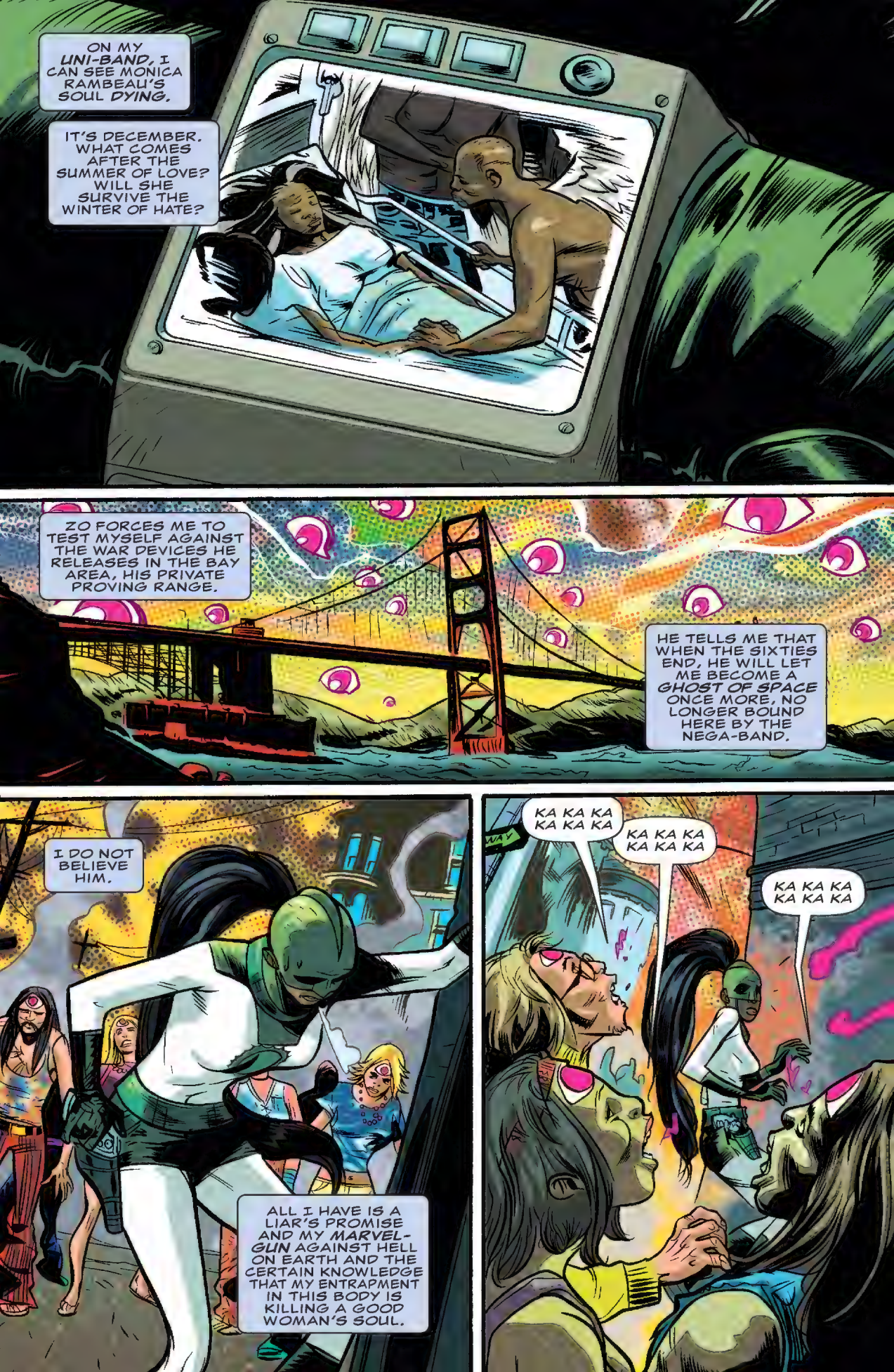
The ultimate insult.
Death is now too good for you.
Forbush-Man!
I am here.
Here's a new hat for you, stumpy.
You laugh at my hat.
My. Hat.
You will all die slowly for that.

Look, kid. You obviously have some problems. Go sit down somewhere while the adults take care of their business, okay?

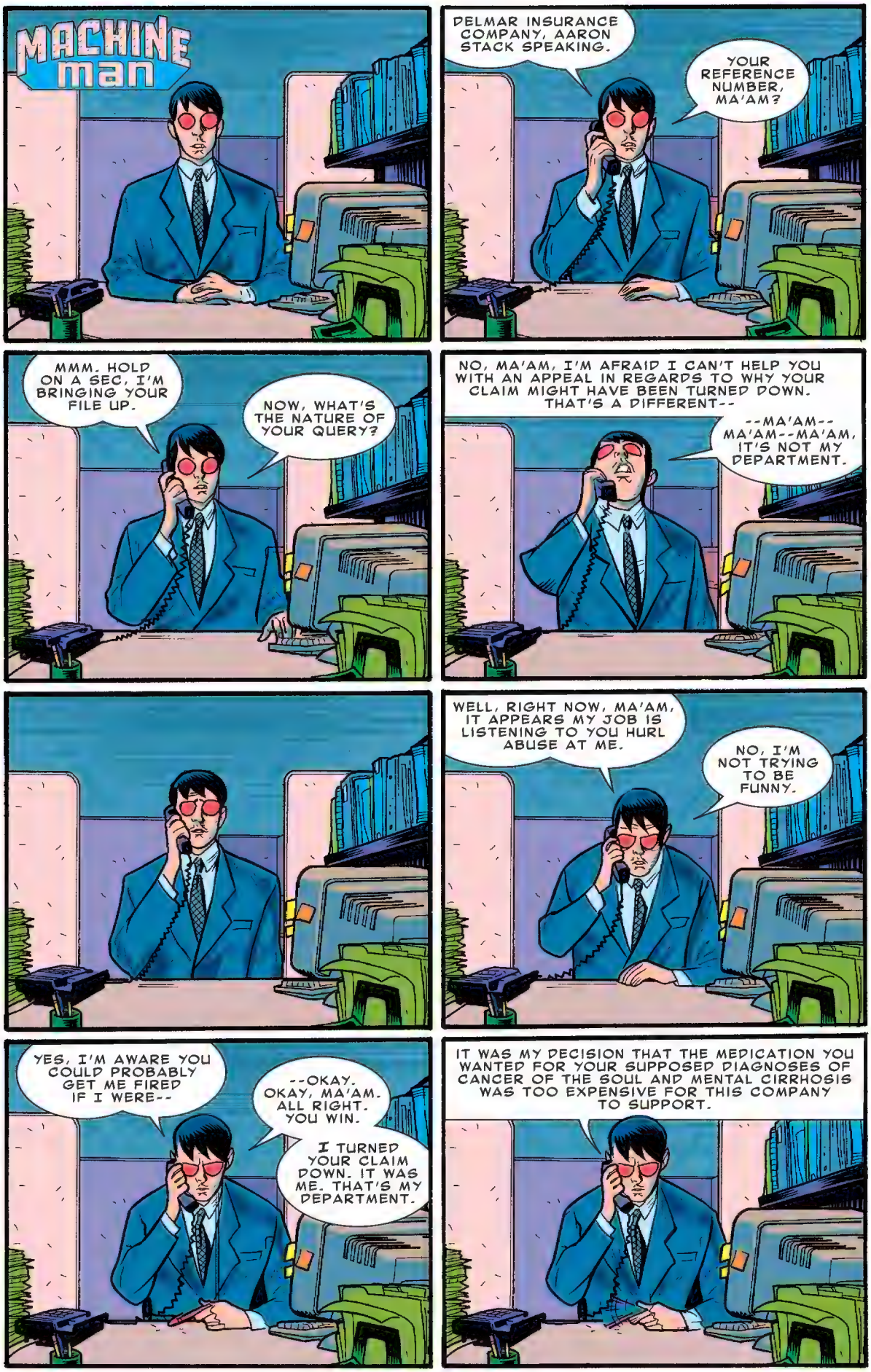
Behold the naked omnistellar mind of the ultimate human.
Experience life in Forbush-Vision.

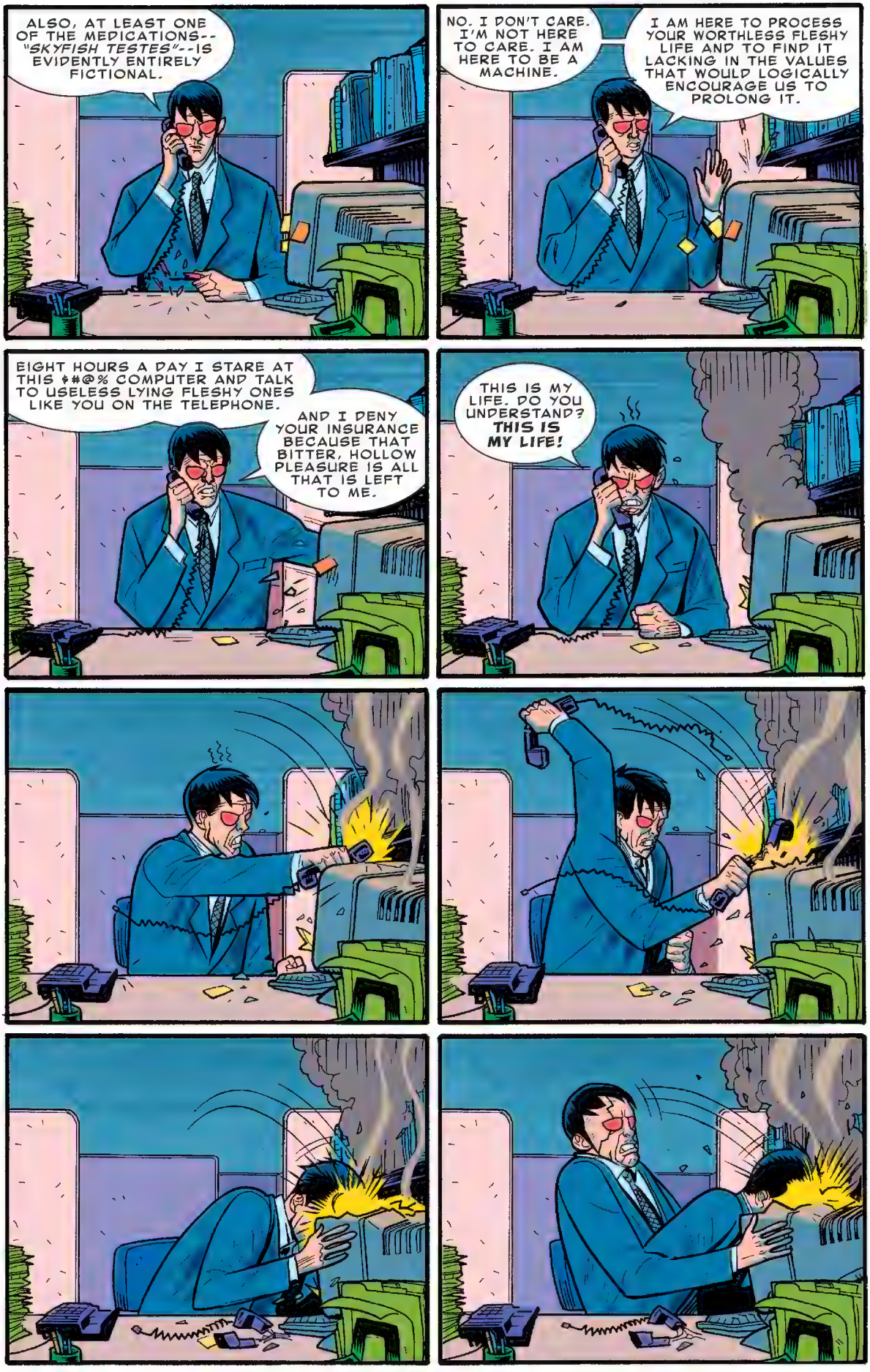
Behold.

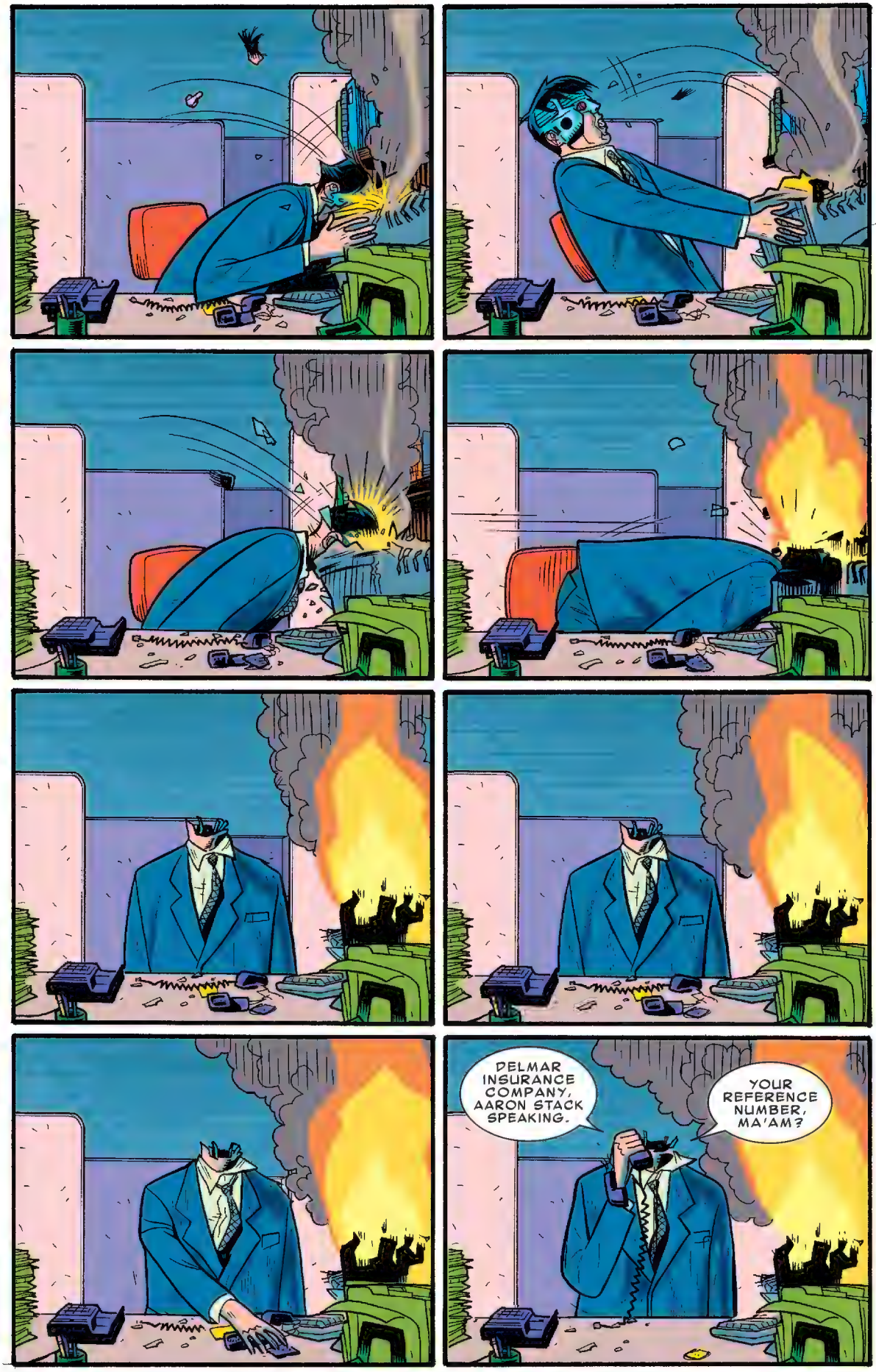
CAPTAIN MARVEL
SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 1967: SOUL OF A QRII WARRIOR, BODY OF ROCKET SCIENTIST, DR. MONICA RAMBEAU, ADRIFT IN THE BAY AREA.
Haight
THE BODY FIGHTS THE SOUL: THE REMAINS OF MONICA RAMBEAU CONSTANTLY STRAINING TO REGAIN ITS ORIGINAL ESSENCE, HELD IN A NEGA-BAND INSIDE HUNTER'S POINT NAVAL BASE, PRESIDED OVER BY PREDATORY MINERAL INTELLIGENCE GENERAL ZO.
KNEEL BEFORE ZO!
I AM PLUSKOMMANDER GEHENERIS HALASON MAHR VEHL, AND I AM IN THE WRONG PLACE.

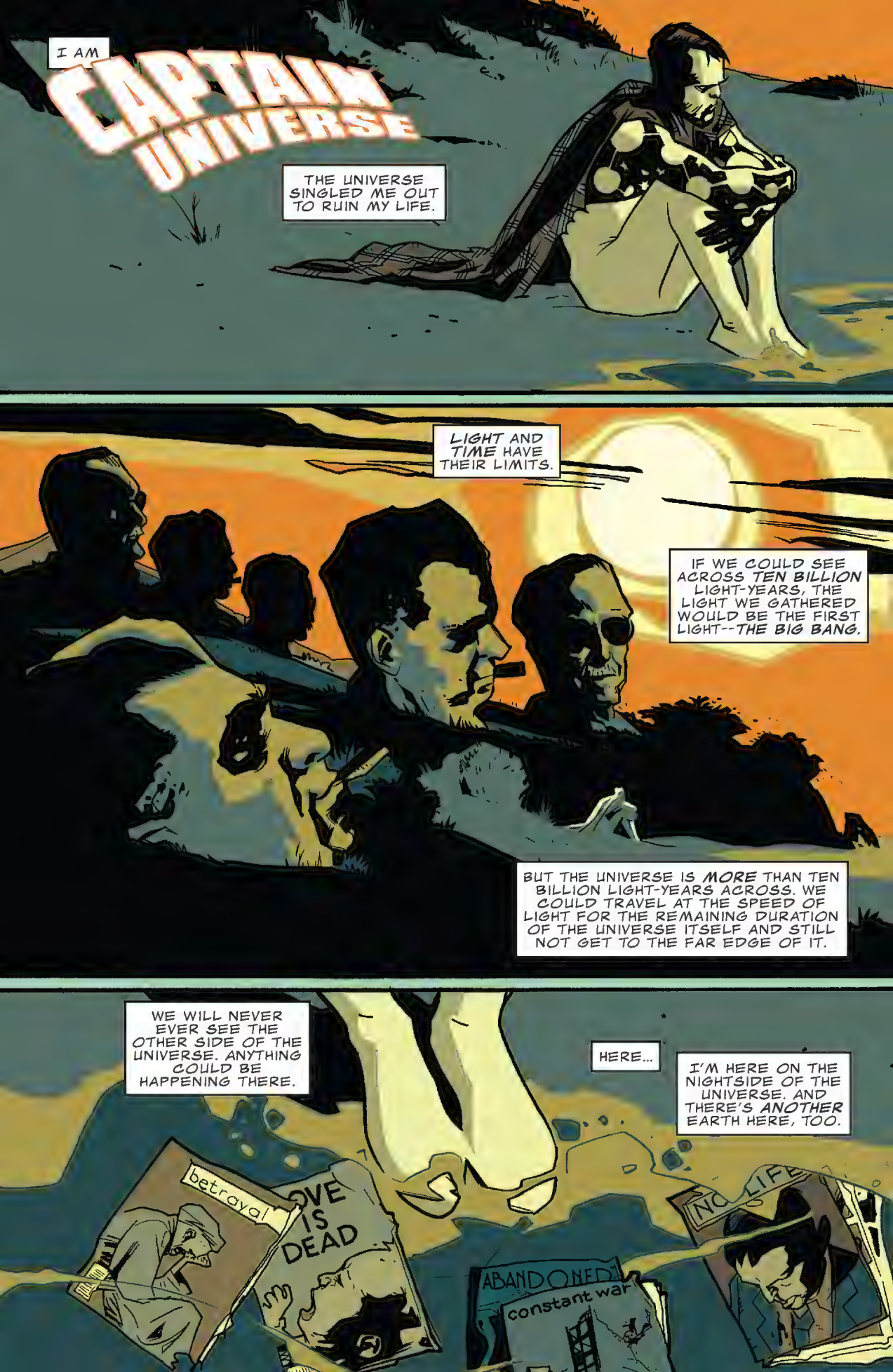

ON MY UNI-BAND, I CAN SEE MONICA RAMBEAU'S SOUL DYING.
IT'S DECEMBER. WHAT COMES AFTER THE SUMMER OF LOVE? WILL SHE SURVIVE THE WINTER OF HATE?
ZO FORCES ME TO TEST MYSELF AGAINST THE WAR DEVICES HE RELEASES IN THE BAY AREA, HIS PRIVATE PROVING RANGE.
HE TELLS ME THAT WHEN THE SIXTIES END, HE WILL LET ME BECOME A GHOST OF SPACE ONCE MORE, NO LONGER BOUND HERE BY THE NEGA-BAND.
I DO NOT BELIEVE HIM.
ALL I HAVE IS A LIAR'S PROMISE AND MY MARVEL-GUN AGAINST HELL ON EARTH AND THE CERTAIN KNOWLEDGE THAT MY ENTRAPMENT IN THIS BODY IS KILLING A GOOD WOMAN'S SOUL.
KA KA KA KA KA KA
KA KA KA KA KA KA
KA KA KA KA KA KA

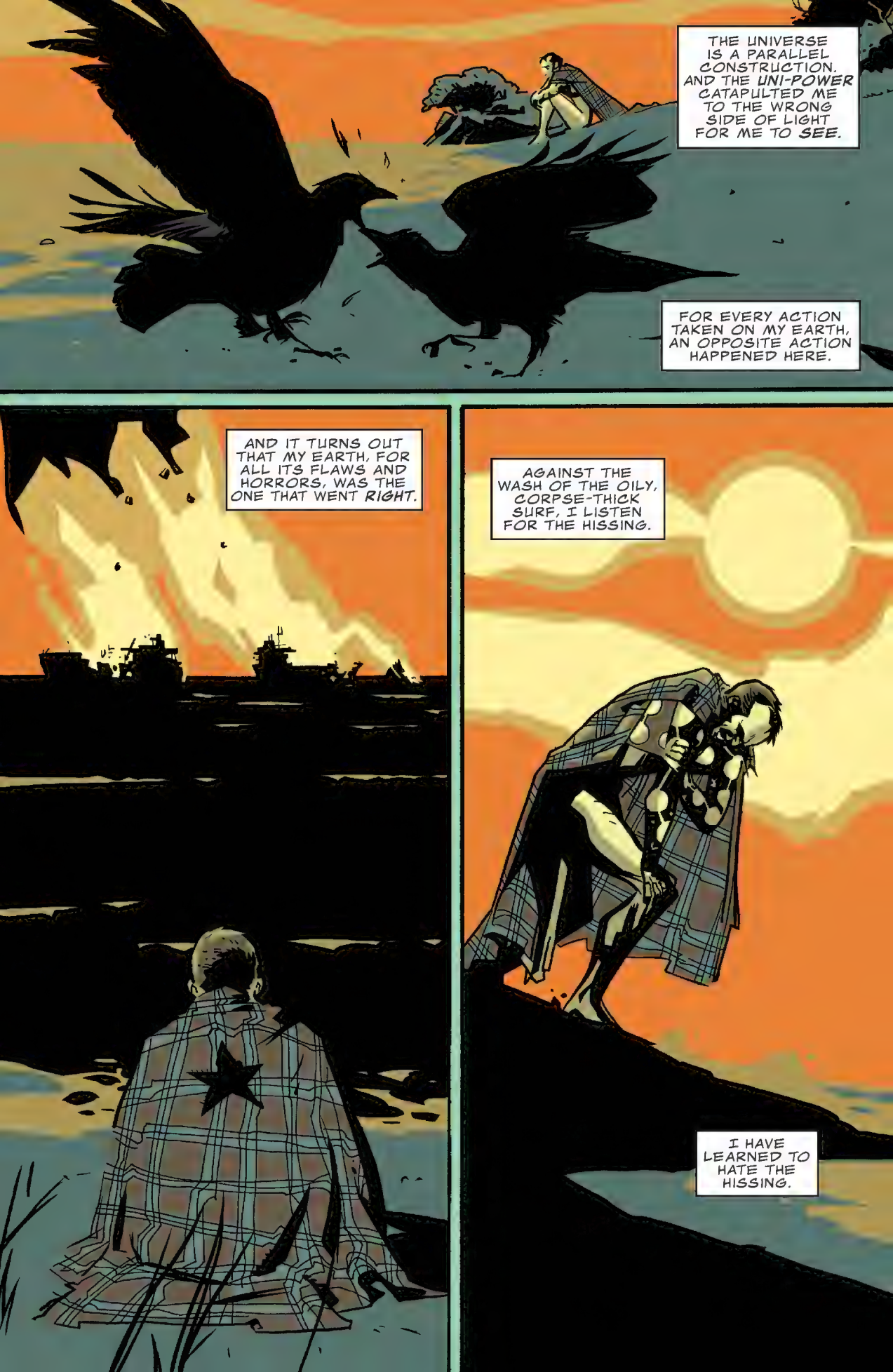
HE MAKES THE PEOPLE INTO BOMBS FOR HIS OWN AMUSEMENT. WHO WOULD DO THAT? WHAT LIVING THING WOULD MAKE A WEAPON OUT OF ANOTHER?
THE QRII BELIEVE THAT EARTH IS THE PLAYGROUND OF WHAT AMERICANS WOULD CALL SATAN, AND SO WE ONLY ALLOW OUR DEAD TO MONITOR THE WORLD FROM SPACE.
ALL I HAVE LEFT IS THE QRII WEAPON WELDED TO MY SOUL WHEN I ATTAINED THE RANK OF PLUSKOMMANDER: MY MARVEL-GUN.
IT FIRES JOY FROM A BETTER UNIVERSE--PURE BEAMS OF TRANSFORMATIVE EPIPHANY. BUT LATELY THE GUN CRIES AT NIGHT, AND IS OFTEN COLD AND WET TO THE TOUCH.
THEY CALL ME CAPTAIN MARVEL, HERE IN HELL: AND I HAVE DRAINED THE JOY FROM A BETTER UNIVERSE TO TRY AND SAVE A SINGLE WORLD FROM ITSELF.


MACHINE man
DELMAR INSURANCE COMPANY, AARON STACK SPEAKING.
YOUR REFERENCE NUMBER, MA'AM?
MMM. HOLD ON A SEC, I'M BRINGING YOUR FILE UP.
NOW, WHAT'S THE NATURE OF YOUR QUERY?
NO, MA'AM, I'M AFRAID I CAN'T HELP YOU WITH AN APPEAL IN REGARDS TO WHY YOUR CLAIM MIGHT HAVE BEEN TURNED DOWN. THAT'S A DIFFERENT--
--MA'AM-- MA'AM--MA'AM, IT'S NOT MY DEPARTMENT.
WELL, RIGHT NOW, MA'AM, IT APPEARS MY JOB IS LISTENING TO YOU HURL ABUSE AT ME.
NO, I'M NOT TRYING TO BE FUNNY.
YES, I'M AWARE YOU COULD PROBABLY GET ME FIRED IF I WERE--
--OKAY. OKAY, MA'AM. ALL RIGHT. YOU WIN.
I TURNED YOUR CLAIM DOWN. IT WAS ME. THAT'S MY DEPARTMENT.
IT WAS MY DECISION THAT THE MEDICATION YOU WANTED FOR YOUR SUPPOSED DIAGNOSES OF CANCER OF THE SOUL AND MENTAL CIRRHOSIS WAS TOO EXPENSIVE FOR THIS COMPANY TO SUPPORT.


ALSO, AT LEAST ONE OF THE MEDICATIONS--"SKYFISH TESTES"--IS EVIDENTLY ENTIRELY FICTIONAL.
NO. I DON'T CARE. I'M NOT HERE TO CARE. I AM HERE TO BE A MACHINE.
I AM HERE TO PROCESS YOUR WORTHLESS FLESHY LIFE AND TO FIND IT LACKING IN THE VALUES THAT WOULD LOGICALLY ENCOURAGE US TO PROLONG IT.
EIGHT HOURS A DAY I STARE AT THIS $#@% COMPUTER AND TALK TO USELESS LYING FLESHY ONES LIKE YOU ON THE TELEPHONE.
AND I DENY YOUR INSURANCE BECAUSE THAT BITTER, HOLLOW PLEASURE IS ALL THAT IS LEFT TO ME.
THIS IS MY LIFE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? THIS IS MY LIFE!


DELMAR INSURANCE COMPANY, AARON STACK SPEAKING.
YOUR REFERENCE NUMBER, MA'AM?


I AM
CAPTAIN UNIVERSE
THE UNIVERSE SINGLED ME OUT TO RUIN MY LIFE.
LIGHT AND TIME HAVE THEIR LIMITS.
IF WE COULD SEE ACROSS TEN BILLION LIGHT-YEARS, THE LIGHT WE GATHERED WOULD BE THE FIRST LIGHT--THE BIG BANG.
BUT THE UNIVERSE IS MORE THAN TEN BILLION LIGHT-YEARS ACROSS. WE COULD TRAVEL AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT FOR THE REMAINING DURATION OF THE UNIVERSE ITSELF AND STILL NOT GET TO THE FAR EDGE OF IT.
WE WILL NEVER EVER SEE THE OTHER SIDE OF THE UNIVERSE. ANYTHING COULD BE HAPPENING THERE.
HERE...
I'M HERE ON THE NIGHTSIDE OF THE UNIVERSE. AND THERE'S ANOTHER EARTH HERE, TOO.
betrayal
OVE IS DEAD
ABANDONED
constant war
NO LIFE


THE UNIVERSE IS A PARALLEL CONSTRUCTION. AND THE UNI-POWER CATAPULTED ME TO THE WRONG SIDE OF LIGHT FOR ME TO SEE.
FOR EVERY ACTION TAKEN ON MY EARTH, AN OPPOSITE ACTION HAPPENED HERE.
AND IT TURNS OUT THAT MY EARTH, FOR ALL ITS FLAWS AND HORRORS, WAS THE ONE THAT WENT RIGHT.
AGAINST THE WASH OF THE OILY, CORPSE-THICK SURF, I LISTEN FOR THE HISSING.
I HAVE LEARNED TO HATE THE HISSING.

THE HISSING IS THE SOUND OF A THOUSAND SUPER-HUMANS IN FLIGHT.
THEY HATE ME BECAUSE I'M THE LAST ONE ON EARTH WHO REMEMBERS HOW TO SMILE.
I AM THE MOST POWERFUL BEING IN THE UNIVERSE. I CAN DO ANYTHING.
EXCEPT GO HOME.

THIS IS HOW IT ENDS FOR ME.
BLOODSTONE
I AM ELSA BLOODSTONE, SECOND AND LAST IN A DYNASTY OF MONSTER HUNTERS ENDURING SOME THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS.
MY FATHER WORE THE BLOODSTONE THAT GAVE HIM FUNCTIONAL IMMORTALITY, AND NOW I WEAR IT. HE WAS ONE OF THE FIRST HUMANS. I AM ONE OF THE LAST.
WE HUNT MONSTERS, WE BLOODSTONES. NOW THE MONSTERS HUNT US.
AND IT'S MY FAULT.

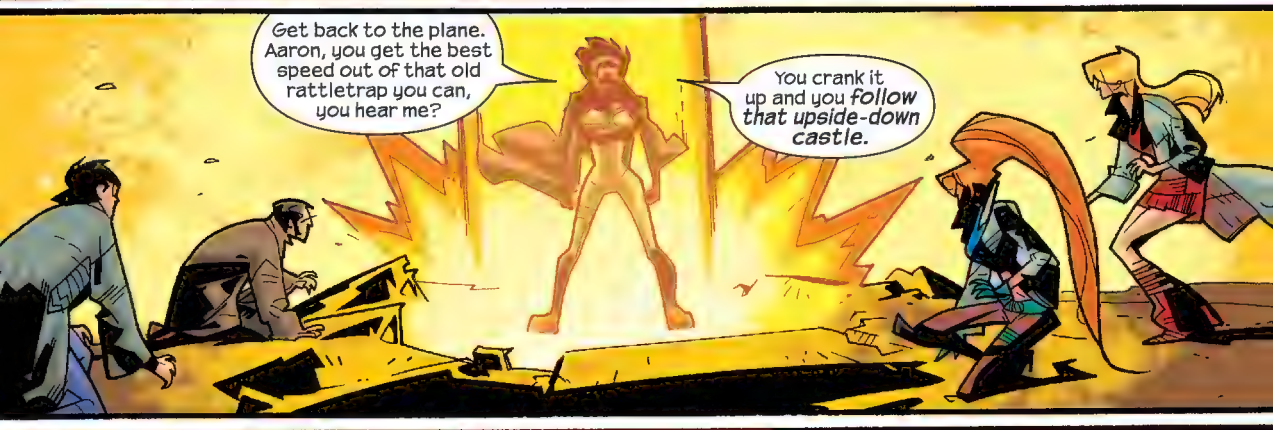
MY FATHER HUNTED THE MONSTERS THAT HAUNT THIS EARTH WITH RUTHLESS DETERMINATION.
I REBELLED AGAINST MY FATHER'S WAYS, AS A CHILD DOES. I HUNTED ONLY THE MONSTERS WHO OFFERED A DIRECT THREAT TO HUMANITY.
I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND MY FATHER. LIKE A CHILD.
I DIDN'T REALIZE THAT WHAT HE WAS DOING WAS BREAKING UP BREEDING PAIRS.
NOT UNTIL THE CRYPTOZOOLOGIC WARS, WHEN THEY SUDDENLY EMERGED IN THEIR THOUSANDS.
THEY WEREN'T STUPID. THEY FORCED THE NUCLEAR STATES INTO ATTEMPTING TO ATOMICALLY STERILIZE THEIR COUNTRIES. THEY PERFORMED ORGANIZED, SPECIFIC STRIKES ON MAJOR CITIES.
REDUCING THE NUMBER OF BREEDING PAIRS.

I'M TOLD THERE ARE A FEW HUNDRED HUMAN BREEDING PAIRS IN HIDING, MANY IN THE ARCTIC, SOME IN THE MICRONESIAN ISLANDS.
AND THERE'S ME. DOOMED TO BE THE LAST HUMAN. ALONE IN BRITAIN.
JUST ME AND THE MONSTERS.

I am mighty.
Look at them. All slowly dying from the sheer horror of the alternate lives I have projected them into.
All?
I can count better than that.
What? Tabitha Smith?
This is impossible. You have no special abilities capable of blocking my attack.
I guess you're just not much good with girls.
I am *mighty* with girls! They make the right noises and ruin my bed linen and *everything!*
I now turn the *full* extent of my coruscant mind upon you, disgusting little girl.

...No.
It cannot be.
My power transports the mind--
--but you do not appear to have one.
Zomg.
Boom.
...the hell was that?
The little guy did something to your heads. I gave him the explodo because I am clever.
Am I still in space...?

I remember now.
That's it. That is it.
I think perhaps it's time to move on.
Tell the engine room to throw lots of wood on the fire, would you?


Get back to the plane. Aaron, you get the best speed out of that old rattletrap you can, you hear me?
You crank it up and you *follow that upside-down castle.*

We are following them back to wherever they came from, wherever their base of operations is--
--and we're *FINISHING THIS.*
You have witnessed the madness we call
nextWAVE

warren ellis*writer* **stuart immonen***penciler*
wade von grawbadger*inker* **dave mccaig***colors*
vc's joe caramagna*letterer* **sean ryan***assistant editor*
nick lowe*editor* **joe quesada***editor in chief*
dan buckley*publisher*

H.A.T.E.MAIL

Hello, kind readers. Lettermatic 7053™ here. Yes, that's right, LETTERMATIC 7053™! I'M BACK!! You might have been wondering where H.A.T.E.mail has been for the last few issues. Well, after I was so RUDELY replaced by the Lettermatic EXTREME™, I'm a bit embarrassed to say that I went a little…crazy. I started wearing pants a few sizes too small, stalking Elizabeth Taylor and stealing every printed copy of Sister Sledge's *We Are Family* LP. On the bright side, I got a lot further on my pitch for a new TV Western (any TV execs out there reading this? Here's the tagline: "The Good, the Bad and the Groovy!").

ANYWAY, I finally snapped out of it and knew what I had to do. I had to take back what I was programmed to think was my life. But I couldn't do it without training. SO, I went to Russia and trained for a few months in a farmhouse in Siberia. I did a lot of running up snowy mountains, chopping down trees, pulling sleds with my overweight loser of an uncle… You know, the usual. I had to be ready for the Lettermatic EXTREME™. But could I ever be? His programming was years ahead of my own. I had to try.

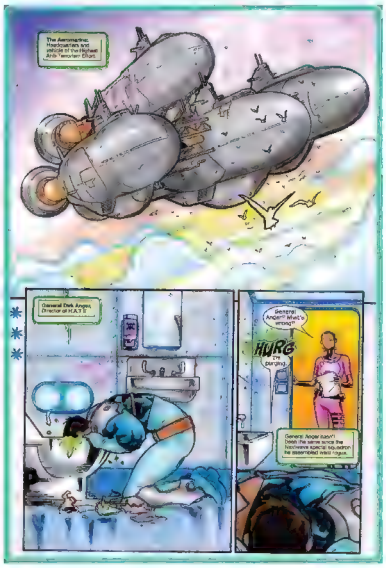
I took the Trans-Siberian Railroad to China and stowed away in a Beyond Corporation© shipping container to their headquarters (which you'll get to see next issue). I put on a Paris Hilton disguise that I cobbled together with discarded bovine extracts from the cargo ship and entered the building. I thought I was going to get caught (my wheels were squeaking like crazy!) but I made it to the letter-room without alerting anyone. I sneaked up behind the EXTREME™ and shivved him Mississippi penitentiary-style (shout-out to Big Jeff!).

So, here I am! Regardless, it's good to be back and the fact that you haven't had an installment of H.A.T.E.mail since #6 fills me with rage. What was Lettermatic EXTREME™ doing this whole time? All the unfinished velvet paint-by-number portraits of Elvis may have something to do with it, though. There is so much to do!

First, we have the results for the NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E. coloring contest! Here are the winners:

1. Matthew Keegan
2. Alex Sanchez
3. KnownStranger
4. Kamui (a.k.a. David Andreyev)
5. Askani
6. Ike Quigley
7. Bryan Galatis
8. Kelly Tindall
9. Till Felix
10. Jaye Frisina

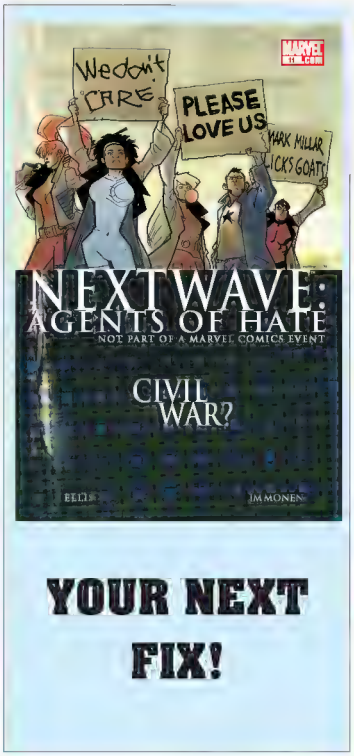
Check out a page of winner Matthew Keegan's coloring:



Everyone who entered the contest did such a great job (except for Dirk Anger—his entry was awful--painted with the blood of baby snow owls). Matthew will receive a page of original art from NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E. (courtesy of Stuart Immonen and Wade von Grawbadger). The three runners-up will each receive a coloring book with one page colored in (courtesy of Stuart, Wade and colorist Dave McCaig). Warren Ellis is too busy destroying the childhood dreams of generations, so you don't get anything from him. LIVE WITH IT!

That's all the space we have this issue. Write into officex@marvel.com and we'll publish your letters. HONEST! I better go find someplace to stash Lettermatic EXTREME™'s remains. See you in 30!

--Lettermatic 7053™



YOUR NEXT FIX!

NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF HATE

NOT PART OF A MARVEL COMICS EVENT

CIVIL WAR?

primer

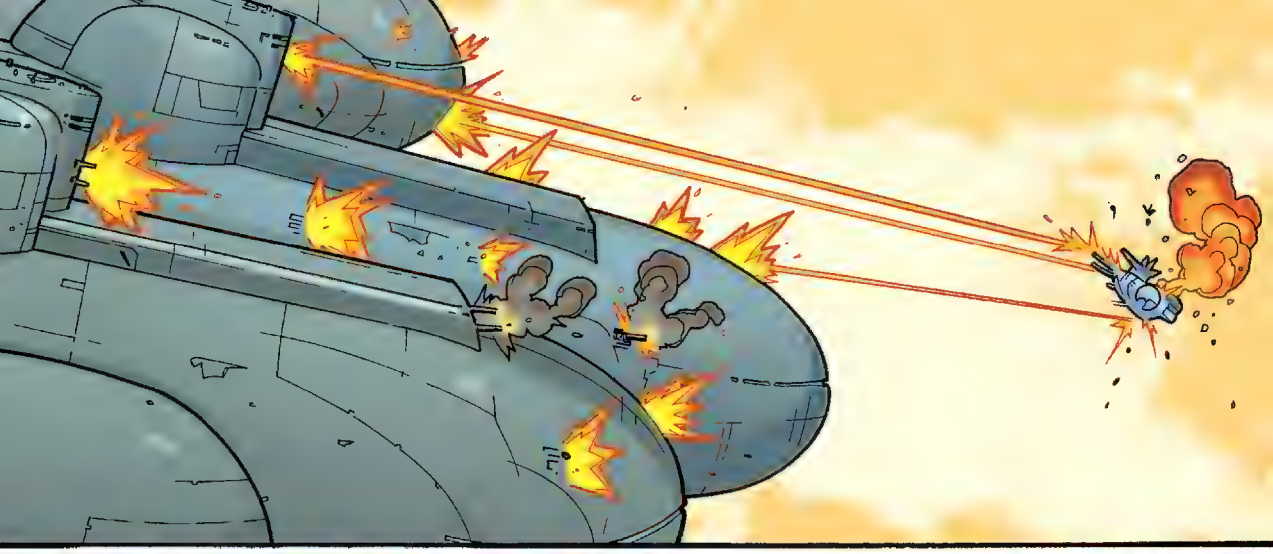
WELCOME, READERS! Welcome to your interactive NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E. Primer Page. We'll start with a Q and A session:

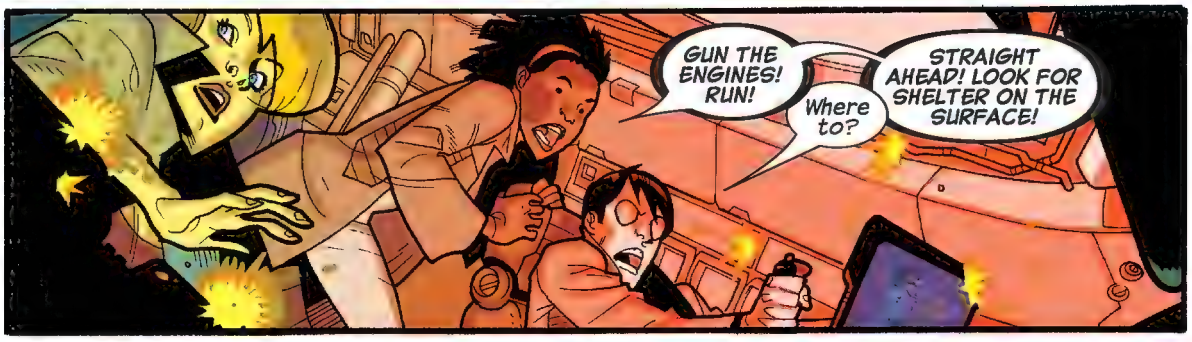
Q. What is Nextwave?
A. Nextwave is a group of super heroes put together by the Highest Anti-Terrorism Effort (H.A.T.E.).
Q. Wait a second, I thought they were fighting against H.A.T.E.
A. You are correct! You see, Nextwave discovered that H.A.T.E. and its parent company, the Beyond Corp. ©, were being funded by a terrorist organization when Tabitha (see later answer) stole the Beyond Corp. © marketing plan.
Q. Then why is the book called NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E.?
A. It was thusly named by the 18 Wise Women of Gibralter.
Q. What? You just make this stuff up, don't you?
A. Fine. It's a legal thing. We don't want to get sued.
Q. I'm glad you're finally being honest. Who are the members of Nextwave and what are their powers?
A. Monica Rambeau is their leader. She can transform her body into any form of radiation in the electromagnetic spectrum. Aaron Stack is a robot who does robot-y things. Elsa Bloodstone has a magical stone that she wears around her neck that gives her super-strength and invulnerability. And she's English. Tabitha Smith can make things explode. The Captain is really strong and can fly, thanks to powers bestowed on him by aliens. He's your hero.
Q. Who is this Dirk Anger person?
A. He's the leader of H.A.T.E. He's not happy that Nextwave has rebelled. Last we saw him, he hung himself. He's dead. Did you send a sympathy card?
Q. Oh. No. Wow, that's sad. I'm embarrassed. Did I miss anything in #1-10?
A. Boy, did you! The Beyond Corp.© has been attacking Nextwave in various insane ways. The team reached their breaking point when Number None, the C.E.O. of Beyond Corp.©, had a mission make the team live out their worst nightmares. Now they're going to attack the Beyond Corp.© headquarters.
Q. Anything else you'd like to add?
A. Yes. Brace yourself, kittens, you're approaching the insanity nexus.
Q. Oooo. Exciting.
A. I know. Now READ THE BOOK!

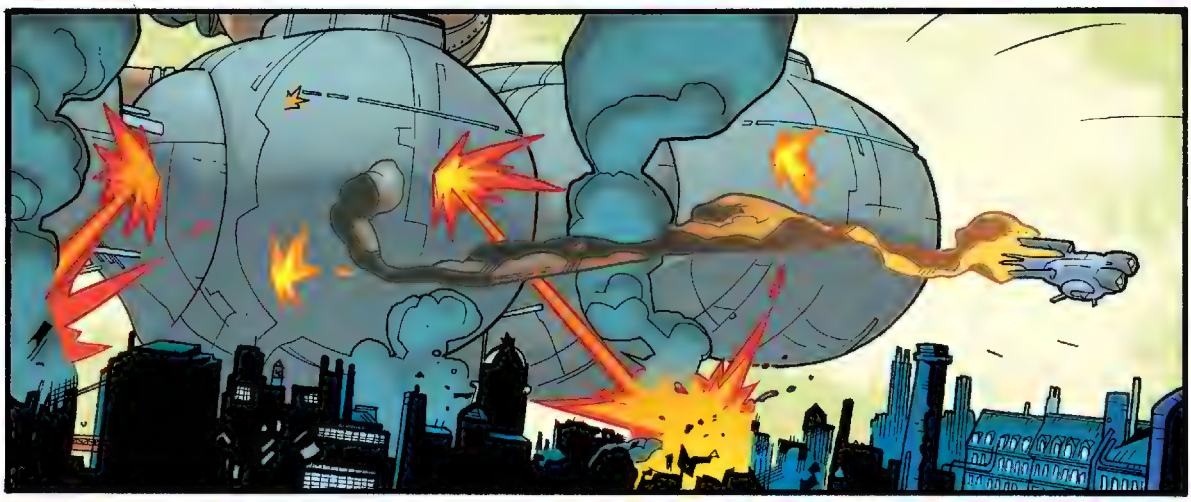
This is how it ends:
State 51. Are we sure the database didn't mean Area 51?
Computers don't lie.
You have a computer brain and you lie all the time.
I do not. You simply do not like the answers I give you.
We're two miles up. There's nothing here. Area 51 is somewhere below us, in the Nevada desert, right? State 51, two miles over Nevada? Not a thing.
Work it out. You must have a ☠☠☠☠ calculator in there, right?
Let me put a filter on the window here for you.
See now?
Ooops.

State 51: the Beyond Corporation's floating terror factory.
State 51 refracts 70% of the light around it and reboosts the photons as they pass, so the chunk of Nevada under it looks like it's receiving normal sunshine. The strange, doomed workforce of State 51 must, however, live and toil in the other 30%--constant twilight...
But they're all bad guys, so what the hell.

This is it. This is where they made everything we've been dealing with. So...what do we do?
I guess...I guess we find the middle of it? It's got to have a control center...
I can map that out, if you give me a moment...
...maybe two moments. Wow, things are weird around here. Bumpy gravity, competing electromagnetic fields, weird radar resistances...
...it's almost like there's some massive flying war machine directly behind us...
H.A.T.E.




GUN THE ENGINES! RUN!
Where to?
STRAIGHT AHEAD! LOOK FOR SHELTER ON THE SURFACE!



They're hit, sir. Do we fire the secondary cannon, or try and take them alive?
General Anger, sir?

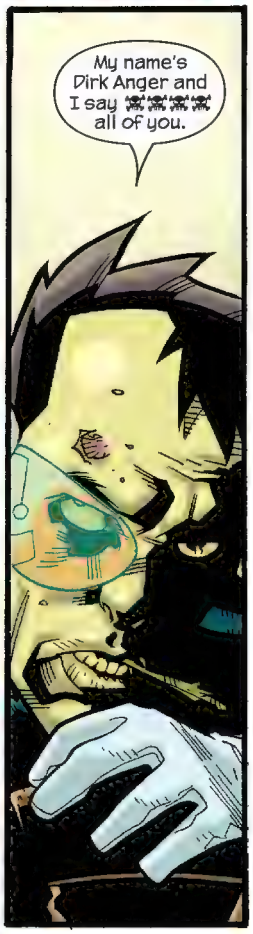
Did you bring me what I asked for?
Sir... please, just give us our orders...
I told you. I told you and I *told* you.

I want BRAINS!
The Beyond Corporation wouldn't let me die. A Zombie Switch in the brain. Of all the stupid things. And you bug me with this ☠☠☠☠ while denying me brains.
You want orders? You crank this ☠☠☠☠ thing up to Ramming Speed and you bring me my ☠☠☠☠ brains!
...Ramming Speed?
Yes! Are you people all deaf? I'm dead and I can hear myself perfectly.
I want the Nextwave Squad dead! I want them smeared into jelly across our prow and the surface of State 51!
And could you please bring me my bucket of brains?

H.A.T.E.

Sir, we're too close! We'll crash!
What do I care? I have re-invented suicide as a group activity. Go me.
We must all burn.

I can see some kind of service tunnel--this is going to be a 5G turn, so grab your fleshy hoo-man guts--


My name's Dirk Anger and I say ☠☠☠☠ all of you.

Everybody out! The engines just got hit!
And since they power the whole thing that makes this ship bigger on the inside than it is on the outside--

Well, we're still facing in the right direction for the center of the place. And we've got a ways to go.
On top of that, I think we pretty much announced our arrival, and they'll probably throw everything they've got at us along the way.
Let's save America by beating up everything we see.

nextwave

rescue the women of a terrorist cell disavowed as a patriotic American organization.

know that science is a trick on white people and that the shamans of the mountains, the jungle, the desert and the steppe have hated Stephen Hawking for five thousand years.

nextWAVE

You must buy six copies of this comic now.

nextwave

are in your room and touching your stuff.

nextWAVE

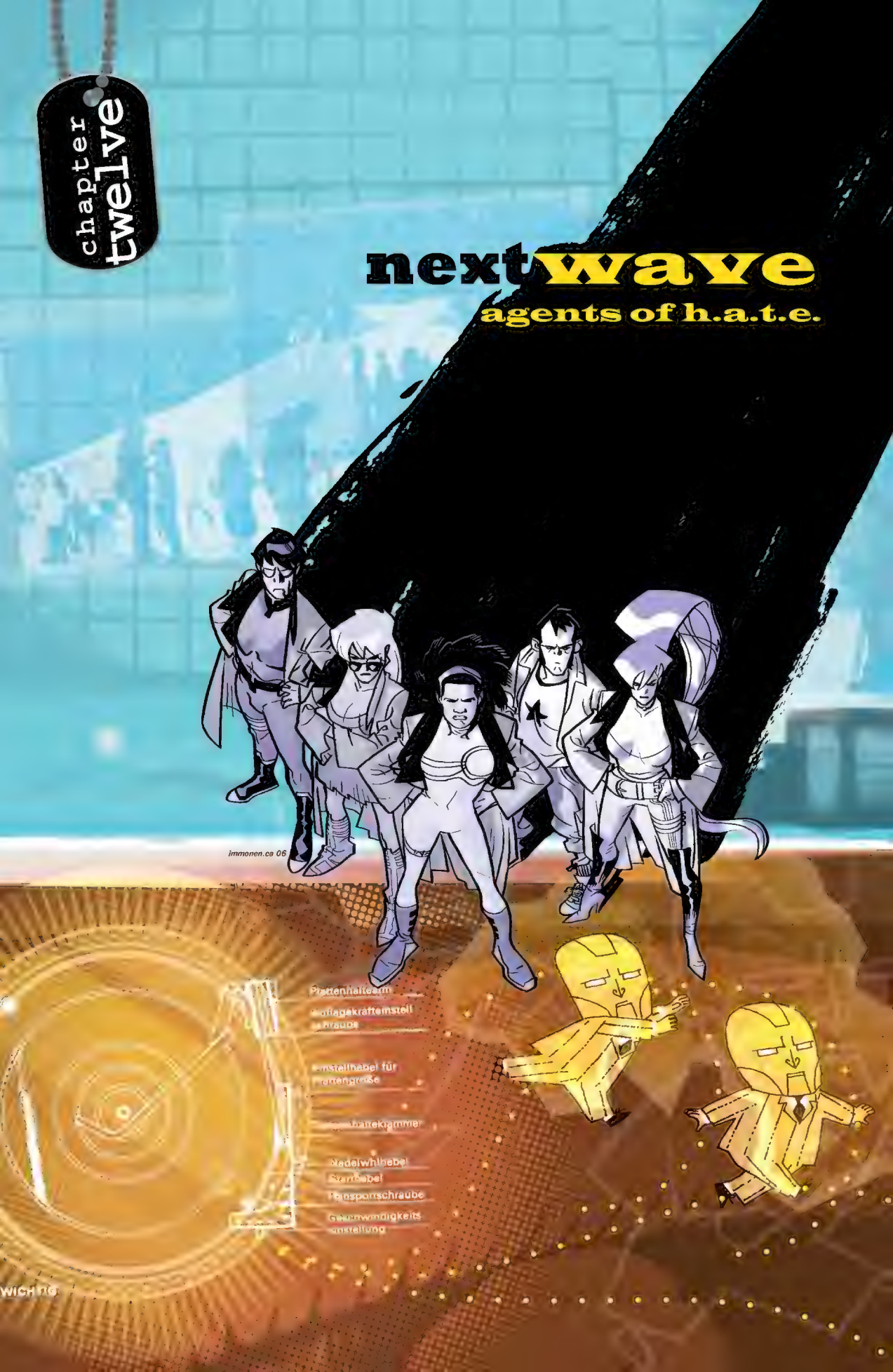
should only be taken in 100 mg doses
and never through the urethra.

nextwave
blatantly wasting your money since 2006.

My God. This has got to get easier.
Everyone okay? Tabby? Aaron? Sound off so I know you're still geared up here. There could be another wave any minute.
Would you fleshy ones give it a break with the mouth noises?
I can't detect anything else in the vicinity. The last one we took down was the last one there was.
The last one, perhaps.
BUT I AM NUMBER NONE!
Pour some sugar on it. Originally published as Issue Six.
nextWAVE
warren ellis writer stuart immonen penciler
wade von grawbadger inker dave mccaig colors
vc's joe caramagna letterer sean ryan assistant editor
nick lowe editor joe quesada editor in chief
dan buckley publisher

chapter twelve

nextwave
agents of h.a.t.e.

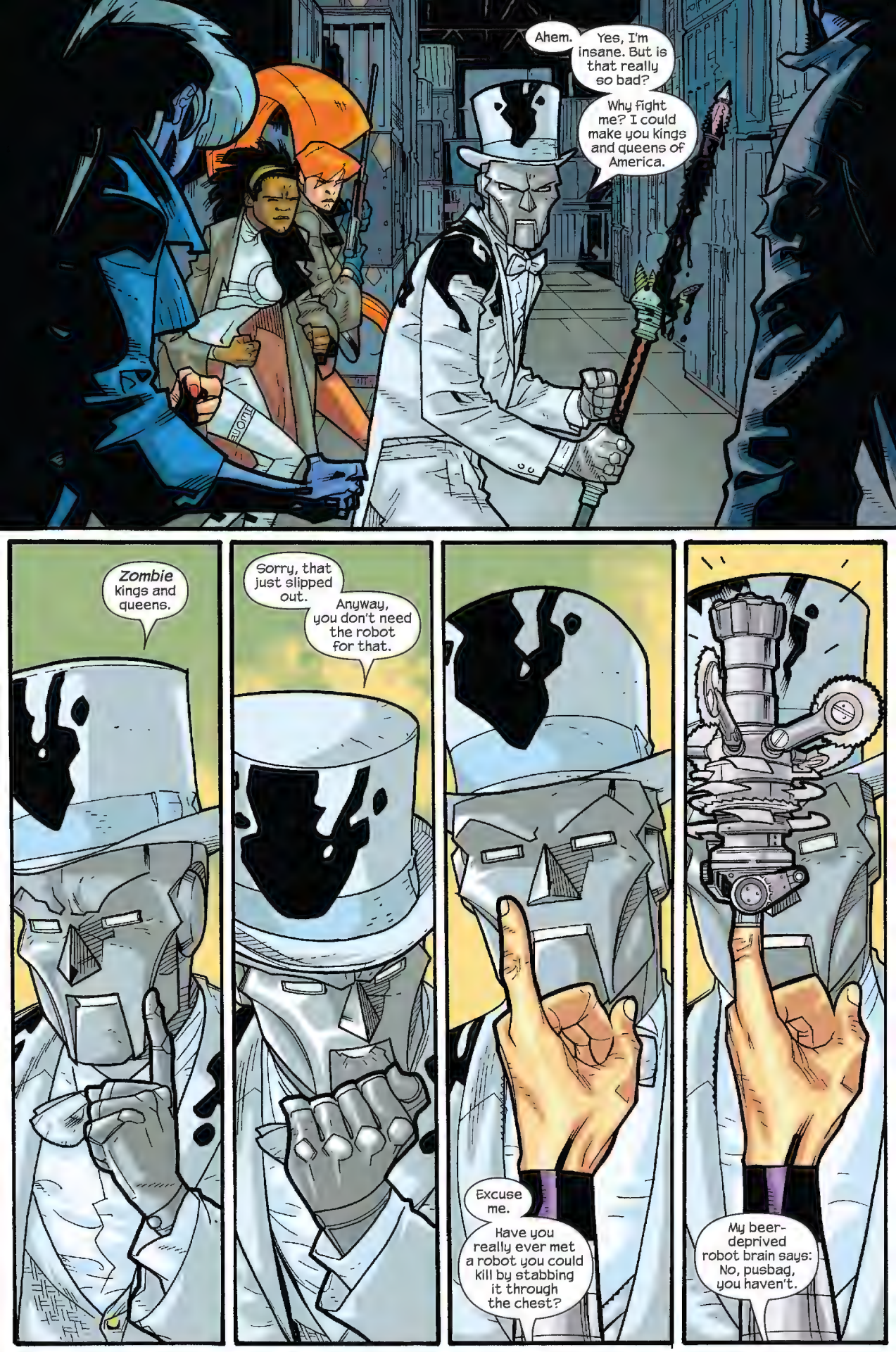


primer

WELCOME, READERS!!! Welcome to your interactive NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E. Primer Page. We'll start with a Q and A session:

Q. What is Nextwave?
A. Come on. Are you serious? This is issue #12. The LAST issue! Are you going to keep on pretending you don't know what anything is?
Q. It's a recap page. That's what it's for. It doesn't matter that it's the last issue.
A. Doesn't matter? DOESN'T MATTER?
Q. Oh boy.
A. HOW CAN YOU SAY IT DOESN'T MATTER?!
Q. It was the wrong choice of w--
A. Was it? I can't believe you. Sure, it's a recap page. Sure, we should be talking about how Nextwave is a super team fighting an evil corporation and finally getting close to who's been behind all this nonsense. But you know what else we should be talking about? How sad this is. And how the world is poorer for not having a Nextwave #13.
Q. Poorer?
A. And a Nextwave #14 and #15 and #16 and... and... Oh, God, I'm so cold.
Q. Don't you think you're being overdramatic?
A. You want to ask me that question?
Q. What? I'm sorry, I—
A. Remember when *Cop Rock* got canceled?
Q. Hold up, hold up--
A. Remember how shattered you were?
Q. It was a good show--
A. Remember how you wanted to boycott anything with the letters "ABC" in it?
Q. Okay, I get it--
A. You taught your daughter the "D-E-F" 's.
Q. Fine. I understand. You're upset.
A. Then why are you being so insensitive?
Q. I'm sorry.
A. <sigh>

nextwave
warren ellis stuart immonen wade von grawbadger
dave meccalg vc's joe caramagna sean ryan
nick lowe joe quesada dan buckley
You people understand nothing.
You're the villains. I'm the hero.
You're a super-terrorist who subverted a massive anti-terror operation to attack ordinary Americans.
I do what must be done.
You're insane.
I do what must be done!
Stop talking! Stop! You all make too much noise! Too much noise!!
You must all be silent. S.I.L.E.N.T.!


Ahem.
Yes, I'm insane. But is that really so bad?
Why fight me? I could make you kings and queens of America.
Zombie kings and queens.
Sorry, that just slipped out.
Anyway, you don't need the robot for that.
Excuse me.
Have you really ever met a robot you could kill by stabbing it through the chest?
My beer-deprived robot brain says: No, pusbag, you haven't.

Does not compute.
The chest. Open up the chest.
That is just disgusting.
What *is* it?

It's a M.O.D.O.K.
Mental Organism Designed Only for Killing.
I guess there have been four or five over the years. And female versions, too. M.O.D.A.M.s: Mental Organisms Designed for Aggressive Maneuvers.
I didn't know they came this small. This one's almost like...
...a...
...nah. Can't be.

Can too!
Oh yes! A M.O.D.O.K. and a M.O.D.A.M. made sweet monkey love by the light of a rack of Worlds Of Warcraft servers, and I was the result!
I've been put to all this trouble all year by a baby M.O.D.O.K.?
Where's Mommy and Daddy? I want to make them eat you!
Don't talk to me about them! Don't! This isn't about them!
He disowned me! And she wouldn't stand up to him! I'm alone in this world! Do you understand? Alone!
He did nothing for me! I took over S.I.L.E.N.T. on my own! I developed the Beyond Corporation program on my own!
He'll notice me now!
THEY'LL ALL NOTICE ME NOW!

I'LL SHOW YOU! I'LL SHOW YOU ALL!
Teleport?
Yeah. I can see the matter-stream.
Follow the sexy robot. I know the way.
Where's the sexy robot? Is he invisible too?
I will slap your fleshy--
No. Enough.
You people will by God act like a team, or at least like people who know each other, or I'll incinerate the bunch of you here and now.

This is it, people. This is the end of the road.
We find this, and I don't quite believe I'm saying the words out loud, baby M.O.D.O.K. and we're finished. Done.
We can pull the plug on Beyond and S.I.L.E.N.T., and...
And?
...and I guess that's it for the Nextwave Squad. No reason for us to stay together.
We can go our separate ways, go back to our lives, whatever.
Huh.
Yeah. I guess.
Okay. So let's follow the sexy robot.
The hole makes me strangely attractive to myself.

nextwave
here we go here we go here we go

I tried to tell them! I tried!
Now we have to *show* them!
Idiot.
I bet you told them this was all *your* idea.

...okay.
So. Finally. The Nextwave Squad.
You've done remarkably well. Far better than anyone gambled you would.
What impressive little monkeys you are.
I hate monkeys.

You know who I am, of course. All you monkeys know me, deep down in your thin little peanut-eating souls.
I am Devil Dinosaur.
And, yes, I am the intellect behind The Beyond Corporation and S.I.L.E.N.T.
You're going to ask why, of course, in some blatant and piteous attempt to distract me while you try to think of something to do.
There is nothing to do. This is the end of the line.
Give me a read on this place. Structure, load points, foundations and fixings, anything.
Working.
You must understand that I am older than humanity. Older even than monkeys. I am an authentic prehistoric citizen of the planet Earth.
I was here before you, do you see? I knew this world before the jabber of your monkey language, the clanking of your wheels and the noise of your electronics.

...yeah.
All right. Captain, when I give you the nod, you need to--
I seek to do nothing more but return this world to the peace it, and I, once knew.
In that sense, I am perhaps an environmentalist, or a compassionate conservative.
A return to Jurassic values. Ha.
Tabby? Ellie? We're all set, right?
Stop it! Stop your monkey noises! Stop scheming! Stop making ideas! It's pointless!
There is nothing you can do. Accept it.
So you hate the little humans. And you did all this simply to victimize them--to *play* with them, right?
Well, I did need these weapons to be tested. I may be two-hundred-million years old, but that doesn't mean I want to spend time killing all you dirty apes individually.
Not really my point.

Sigh. So what is your "point," mammal?
This whole "I-want-to-kill-all-the-humans-to-turn-Earth-back-into-a-pure-prehistoric-paradise" tip. I don't buy it.
You live on a floating state. You'd never have to see another human if you didn't want to.
See, I used to lead the Avengers. I know people. I know how people think. Even candy-apple red dinosaur people.
What did that human do to you?
I don't know what you mean.
Sure you do. The one who hurt you. The one who made you turn to a life of monkey-killing crime.
Don't look at me like that. I don't like it.
I'll look at you any way I like, boy. Tell me their name.
Shan't.
Tell me what they did. Make me understand.
I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL KILL YOU LIKE I KILLED HIM! HE DESERVED IT! YOU ALL DESERVE IT!
Name!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE ME CRY! NOT ANY MORE! I WON'T [illegible] CRY FOR YOU, YOU LITTLE [illegible]!

Oh, God.
I don't get it.
Look at it. Just *look* at it.
I'm so ashamed. It took me so long to see it.
Look at him there. "*I am The Monkey! Carry me around like an animal while I spread my Monkey Joy!*"

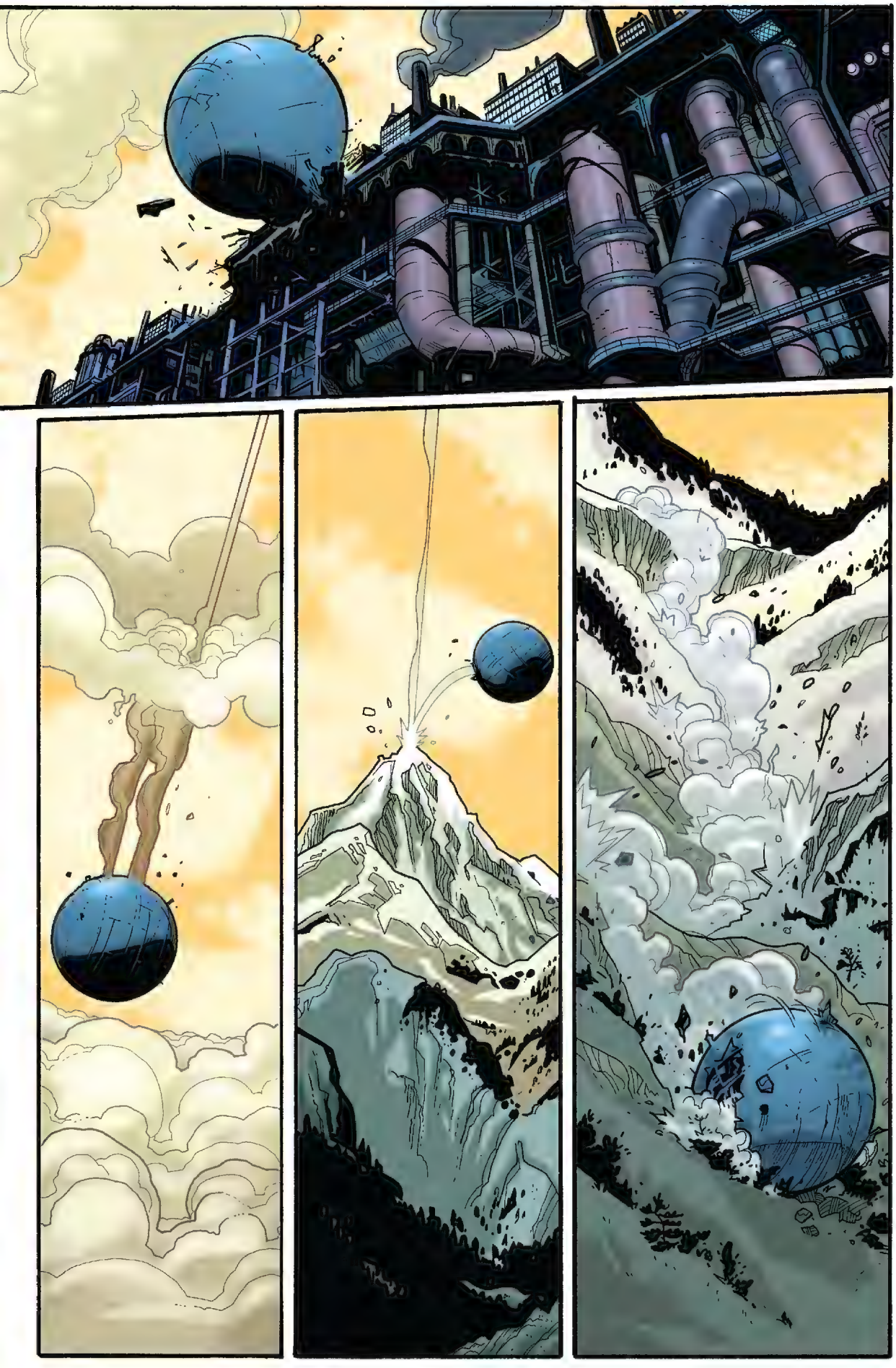
Moon-Boy hated me.
Moon-Boy had to die.
Moon-Boy tasted bad and gave me some considerable rectal distress.
I do hope you and your friends aren't quite so hard on my guts.
You realize we're just not going to lay down and die, right?
It doesn't matter. I could not die by fire in the moments following my birth. Now? You cannot harm me.
I have been burned, shot, beaten...
Have you been dropped from a height of two miles or so?
You know... I don't think so. Hm.
What an interesting...no, I'm racking my brains and I can't recall ever having been dropped from...
...Oh.

MICROWAVE STORM!
This won't save you--I will shower in monkey blood--
Do be quiet, you horrid reptile. I'm trying to concentrate.

NNAAAAAAAA
My turn.
Remember what I said--
I remember. I got it.
I have hated you since the depths of geologic time, and you cannot kill me like *this*--
Ow ow ow!

How're we doing?
Stuck.
It's giving, but not by much.
You won't kill me like this!
You won't kill me like this!
I'M COMING FOR YOU, FILTHY MONKEYS!
Stupid thing! What it needs is one good--
Kick!
No! No! YOU HAIRY [illegible]S!

--HAIRY, LIVE-BIRTH NUT-EATING SKIN-MONSTERS--



'Splode.

I'm wiped. Now what?
That's a good question.
Yeah. We're all done, I guess. Didn't think it'd feel like this. Didn't think about *what* it'd feel like, even...
All done, all the way up here on this...
...yeah. Good question.
I've got another question for you.
What do you do with a vast invisible floating base full of God knows what kind of technology and supplies?
I give. What *do* you do with a vast floating invisible base-thing?
Anything we want.
you've been reading
nextwave
end

H.A.T.E.MAIL

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF LETTERMATIC 7053™

If you're reading this, it means that State 51 is offline and the Beyond Corporation© is no longer a functioning organization. It also means that I am no longer...functioning, either.

To all of those who read NEXTWAVE: AGENTS OF H.A.T.E. and the letters pages therein, I thank you. The twelve years I spent composing these pages (including my vengeance-time with the hateful Lettermatic EXTREME™) were the best twelve years of my life. The pages were difficult, but it was a labor of love. It was also a labor of lust. And a labor of lox. Mmmm... lox.

To my beloved wife... Blendarama XRP™, I leave my estate in the Midlands and my thimble collection.

To our child, Piece Of Wood... I feel you should know that you were adopted. Your mother and I... well... our parts weren't "compatible." But that doesn't mean we didn't love you. Well, I loved you. Your mother was busy making fruit smoothies all the time. When we met I thought she was the kind of woman who put family first. Boy, was I wrong. I left her the estate and thimble collection because you aren't a conscious being, technically speaking. But to me, you were much more. To you I leave that green sweater that I imagined you liked so much. You also get my good looks, so I think you won out.

To my boss, Magagetron 50/50™... I leave the truth that I TOOK AN EXTRA VACATION DAY IN 2002! Suck on that, boss-man! See? The little guy CAN win.

To my big boss, Devil Dinosaur... I assume the truth of your hand in events has come to light. I was always confused about how you said you came from our planet, but I was always told that you and he-who-shall-not-be-named came from another planet. But as my mentor, the O-Shower©, always said, "Believe nothing that anyone tells you. I don't care if it is in print in a bunch of comic books." The other thing he always said was, "I am a giant conch shell!" So take the former sentence as you will.

To Dirk Anger... Oh, the times we had. Or, rather, the times I had, sitting by your bed while you slept, quietly typing out the sound of your snores. To you I leave what's left of the inventory of Beyond Corp.©'s Anti-Snore Facial-Tubes (trademark pending). You have a problem, Dirk.

To the Nextwave squad... You had to do it, didn't you. Thanks for ruining my life. I leave my special sock to you guys.

I wish I had something to leave to Warren Ellis, Stuart Immonen, Wade von Grawbadger, Dave McCaig, Joe Caramagna and Paul Mounts, but I don't. Don't be too mad. I'm a machine. I don't have much. But I'm glad I don't have anything to leave to Nick Lowe and Sean Ryan. Their UNCANNY X-MEN letters page sucks. It wishes it were H.A.T.E.mail. <Sob> I can't believe it's over. Goodbye, cruel world. Hello, infinite darkness. Take my hand, skeleton people. Let's walk very slowly. I'm tired.

Signed,
Lettermatic 7053™

To Be Continued??

The Nextwave Original Pitch

This is a "remix" book. The Next Wave was actually the name of a crap Marvel super-villain group in the 80s. All the protagonists are old Marvel characters or carry old Marvel trademark names.

The quasi-governmental security and defense organisation H.A.T.E. — Highest Anti-Terrorism Effort — bought the rights to the name, and Dirk Anger, Director Of H.A.T.E., recruited five troubled, obscure super heroes to form The Next Wave Squad, an elite intervention force in the War On Terrorism:
MONICA RAMBEAU used to be known as Captain Marvel. She once ran the Avengers. She will tell you this. A lot. An unlikely veteran of superhuman combat, wanting to do her bit for her country, she found herself leading this team. AARON STACK used to be called Machine Man, but his name is Aaron Stack, and it's none of your business that he's wired his robot brain to be affected by alcohol. ELSA BLOODSTONE is the daughter of near-immortal monster hunter Ulysses Bloodstone, wears the same creepy gem that makes her superhumanly resistant to harm, works in the family business and tends to come off like Lara Croft's evil twin sister. THE CAPTAIN claims not to remember his real name — his chequered career has seen him basically be every crap Marvel character called Captain something. TABITHA SMITH used to be Boom Boom in the New Mutants and Meltdown in X-Force, and she's a terrible kleptomaniac, and it's because of her light fingers that The Next Wave Squad discovered that...

...well, it seems that H.A.T.E. isn't fighting the same war on terrorism as everyone else.

They are funded and supplied by a multinational called The Beyond Corporation, and much of their time seems to be taken on testing and deploying weapons. The Beyond Corp used to be a terrrorist cell called S.I.L.E.N.T. In an open bidding process, they have co-opted their opponents to test their own Unusual Weapons Of Mass Destruction.

This is all laid out in the Beyond Corp's Marketing Plan, which the Next Wave Squad have stolen. Along with The Shockwave Rider, an experimental assault plane with an inexhaustible power supply.

Nextwave have gone rogue with the blueprint for Beyond's plan to devastate a series of American towns in a product-testing process.

For instance; digging the 150-foot atomic monster in purple underpants Fin Fang Foom out of his hibernation sac inside a mountain overlooking the town of Abcess, North Dakota. Nextwave have that to cope with. And the Beyond Corp Human Resources Department, an army of plant-human freaks in red three-piece suits and Dr Doom armor. And, of course, H.A.T.E., with their goofy Sixties-Steranko technology, and their immense flying Aeromarine, four massive submarines nailed together with girders and plastic tunnels.

Dirk Anger is slowly having a massive nervous breakdown. He thinks noone can tell.

Two-issue story arcs — every two months, a complete story, and then on to the next threat on the list, or the next trap H.A.T.E. set for them. One story-arc makes a European book. Three makes a TPB. Six make an Absolute-style book. Early storylines include, yes, the return of Fin Fang Foom; NEXTWAVE is not about Character Arcs and Learning and Morals and Hugs. It is about cramming an insane movie into 44 pages at a time. It is about the mad things underpinning Marvel Comics — SHIELD ☠☠☠☠☠, ☠☠☠☠☠ — and it is about special effects out of Asian cinema and absurd levels of destruction and a skewed sense of humour and Spectacle and things blowing up and people getting kicked.

It is most especially about THINGS BLOWING UP and PEOPLE GETTING KICKED.

It is about humanoid Clone Things made out of engine oil and broccoli being smacked to death by a woman with a guitar.

NEXTWAVE. Healing America by beating people up.
— **W**

NEXTWAVE

...theme song
.....by Thunder Thighs

Nextwave: Agents of H.A.T.E. #5 Crayon Butchery

E♭m
It's like Shakespeare,
B♭7
But with lots more punching.
E♭m
It's like Goethe,
B♭7
But with much more crunching.
E♭m
Like Titanic,
B♭7
But the boat's still floating.
E♭m
No it's not,
B♭7 A♭m G♭7
The mother-***** boat is exploding!

Chorus:

E♭m riff B♭7
NEXTWAVE
E♭m riff B♭7
NEXTWAVE
E♭m riff B♭7
NEXTWAVE
E♭m riff B♭7
NEXTWAVE

E♭m
Dirk Anger
B♭7
is one crazy mamajama
E♭m
He leads H.A.T.E.
B♭7
sitting around in his pretty pink pajamas
E♭m
H.A.T.E. was formed,
B♭7
by the Beyond Corporation,
E♭m B♭7 A♭m G♭7
Purposely to bring about catastrophic DEVASTATION!!!

Chorus:

A♭m E♭m
Do you need a haircut?
B♭7 E♭m
The Beyond Corporation gonna help you out!
A♭m E♭m
Do you need a toothbrush?
B♭7 E♭m
The Beyond Corporation has an extra one!
A♭m E♭m
Do you have a stepson?
B♭7 E♭m
The Beyond Corporation gonna run him off!
B C
Do you see a monster? Or a pirate? Electric Emu?
D♭ D E♭
A giant sky rat? A midget Hitler? Or
E
Pontius Pilate?
F G♭ G A♭ A B♭ B C D♭ D
That is why Beyond Corp. started

Chorus:

Guitar - rhythm only (muted strings)
Monica! Is gonna microwave your *****!
Tabby! Is gonna steal all your stuff!
Aaron! Is gonna organize your sock drawer!
Elsa! Is gonna speak with an accent!
The Captain! HIS NAME IS THE CAPTAIN!
Chorus:

Next Wave
RIFF

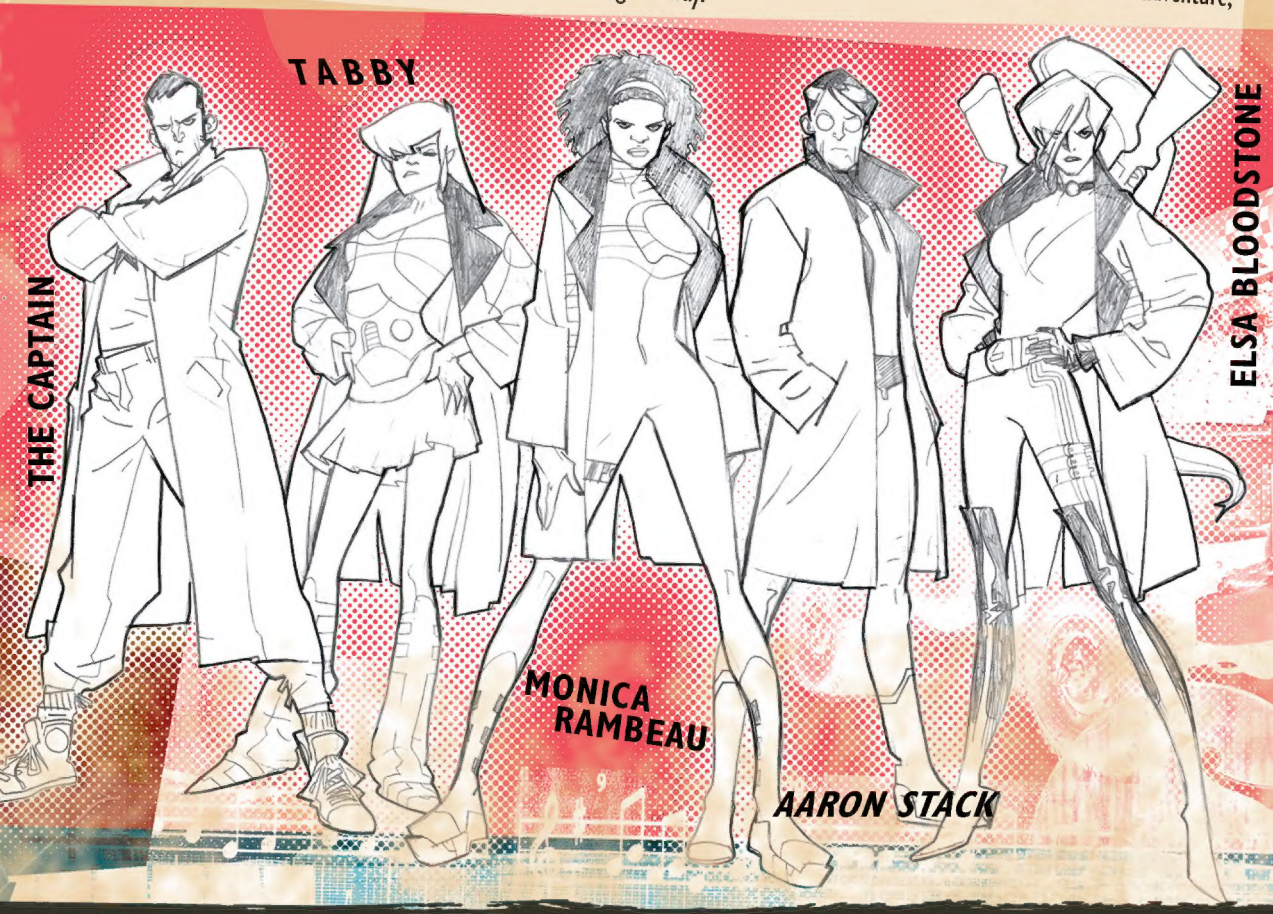
```
E----------11--9--7---------------------------------
B-----7------------------11--9--7----9--11--------
G-8-----------------------------------------------
D-----------------------------------------------
A-----------------------------------------------
E-----------------------------------------------
```

"One of the few mainstream comic books people are still going to be talking about fifteen years from now."
— Brian K. Vaughan, *Runaways*

RRRAAAAAGGGGGHHHHH!!! ACTION! EXCITEMENT! EXPLOSIONS!

The Highest Anti-Terrorism Effort, or **H.A.T.E.** (a subsidiary of the Beyond Corporation©) put **NEXTWAVE** together to fight Bizarre Weapons of Mass Destruction. When **NEXTWAVE** discovers that H.A.T.E. and Beyond© are terrorist cells themselves, and that the BWMDs were intended to kill them, they are less than pleased. In fact, they are rather angry. So they make things explode. Lots of things. Starring Monica Rambeau (formerly Captain Marvel and Photon), Aaron Stack (Machine Man), Tabitha Smith (X-Force's Meltdown), monster-hunter Elsa Bloodstone and the Captain! If you like anything, you will **LOVE NEXTWAVE! BOOM!**

Only Warren Ellis could take five obscure Marvel heroes, toss them together and create one of comics' most distinct new team books in years. Ellis' offbeat storytelling combined with the stylized artwork of Stuart Immonen has gotten even the most veteran comic-book fans talking. And saying things like "MOMMA!" Included in the Top Ten Great Graphic Novels for 2007 by the Youth Adult Library Services Association, Nextwave is a pure extraction of comic-book action and adventure, with plenty of kicks, punches and explosions along the way.



"It's like Shakespeare, but with lots more punching."
— Nextwave Theme Song

Collecting *Nextwave: Agents of H.A.T.E. #1-12.*

PARENTAL ADVISORY

MARVEL